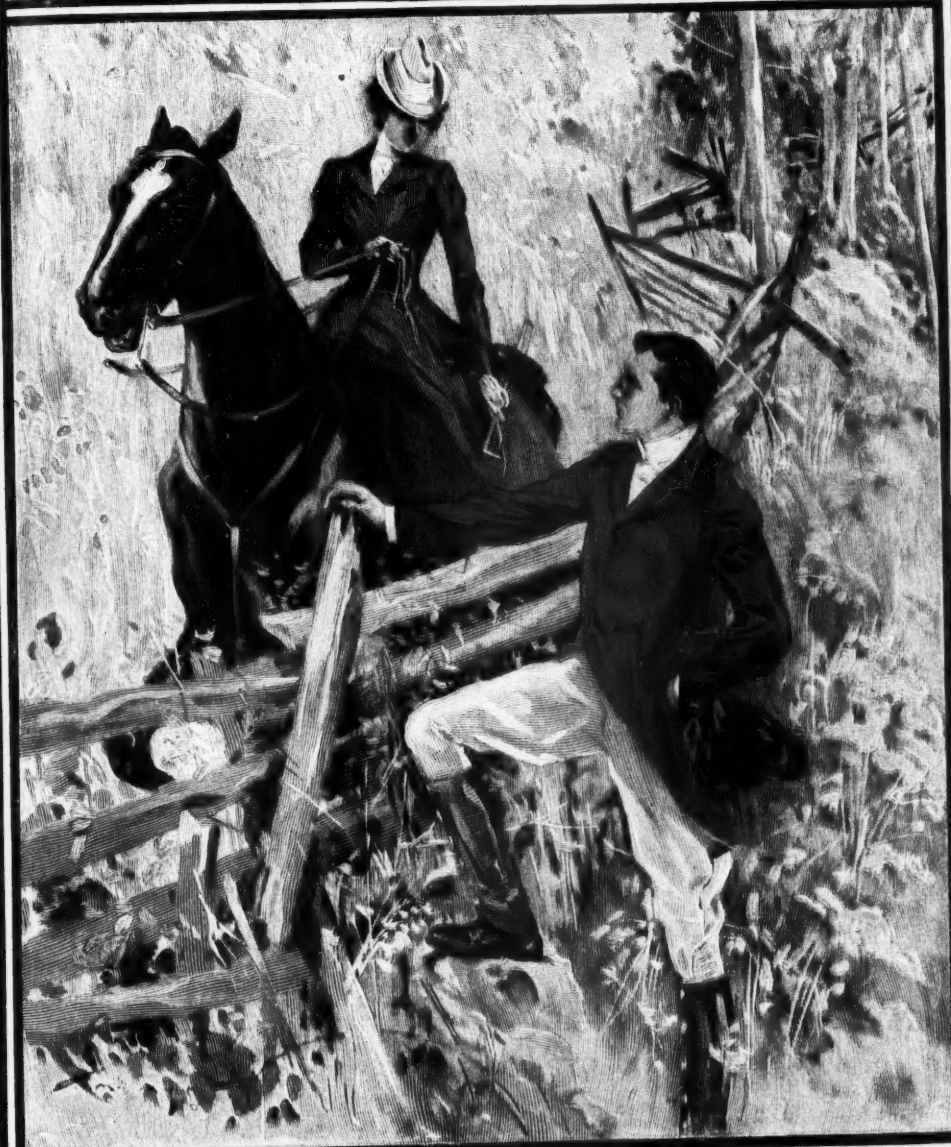


# THE MUNSEY



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# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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ISSUED MONTHLY by FRANK A. MUNSEY, - - 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.



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ANTONIO DE LA GANDARA'S PORTRAIT OF MME. SARAH BERNHARDT.

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 2.

## IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

NOTES AND PICTURES ON TOPICS OF PRESENT INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE—MEN, WOMEN, AND THINGS THAT ARE HELPING TO MAKE THE HISTORY OF THE DAY.

### OUR SOLDIERS IN THE FAR EAST.

There has been more of hardship and hard work in the Philippines than of such fighting as yields opportunities of distinction, but occasionally a bit of personal gallantry finds its way into the despatches. There was an instance during the sharp engagement at Calamba, on the 1st of August, when Lieutenant Love, of the Twenty First Infantry, held an advanced position under a hot fire and at close quarters with the enemy. Ordering his men to lie down in the long grass, the young officer refused to seek shelter, and

stood erect until he fell severely wounded. Lieutenant Love is an Annapolis graduate who last year, to better his chance of seeing active service, applied for and received a commission in the army. He is a Virginian; his father, Judge Love, of Fairfax County, was one of Mosby's men during the Civil War, and his mother was a niece of President Buchanan.

Lieutenant Clellan Davis, of the Helena, who was recently promoted ten numbers for the gallantry he displayed while in command of a naval detachment serving ashore with a rapid fire gun, is a Kentuck-



LIEUTENANT COLONEL ERNEST A. GARLINGTON,  
RECENTLY APPOINTED INSPECTOR GENERAL  
IN THE PHILIPPINES.

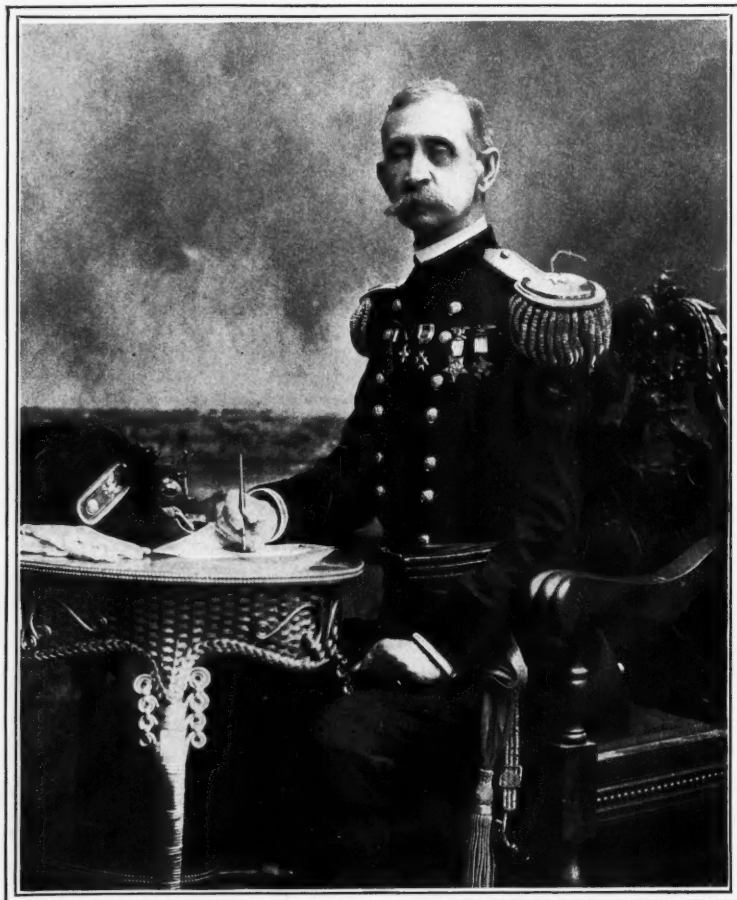


GENERAL JOSEPH P. SANGER, WHO IS IN CHARGE  
OF THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR TAKING  
A CENSUS IN CUBA.



ian, a son of the superintendent of the Louisville public schools. At Annapolis he was captain of athletics, and won distinction not only by feats of skill and daring but also by his proficiency in mathematics. He is the author of "Davis'

force of insurgents in the hills of the island of Negros, and totally defeated them after two hours of hard fighting. Lieutenant Cole was with the Sixth in Cuba, and charged with it at San Juan, where, in the opinion of those best quali-



BRIGADIER GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, UNITED STATES ARMY, LATE MAJOR GENERAL OF VOLUNTEERS.

*From his latest photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.*

Tables," a series of calculations based on experiments at the Indian Head proving grounds, which have been published by the Navy Department and are used in the specifications for armor plate. His work has won him a professional recognition abroad, such as seldom comes to a man less than thirty years old.

Another young officer who has done good work in the field is Lieutenant Cole, of the Sixth Infantry, who, commanding about eighty men, attacked a considerable

fied to judge, it shared with the Sixteenth the honor of being first to storm the main line of the Spaniards' works. He was stricken down by fever at Santiago, but as soon as he recovered he sailed for Manila to rejoin his regiment.

Death or glory—and for Lieutenant Drew, of the Twelfth Infantry, it was death, at the head of his men, and in the hour of victory, in the severe action of August 20, near Angeles. The lieutenant was regarded as a young officer of great



LIEUTENANT A. W. DREW, OF THE TWELFTH INFANTRY, KILLED IN THE ACTION AT ANGELES, ON AUGUST 20.

*From a photograph by Blackburn & Bailey, Houston.*



LIEUTENANT E. T. COLE, OF THE SIXTH INFANTRY, WHO DEFEATED THE INSURGENTS IN THE ISLAND OF NEGROS.

*From a photograph by Garvin, Pottsville.*



LIEUTENANT CLELLAN DAVIS, OF THE HELENA, PROMOTED TEN NUMBERS FOR GALLANTRY IN ACTION.

*From a photograph by Klauber, Louisville.*



LIEUTENANT LOVE, OF THE TWENTY FIRST INFANTRY, WOUNDED IN THE ACTION AT CALAMBA, ON AUGUST 1.

*From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.*

FOUR YOUNG AMERICAN OFFICERS WHO HAVE BEEN MENTIONED IN THE DESPATCHES FROM THE PHILIPPINES.



THE MODEL VOLUNTEER CAMP AT THE PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO—THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

promise, and the news of his loss caused much genuine regret in Texas, where he was widely known. He belonged to a prominent Houston family, and after graduating at West Point had served on Governor Culberson's staff.

#### THE ASTORS IN LITERATURE.

How many of us realize that in losing William Waldorf Astor as a fellow countryman we are losing one of our authors? A few years ago Mr. Astor's novel, "Valentino," made quite a little stir on its first appearance. It was published anonymously, too, with only an asterisk to give a clue to the authorship. Of course, the "Astor-risk" was soon deciphered, and the bad pun was forgiven.

Mr. Astor has published other books and articles, too. His last contribution to literature, the biographical sketch of his grandfather in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, was really remarkable. It was a pathetic attempt to bolster the German peasant, the son of the village butcher of Waldorf, into a descendant of a noble family, as well as a fairly dignified and altogether interesting and valuable record of a career that is now historic.

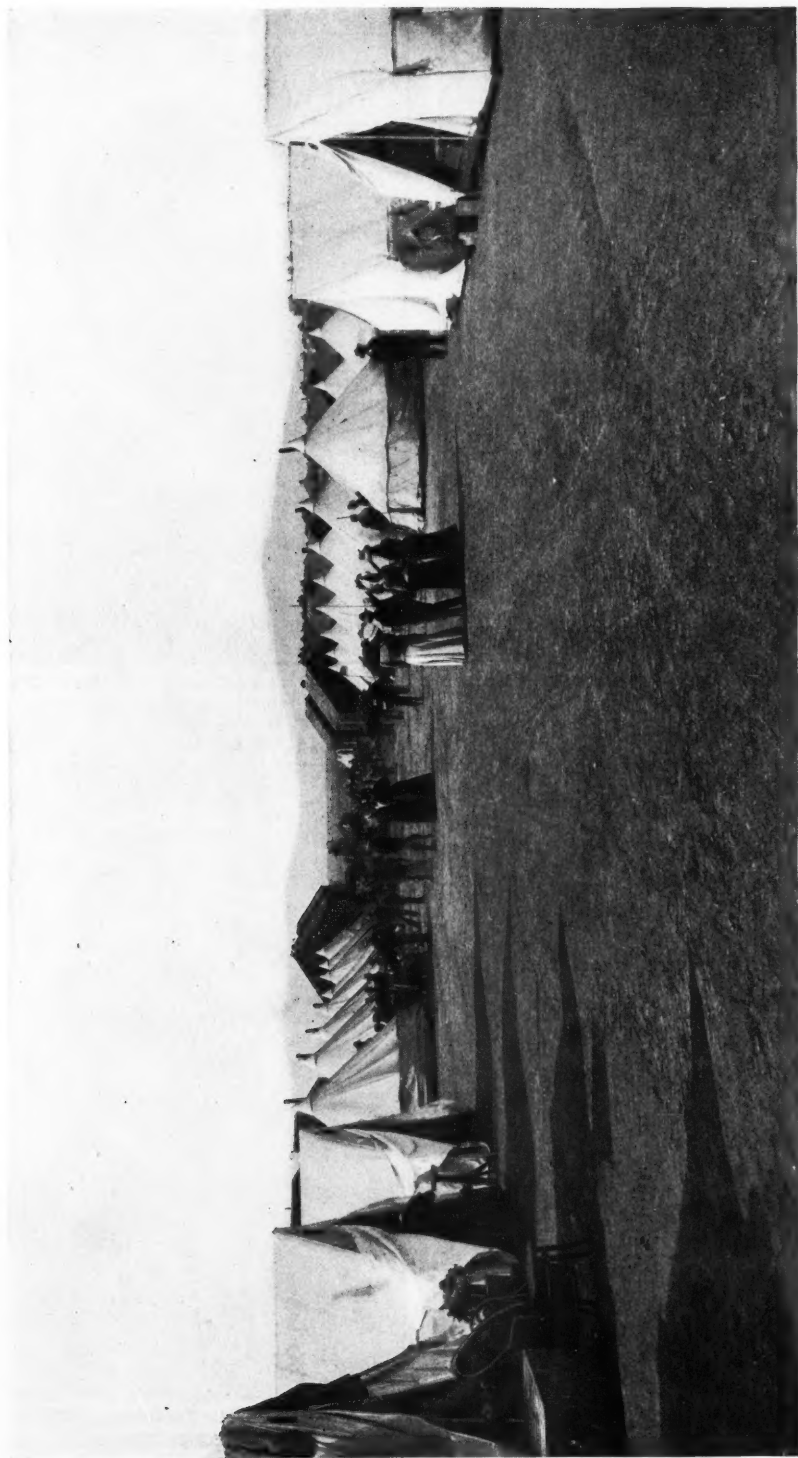
The absentee landlord of half New York is also said to possess some skill as a sculptor. So between English society and the arts he ought to be able to divert his mind from the attacks of the American press.

And meanwhile, in spite of his defection, we still have an author Astor, thanks

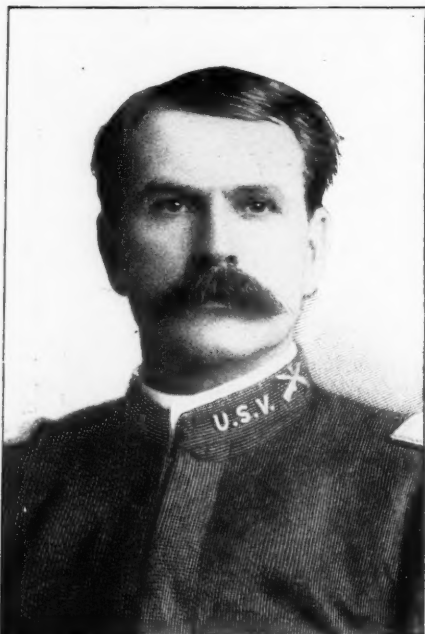


THE MODEL VOLUNTEER CAMP AT THE PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO—THE HOSPITAL.





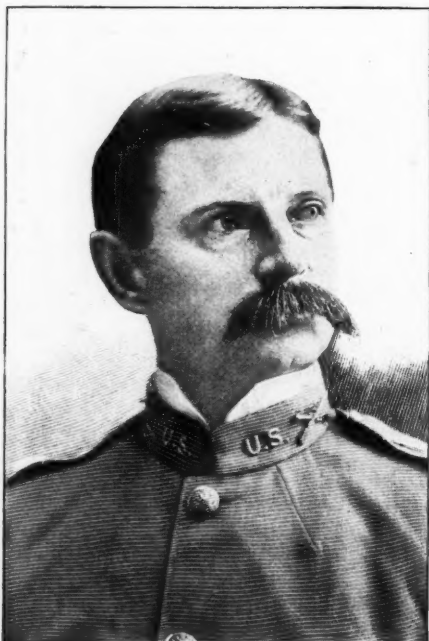
THE MODEL CAMP AT THE PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO, AT WHICH UNITED STATES TROOPS ARE BEING CONCENTRATED PRIOR TO EMBARKING FOR MANILA—GENERAL VIEW  
OF THE CAMP, SHOWING SOLDIERS AND VISITORS.



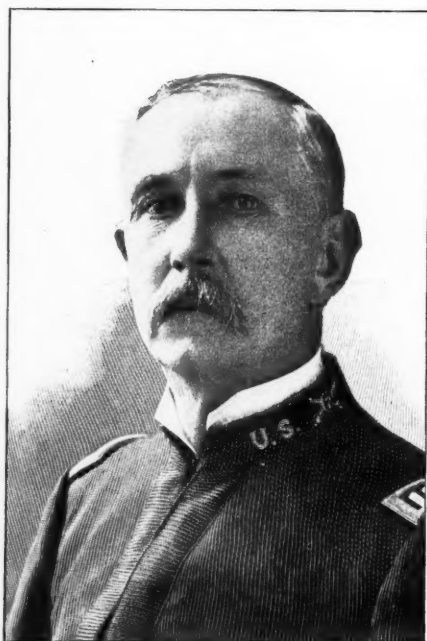
LIEUTENANT COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, OF THE  
TWENTY NINTH VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.



COLONEL J. S. PETTIT, OF THE THIRTY FIRST  
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.



LIEUTENANT COLONEL J. J. BRERETON, OF THE  
THIRTY THIRD VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

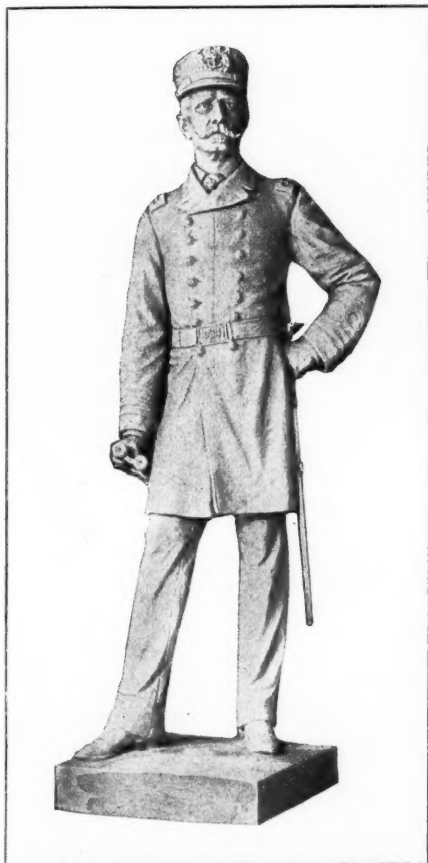


COLONEL E. T. C. RICHMOND, OF THE FORTY FIRST  
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

FOUR OF THE OFFICERS OF THE NEW VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS.

to Colonel John Jacob and his highly imaginative "Journey in Other Worlds."

THE SEMMES MONUMENT IN MOBILE.  
"Raphael Semmes, Rear Admiral C. S. Navy, Sailor, Patriot, Statesman, Scholar,



THE STATUE OF ADMIRAL SEMMES, OF THE CONFEDERATE NAVY, RECENTLY ERECTED IN MOBILE, ALABAMA.

*From a photograph by Bogart, New York.*

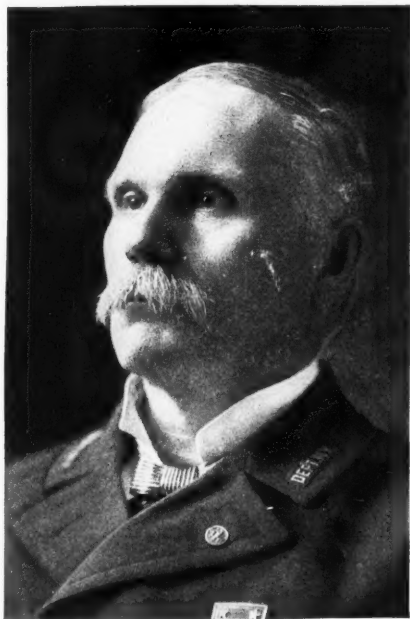
and Christian Gentleman"—so runs the inscription on the statue recently erected in Mobile in honor of the man who commanded the Alabama in the Civil War. It may astonish some, especially in the North, to see the famous privateersman characterized in such sweeping terms of eulogy; yet there is no doubt that Semmes was an able sailor and a brave and high minded man.

2 M



BRIGADIER GENERAL ALFRED E. BATES, THE NEW PAYMASTER GENERAL OF THE ARMY.

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.*



COLONEL ALBERT D. SHAW, OF WATERTOWN, NEW YORK, THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.





KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHL, THE INDIAN PRINCE  
WHO CAPTAINED THE VISITING TEAM OF  
ENGLISH CRICKETERS.

It is noteworthy that the statue went to the Southern city in which Semmes spent most of his life, and in which he died, from the North. It was modeled in New York by the late Caspar Buberl, and was cast in Newark by Ernest Vatie. It was one of the last things Buberl did before his death, which took place while he was working upon the Dewey triumphal arch. It is of heroic size, eight and a

half feet high, and stands upon a tall pedestal of granite.

#### THE WORK OF THE YERKES TELESCOPE.

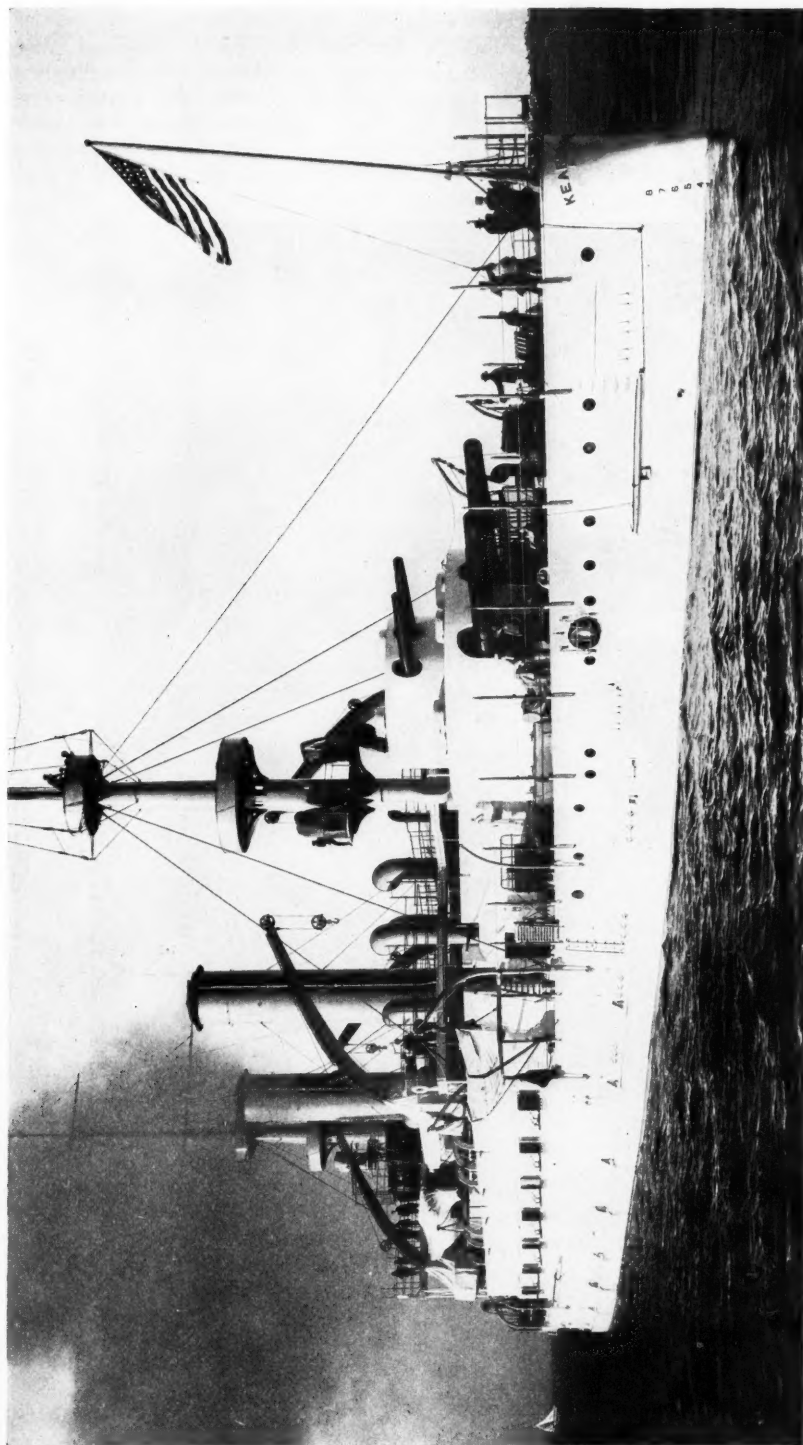
The Yerkes Telescope, owned by the University of Chicago, is the newest of the great telescopes and has points of interest peculiar to itself. The forty inch lens of the great refractor is the largest in existence, and it is probable that it practically marks the limit of size to be attained in the manufacture of these instruments. Most astronomers believe that what might be gained in power by a larger lens would be lost in distinctness of vision.

So delicate is this huge glass that a superfine silk handkerchief rubbed over the surface roughly would destroy its usefulness. It is composed of two lenses, one of crown glass, the other of flint glass, ranging in thickness from three quarters of an inch to two inches, and



COLONEL W. A. KOBBE, OF THE THIRTY FIFTH  
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

*From a photograph by Faber, Norfolk.*



THE NEW UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP KEARSARGE, THE MOST POWERFUL FIGHTING SHIP NOW FLYING THE AMERICAN FLAG. HER SUPERPOSED TURRETS—THOSE FOR HER EIGHT INCH GUNS BEING ON THE TOP OF THOSE FOR HER THIRTEEN INCH GUNS—ARE A NOVELTY IN NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

*From a photograph—Copyright, 1899, by E. Müller, Brooklyn.*

placed eight inches apart. The two weigh five hundred pounds. The late Alvan G. Clark spent four years in bringing them to the required polish, the final touches being added with the finger tips. They will not be cleaned for years, the ob-

liar accuracy and the supreme patience necessary to the art are exceedingly rare. Before the Clarks, the Fraunhofers, of Munich, were famous as lens finishers. Between the last of the German experts and the first of the Clarks lay a century



THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX, FORMERLY MISS ADELA GRANT OF NEW YORK, AND  
HER DAUGHTER, LADY IRIS CAPELL.

*From a photograph by Alice Hughes, London.*

servers preferring a uniform coating of dust to the possible danger of the slightest abrasion.

A pathetic incident in the great instrument's history was the death of Mr. Clark, the last of the great family of American telescope makers. For a century members of the Clark family, living at Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, have ground and polished the large lenses used by the world's observatories. The pecu-

of time when it seemed that progress in the building of telescopes must cease for lack of skilful glass polishers. Alvan Clark was seriously ill when he attended the ceremony of the installation of his last and greatest work at the Yerkes Observatory; and the day after he returned to his home in Massachusetts he died.

The telescope's monster glass eye is set in a steel tube sixty five feet long, which weighs about twenty tons, and yet is so





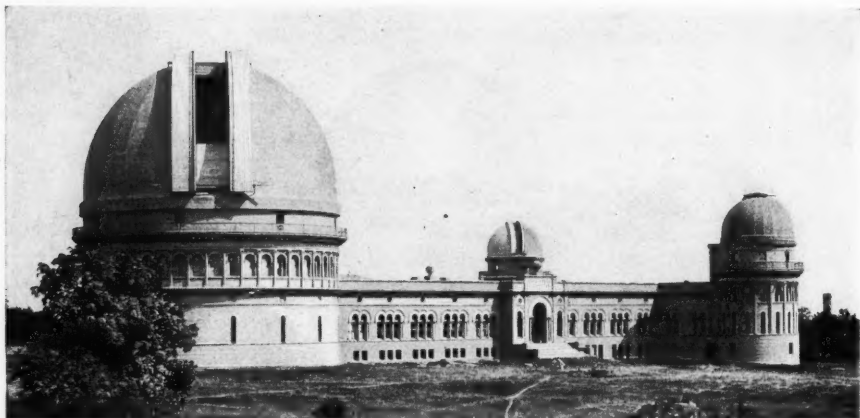
MGR. FRANÇOIS DE P. BARNADA,  
ARCHBISHOP OF CUBA.

MGR. P. L. CHAPELLE,  
ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS,  
AND APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO CUBA  
AND PORTO RICO.

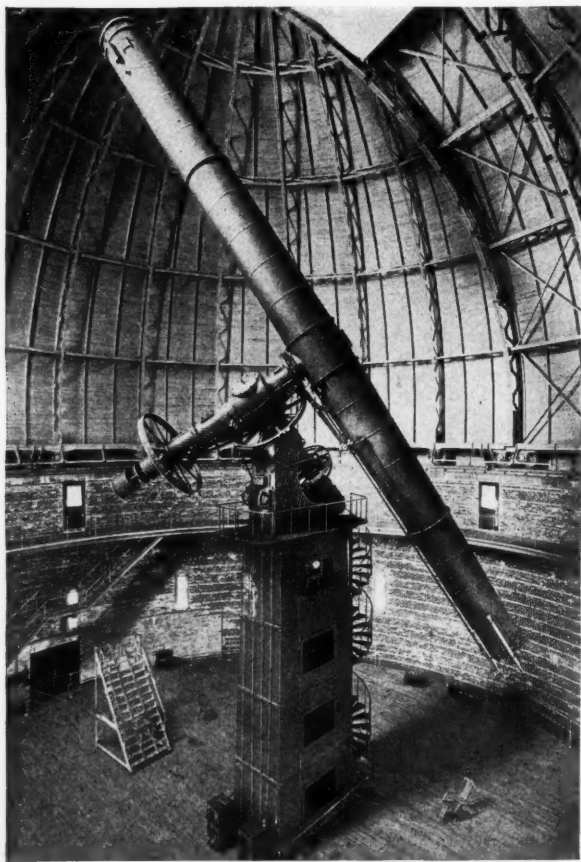
MGR. JAMES H. BLENK,  
BISHOP OF PORTO RICO.



KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY, WITH HIS STAFF, AT THE SWEDISH ARMY MANEUVERS.



THE YERKES OBSERVATORY, AT WILLIAMS BAY, WISCONSIN, FORMING A PART OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.



THE TELESCOPE OF THE YERKES OBSERVATORY (TUBE SIXTY FIVE FEET LONG, LENS FORTY INCHES WIDE), THE LARGEST AND MOST POWERFUL INSTRUMENT IN THE WORLD.

delicately poised that it can be moved with the hand. A system of electric motors furnishes power for lifting the forty ton weight of the rising floor by which the operator reaches the eyepiece. The ninety foot dome, which weighs a hundred and forty tons, is also revolved at the touch of a button.

The Yerkes Observatory was literally built around this ponderous eye, the most perfect seeing apparatus yet devised by man. It was completed about a year ago, at a cost of half a million dollars, and was presented to the University of Chicago by Charles F. Yerkes, the street railway magnate of Chicago and New York. It is located at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, on the shore of Lake Geneva, seventy five miles northwest of Chicago, in a district whose clear, dry atmosphere is very favorable to observation of the heavens. Some interesting facts have already



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF ST. PETERSBURG.  
*From a photograph by Dasiaro, St. Petersburg.*



WILLIAM E. GOEBEL, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR  
GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.

*From a photograph by Landy, Cincinnati.*



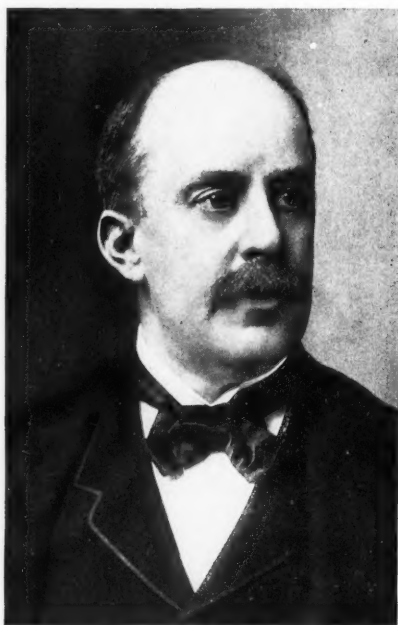
W. S. TAYLOR, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR  
GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.

*From a photograph.*



GEORGE K. NASH, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR  
GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

*From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.*



JOHN R. MCLEAN, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR  
GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

*From a photograph by Landy, Cincinnati.*

THE RIVAL CANDIDATES OF THE LEADING POLITICAL PARTIES IN THE TWO MOST  
INTERESTING ELECTIONS OF 1899.

been ascertained there. Director George E. Hale has proved recently, by a series of observations of the solar spectrum, that the sun is surrounded by a layer of carbon, hitherto unseen. Professor E. E. Barnard, who discovered the fifth satellite of Jupiter with the Lick telescope, but was not able to get any measurements of it, has secured very accurate figures with the aid of the Yerkes instrument. Professor Nichols, of Dartmouth, by a series of tests which he conducted with instruments in the observatory, has settled the question whether the earth receives heat from the stars. He found that the distant stars Arcturus and Vega send to this planet heat equal to that which would be received from a candle six miles away.

#### AMERICAN AND ENGLISH SPEECH.

A prominent literary man who has lately returned from a service of several years in behalf of his country in Europe lately remarked: "The greatest change that I have noticed in my absence is a change in the slang used here. American slang is so expressive that it generally explains itself; so I have been able to understand nearly all the new phrases that I have heard. But a few expressions have bewildered me. For example, there was no means by which I could tell what 'razzle dazzle' meant. I puzzled over it for a long time, and at last I had to ask some one to explain it to me. English slang, too, I notice, is making its way into this country; and for that I am sorry, for it is not amusing, and it seems out of place here. I suppose it is brought over by our fashionable people with a bent toward Anglomania.

"By the way, the fashion of imitating the English in speech has grown to an astonishing extent here. At a gathering in Newport, not long ago, I might have imagined I was in an English country house, except that the English accents were woefully overdone. It seems to me it would be much better for us to keep both our own ideas and our own accents."

#### THE PRESIDIO CAMP.

The greatest lever of American progress is the promptitude with which we correct our mistakes. The worst failures of our successful war with Spain were the

transport service and the volunteer camps; within a year, the government had in commission the best equipped troopships that ever went to sea, and had constructed, as a home base for the war in the Philippines, a camp which expert observers agree in calling a model of its kind. Quarters for several thousand men have been provided on the sand dunes that lie between San Francisco and the Pacific, and here, at the Presidio, as the camp is named, troops have been concentrated for training and instruction, and for shipment to Manila. The commissary, quartermaster, and medical services have done everything that modern military science suggests for the health, comfort, and discipline of the men, and the report of a recent inspector describes the condition of the place as excellent, and the sick rate as very low. There are, however, a large number of patients in the hospitals—more than a thousand, at the date of the report—most of them being soldiers invalided home from the Philippines.

Three views of the Presidio Camp are given on pages 166 and 167.

#### A CENSUS OF FAMILY NAMES.

A statistician who must have plenty of time at his command has figured out from the returns of the last British census that there are in England and Wales 253,606 individuals named Smith, and 242,100 who answer to the musical patronymic of Jones, with Williams, Taylor, Davies, and Brown coming in order as the next commonest family names. Smith also leads in Scotland, followed by McDonald, Brown, Thomson, Robertson, Stewart, and Campbell. Murphy is entitled to rank as the most typical Hibernian name, there being 62,600 people bearing it in Ireland; Kelly comes next, then—all pretty close together—Sullivan, Walsh, Smith, O'Brien, Byrne, Ryan, Connor, O'Neil, and Reilly.

It is probable that a similar table of American family names has never been made—perhaps because we are all too busy with other things; but it is pretty safe to guess that the grand old patronymic of Smith—first in England, first in Scotland, and easily first at Peapack, New Jersey—leads all others.

\* \* \* \*

If an uninformed individual were asked to name the two richest colleges in Amer-



ica he would probably reply, "Harvard and Yale." As a matter of fact, Harvard stands third in the list, and Yale no higher than seventh. The two institutions possessing the largest endowments are Girard, the great Philadelphia technical school, and the Leland Stanford University. Close after Harvard comes Columbia, whose property, largely consisting of New York real estate, is probably advancing most rapidly in value; then Cornell and the University of Chicago. Yale's funds are only \$4,500,000, against Girard's \$15,250,000.

In all, of the four hundred and twenty six institutions listed as "universities" and "colleges," twenty seven hold property—besides their own grounds and buildings—worth a million dollars or more.

\* \* \* \*

It was stated in this department, two months ago, on the authority of a Washington correspondent, that Captain Taylor, of the Indiana, was about to succeed Captain Crowninshield at the head of the Bureau of Navigation. Both officers have called our attention to the fact that we were mistaken. Captain Crowninshield does not expect to take sea duty until he has served out the regular term of four years in his present position, where—this is our statement, not his—he has done excellent work for the navy.

\* \* \* \*

When the president of the Normal College—the institution which supplies New York with most of its female teachers, and which is, we believe, the largest school of the kind in America—recently told his students that "there is a thief in every class," his statement was criticised as a sensational one. As a matter of fact, however, in an academy that admits some seven hundred new pupils every year it would be strange indeed if there were not one annual black sheep. The percentage—one seventh of one per cent—is so small that Dr. Hunter's assertion was a compliment to the honesty of the metropolitan young woman rather than a slur upon her perception of *meum* and *tuum*.

\* \* \* \*

Lord Rosebery, in a recent speech to a gathering of Scotch railway employees, paid an admiring tribute to the "railroad kings" of America. He declared that "there is in the United States an aris-

tocracy so exalted that the proudest nobles of Britain can hardly compare with them. I have come to the conclusion, after some study and observation, and with much gratitude—for I have experienced much kindness at their hands—that an American railway president is a little more than the equivalent of an English duke. They have a power which seems almost despotic; they travel, in their private chariots, in a style to which no English duke can aspire; and they exercise a control which, so far as I know, is quite unparalleled on our side of the Atlantic."

All this may be true, and is certainly amusing.

\* \* \* \*

It is vastly pleasanter to be a live autocrat than a dead one. While the late Heureaux was nominally president and really dictator of Santo Domingo, we were periodically told of his public spirit, of his success as a constitutional ruler, and of the little West Indian republic's prosperity and tranquillity under his administration. No sooner was he dead than we hear a very different story. His sway was a corrupt and bloody tyranny—from which, of course, his successor promises a happy deliverance; he robbed the public funds without mercy, confiscated private property at will, and massacred those who dared to breathe opposition to his schemes of self aggrandizement. He was charged with committing twelve hundred murders, many of them with circumstances of fiendish cruelty, his victims being buried alive, or tied to heavy triangles and tossed into the sea.

Contemporary history is a treacherous sycophant, after all—cringing to the man in power, and relentlessly bitter when he falls.

\* \* \* \*

The spirit in which his countrymen have greeted George Dewey was admirably expressed by Congressman Dalzell, in his speech of welcome to the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers:

"No party lines divide us today. We know neither sect nor section. We are not here to support any creed, religious or political; to promote any theory of government; to advance any personal interest. We are here simply as American citizens to welcome the home coming of American soldiers."

# SOPHIA.\*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SIR HERVEY COKE seeks Sophia Maitland's hand in marriage, but his dispassionate style of wooing proves distasteful to the young girl, who has bestowed her affections on an Irish adventurer named Hawkesworth. The latter worthy, who is seeking to win Sophia for her fortune, has also plotted to bring about the marriage of her twin brother, Tom, to a woman of doubtful character known as Oriana Clark, who is really the daughter of a clockmaker named Grocott; for Hawkesworth has ascertained that if the young fellow marries without the consent of his guardians, he will forfeit a large part of his inheritance, half of which will become Sophia's, and incidentally Hawkesworth's, if he can win her. Sophia's guardians, Mr. Northey and his wife, who is the girl's elder sister, try to coerce her into marrying Sir Hervey, foreseeing advantages to themselves in such an alliance. Finally, in sheer desperation, Sophia consents to an elopement which Hawkesworth has planned; and with the assistance of Lady Betty Cochrane, she escapes from the house and goes to the Irishman's lodgings. Owing to a misunderstanding, he has not expected her and is not there, and while waiting for him, she finds damning evidence of his perfidy. Soon afterwards, Hawkesworth arrives with her brother Tom, and on learning the truth from Sophia the boy attacks the Irishman fiercely. He is overpowered and ejected from the house, whereupon he takes Sophia to his own rooms, at Grocott's. Here Sophia is dismayed to find that, despite the recent revelations, her brother still intends to be married. He indignantly refuses to listen to her when she remonstrates, and so, during his temporary absence, Sophia decides to appeal to the Northeys to prevent the ceremony from taking place. Grocott, however, has suspected her intentions, and locks her in her room. In the mean time Sir Hervey, who has been notified of the girl's flight by Mr. Northey, sets out to look for her. He traces her to Grocott's, but is there thrown off the track. He has almost decided to give up the search, when he encounters Tom Maitland, who discloses enough to arouse the older man's suspicions; for Tom acknowledges having taken Sophia to Grocott's the previous night, and there, but a few minutes before, they have denied all knowledge of her. Sir Hervey insists on accompanying him back to the house, and there he learns the true state of affairs. His interference infuriates the Clark woman, who sends for men to eject him; but when they arrive, unfortunately for her, they prove to be bailiffs who have long been seeking her. Tom, at last convinced that the woman is not all he thought her, flees while Sir Hervey has gone to liberate Sophia, leaving word that he intends to enlist. On learning that the Northeys have disowned her, Sophia consents to marry Sir Hervey, who still loves her, though he shows but little sign of it in his proposal. After the ceremony, he takes his bride to her sister's home. Mrs. Northey is furious at Sophia's conduct, but Sir Hervey's explanation is so plausible that it is finally accepted. He now plans to return to Coke Hall to make arrangements for his bride's reception, and Lady Betty's mother, the duchess, who is calling at the Northeys', volunteers to take charge of the young wife until he is ready to send for her. As soon as an opportunity offers, Lady Betty bitterly reproaches Sophia for having deceived her.

### XIII (Continued).

SOPHIA, in spite of her depression, could not refrain from a smile. "My dear Lady Betty—" she whispered gratefully.

"Don't 'Lady Betty' me, miss!" the girl retorted, thrusting her pretty, eager face close to the other's. "Do you know that I am to go into the country, ma'am? And be put to school again, and the black-board; and lose the Ridotto on the 17th, and the frolic at the King's House Miss Ham had arranged—and all for helping you! All for helping you, ma'am! See if I ever do a good natured thing again, as long as I live!"

"My poor Lady Betty! I am so sorry."

"But that's not all," the angry little beauty cried. "Didn't you lead me to think, ma'am—oh, yes, 'ma'am,' you are now"—with a swift little curtsy—"to think that 'twas all for love and the world lost? That 'twas a dear, delicious elopement, almost as good as running away myself? And that all the town would be wild to hear of it, and every girl envy me for being in it? Romance? And the world well lost! Oh, you deceitful madam! But see if I ever speak to you again! That's all, that's all, my lady!"

Sophia, with a smile that trembled on the brink of tears, was about to crave her pardon, when the approach of the duchess and Sir Hervey closed her mouth. "Your sister has gone up stairs?" said her grace.

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"Only to take orders for my packing," Sophia answered.

"I have just been talking to your husband," the duchess continued, and smiled faintly at the burning blush that at the word rose to Sophia's brow. "And if you are willing, my dear, you shall keep Lady Betty company until he returns."

"Returns?" Sophia exclaimed. She was startled.

"From Coke Hall," Sir Hervey interposed glibly. "Whither I must go tonight, sweet, to give orders for our reception. In the mean time the duchess has most kindly offered to take care of you, and has also promised that when you go into the country Lady Betty shall go with you and keep you company until the duke leaves town."

The tears rose in Sophia's eyes at this double, this wonderful proof of his thought for her; and something her eyes thanked him through her tears, though it was only by a swift glance, averted as soon as perceived. In a tremulous voice, she thanked the duchess. It was most kind of her grace. And any—any arrangement that Sir Hervey thought fit to make for her—would be to her liking.

"Dear me!" the duchess said, laughing, "a most obedient wife! My dear, how long do you think you will play the patient *Grizel*?"

Poor Sophia drooped, blushing under the question, but was quickly relieved by Lady Betty. "Oh, la!" the young lady cried, "am I really, really, to go with her? When, ma'am? When?"

"When I choose," the duchess answered sharply. "That's enough for you. Thank your stars and Sir Hervey, miss, that it's not back to the schoolroom, as it was to be."

"Yes, ma'am," Lady Betty murmured.

But a little later, when they were alone together in her room, she fell upon Sophia and pinched and tweaked her in a way that implied a full pardon. "Oh, you double faced madam!" she cried. "You sly thing! But I'll be even with you yet! I'll make love to him before your eyes, see if I don't! After all, I like him better than O'Rourke. You remember,

O'Rourke's noble fare  
Will ne'er be forgot  
By those who were there  
And those who were not!

For Coke, he's as grave as grave. But he's a dear for all that."

"A dear!" Sophia repeated, opening her eyes.

"Yes, a dear! Not that you need be proud, my lady. I'll soon have his heart from you, see if I don't. What'll you say to that?"

But Lady Coke, from whom Sir Hervey had parted gravely a few minutes before, did not answer. She sat silent, conjuring up his face—in a new light. She did not acknowledge that he was a dear. She still felt the same shrinking from him, the same fear of him, that had depressed her from the moment she knew the knot tied, the thing done. But she began to see him in a new light. The duchess liked him, and Lady Betty thought him a dear. Would Lady Betty—even Lady Betty have taken him?

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At that moment, in the little house at the end of Clarges Row, three persons sat vowing vengeance over Tom's wedding feast. One with the rage of a gamester baffled by an abnormal run of the cards, beaten by the devil's own luck, breathed naught but flames and fury, pistols, and nose slitting. The second, who stormed and wept by turns, broke things with her hands and gnawed them, in futile passion, with her strong white teeth, could have kissed him for that last word. The third, mulcted in purse, and uncertain on whom to turn, chattered impotent, senile curses. "I shall die a beggar!" he cried; and cursed his companions. "I shall die in a ditch! But I'll not die alone, I'll not be the only one to suffer!"

"No, I'll show you better than that!" the Irishman answered between oaths. "They are three and we are three. Wait! I'll have them watched every minute of the day, and by and by it'll be our turn. A little money——"

"Money!" old Grocott shrieked, clawing the air; and he got up hurriedly and sat down again. "Always money! More money! But you'll have none of mine! Not a farthing! Not a farthing!"

"Why not, fool, if it will bring in a thousand per cent?" Hawkesworth growled. The thin veneer of fashion that had duped poor Sophia was gone. With the loss of the venture on which he had staked his all, the man stood forth a plain, unmitigated ruffian. "Why not?" he continued,

bending his brows. "D'you think anything is to be done without money? And I shall risk more than money, old skin-flint!"

The woman looked at the man, her eyes gleaming; her face, under the red that dashed it, was livid. "What'll you do?" she muttered. "What'll you do?" She had been—almost a lady. The chance would never, never, never recur! When she thought of what she had lost, and how nearly she had won it, she was frantic. "What'll you do?" she repeated.

"Hark, I hear the sound of coaches;  
The hour of attack approaches,  
And turns our lead to gold!"

Hawkesworth hummed for answer. "Gold is good, but I'll wait my opportunity, and I'll have gold and—a pound of flesh."

"Ah!" she said thirstily; and then to her father: "Do you hear, old man? You'll give him what he wants."

"I'll not!" he screamed. "I shall die a beggar! I shall die in a ditch. I tell you I——" His voice suddenly quavered off as he met his daughter's eyes. He was silent.

"I think you will," she said.

"I think so," the Irishman murmured grimly.

#### XIV.

A WEEK later the sun of a bright May morning shone on King's Square, once known as Monmouth, now as Soho Square. Before the duke's town house, on the east side of the square—on the left of the king's statue, which then and for many years to come faced Monmouth House—a traveling carriage waited, attended by a pair of mounted grooms, and watched at a respectful distance by a half circle of idle loungers. It was in readiness to convey Lady Coke and Lady Betty Cochrane into Sussex. On the steps of the house lounged no less a person than the duke himself; who, unlike his proud grace of Petworth, was at no pains to play a part. On the contrary, he sunned himself where he pleased, nor thought it beneath him to display the anxiety on his daughter's account which would have become a meaner man. He knew, too, what he was about in the present matter; neither the four sturdy, big boned horses, tossing their tasseled heads, nor the pair of armed out-

riders, nor Watkyns, Sir Hervey's valet, waiting hat in hand at the door of the chariot, escaped his scrutiny. He had the tongue of a buckle secured here, and a horse's hoof lifted there—his grace was right, there was a stone in it. He inquired if the relay at Croydon was ordered, he demanded whether it was certain that Sir Hervey's horses would meet them at Lewes. Finally—for he knew that part of the country—he asked what was the state of the roads beyond Grinstead, and whether the Ouse was out.

"Not to hurt, your grace," Watkyns, who had come up with the carriage, answered. "The roads will be good if no more rain falls, if your grace pleases."

"You will make East Grinstead about five, my man?"

"Tween four and five, your grace, we should."

"And Lewes—by two tomorrow?"

The servant was about to answer when the duchess and the two young ladies, followed by Lady Betty's woman, appeared at the duke's elbow. The duchess, holding a fan between her eyes and the sun, looked anxiously at the horses. "I don't like them traveling alone," she said. "Coke should have come for them. My dear," she continued, turning to Sophia, "your husband should have come for you instead of sending. I don't understand such manners, and a week married."

Sophia, blushing deeply, did not answer. She knew quite well why Sir Hervey had not come, and she was thankful when Lady Betty took the word.

"Oh, ma'am," she cried, "I am sure we shall do well enough; 'tis the charmingest thing in the world to be going a journey, and the most delicious morning. We are going to drive all day, all day, and lie at an inn, and tell each other a world of secrets. I declare, I never was so happy in my life!"

"And leaving us!" her grace said reproachfully.

Lady Betty looked a trifle dashed, but her father pinched her ear. "Leaving town, too, Bet," he said good naturedly. "That's more serious, isn't it?"

"I am sure, sir, I—if my mother wishes me to stay——"

"No, go, child, and enjoy yourself," the duchess said kindly. "And I hope Lady Coke may put some sense into that feather brain of yours. My dear," she continued,



embracing Sophia, "you'll take care of her?"

"I will, I will, indeed!" Sophia cried, clinging to her. "And thank you a thousand times, ma'am, for your kindness to me."

"Pooh, pooh, 'tis nothing," her grace said. "But all the same," she added, her anxiety returning, "I wish Sir Hervey were with you, or you had not those jewels."

"Coke should have thought of it," the duke answered. "But there, kiss Bet, my love, and tell her to be a good puss. The sooner they are gone, the sooner they will be there."

"You have your cordial, child?" the duchess asked anxiously.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the saffron drops, and your 'Holy Living'? Pettitt"—to the woman—"you'll see her ladyship uses the face wash every morning, and wears her warm nightgown. And see that the flowered chintz is aired before she puts it on."

"Yes, sure, your grace."

"And I hope you'll come back safe and won't be robbed."

"Pooh, pooh!" the duke said. "Since Cook was hanged last year—and he was ten times out of eleven at Mimms and Finchley—there has been nothing done on the Lewes road. And they are too strong to be stopped by one man. You have been reading 'Johnson's Lives,' and are frightening yourself for nothing, my dear. There, let them go, and they'll be in Lewes two hours before nightfall. A good journey, ma'am, and my service to Sir Hervey."

"I should not mind if it were not for the child's jewels," her grace muttered in a low tone.

"Pooh, the carriage might be robbed twenty times," the duke answered, "and they would not be found—where they are. Good by, Bet. Be a good girl, and say your prayers."

"And mind you use the almond wash," her grace cried.

Lady Betty vowed she would, and amid a fire of similar advices the two were shut into the chariot. From the window Lady Betty continued to wave her handkerchief until, Watkyns and the woman having mounted outside, the postboys cracked their whips and the heavy vehicle moved forward. A moment, and the house and the

kind, wistful faces on the steps disappeared; the travelers swung right handed into Sutton Street, and, rolling briskly through St. Giles' and Holborn, were presently on London Bridge, then the only link connecting London and Southwark.

Lady Betty was in a humor that matched the brightness of the May morning. She was leaving the delights of town; but she had a journey before her, a thing exhilarating in youth, and at the end of it she had a vision of lordlings, knights, and country squires, waiting to be reduced to despair by her charms. The bright surface of the stream, as the tide running up from the pool sparkled and glittered in the sun, was not brighter than her eyes—that now were here, now there, now everywhere. Now she stuck her head out of one window, now out of the other; now she flashed a smile at a passing apprentice, and left him gasping; now she cast a flower at an astonished teamster, or tilted her pretty nose at the odors that pervaded the borough. The grooms rode more briskly for her presence, the postboys looked grinning over their shoulders; even the gibbet that marked the turn to Tooting failed to depress her airy spirits.

And Sophia? Sophia sat fighting for contentment. By turns the better and the worse mood possessed her. In the one she thought with gratitude of a lot happy in comparison of the fate which she had so narrowly escaped; happy, even in comparison of that fate which would have been hers if, after escaping from Hawkesworth, she had been forced to return to her sister's house. If it was good by to love, if the glow of passion could never be hers, she was not alone. She had a friend from whose kindness she had to expect all that any save a lover could give; a firm and true friend—she believed it—whose generosity and thoughtfulness touched her every hour, and must have touched her more deeply but for that other mood that in its turn possessed her.

In that mood she lived the past again, thirsting for that which had not been hers. She regretted not her dear Irishman—for he had never existed, save in her fancy, and she knew it now—but the delicious thrill, the warm emotion, which the thought of him, the sight of him, had been wont to arouse. In this mood she



could not patiently give up love; she could not willingly resign the woman's dream. In this mood she cried out on the prudence that, to save her from the talk of a week, had deprived her of love for a life. She saw in kindness calculation; in thoughtfulness the wisdom of the serpent. She shook with resentment, and burned with shame.

And then, while she thought of him most harshly, her conscience pricked her, and in a moment she was in the melting temper; while Lady Betty chattered by her side, and town changed to country, and, leaving Brixton Causeway, they rattled by the inns of Streatham, with the church on their right and the hills rolling upward leftwise to the blue.

Four and a half miles to Croydon and then dinner. "Now let me see them," Lady Betty urged. "Do, that's a dear creature! Here we are quite safe."

Sophia pleaded that it was too near town. "Wait until we are through Croydon," she said. "They say, you know, the nearer town, the greater the danger."

"Then, as soon as we are out of Croydon?" Lady Betty cried, hugging her. "You promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

"Oh, I know if they were mine, I should be looking at them all day!" Lady Betty rejoined; and then shrieked and threw herself back in the carriage as they passed Croydon gibbet, that stood at the ninth milestone, opposite the turn to Wallington. The empty irons swaying in the wind provided her with shudders until the carriage drew up in Croydon Street, where, with recovered cheerfulness, the ladies alighted and dined at the Crown under the eye and protection of Watkyns.

After a stay of an hour, they took the road again up Banstead Downs, where they walked a little at the steeper part of the way, but presently outstripping the carriage above the turn to Reygate, grew frightened in that solitude, and were glad to step in again. So down and up, and down again through the woods about Coulsdon, where the rabbits peered at them through the bracken, raised their white scuts, and loped away at leisure to their burrows.

"Now!" Lady Betty cried, when they were again in the full glare of the after-

noon sun. "Now is the time. There is no one within a mile of us. The grooms," she continued, after putting out her head and looking back, "are half a mile behind."

Sophia nodded reluctantly. "You must get up, then," she said.

Lady Betty did so, while Sophia, to whom the secret had been committed the day before, lifted the leather valance that hung before the seat. Touching a spring, she drew from the apparently solid woodwork of the seat itself—which was no more than three inches thick, so that a mail could be placed beneath it—a shallow covered drawer about twenty inches wide. She held this until Lady Betty had dropped the valance, and the two could take their seats again; then she inserted a tiny key, which she took from her bodice, into a keyhole cunningly placed at the side of the drawer—so that when the latter was in its place the keyhole was invisible. She turned the key, but before she raised the lid bade Lady Betty look out of the window again and assure herself that the grooms were at a distance.

"You provoking creature!" Lady Betty cried. "They are where they were—a good half mile behind. And—yes, one of them has dismounted, and is doing something to his saddle. Oh, let me look; I am dying to see them!"

Sophia raised the lid, and her companion gasped once, then screamed with delight. Over the white Genoa of the jewel case shone and rippled and sparkled in rills of liquid fire a necklace, tiara, and bracelet of perfect stones, perfectly matched. Lady Betty had expected much; her mother had told her that at the coronation of '27, Lady Coke's jewels had taken the world by storm; that no one under the rank of a peeress had worn anything like them. But she could not control her delight, admiration, envy. She hung over the tray, her eyes bright as the stones they reflected, her cheeks catching the soft luster of the jewels.

"Oh, ma'am, now I know you are married!" she cried, after sundry incoherent exclamations had relieved her feelings. "Things like these are not for poor lambkins! I vow, I grow afraid of you. My Lady Brook will have nothing like them, and couldn't carry them if she had! She'd sink under them, the wee

thing! And my Lady Carteret won't do better, though she is naught but airs and graces, and he's fifty five if he's a day! When you go to the drawingroom they'll die of envy. And to think the dear things lie under that dingy valance! I declare, I wonder they don't shine through!"

"Sir Hervey's father planned the drawer in the seat," Sophia explained, "for the carriage he built for his wife's foreign tour. And when Sir Hervey had a new carriage about six years ago, the drawer was repeated as a matter of course. Once his mother was robbed when she had the diamonds with her, but they were not found."

"And had you never seen them until yesterday?"

"Never."

"And he'd never told you about them until they sent them from the bank, just with that note?"

Sophia sighed as she glanced at the jewels. "He had not mentioned them," she said.

Lady Betty hugged her ecstatically. "The dear, devoted man!" she cried. "I vow, you are the luckiest woman in the world! There's not a girl in town would not give her two eyes for them! And mighty few would not be ready to sell themselves body and soul for them, take my word for it! And he sends them to you with scarce a word, but 'Lady Coke from her husband'!—'Lady Coke from her husband'!—and where they are to be hidden to travel. I vow," Lady Betty continued joyously, "if I were in your shoes, my dear, I should jump out of my skin with joy. I—why"—in sudden panic—"what's the matter? Are you ill?"

For Sophia had burst on a sudden into violent weeping; and now, the diamonds lying in her lap, was sobbing on the other's shoulder as if her heart would break. "If you knew!" was all she could say. "If you knew!"

Lady Betty, amazed and frightened, patted her shoulder, tried to soothe her; and asked her: "What? If I only knew what?"

"The sight of them kills me!" Sophia cried, struggling in vain with her emotion. "They are not mine! I have no—no right to them."

Lady Betty raised her pretty eyebrows in despair. "But they *are* yours," she said. "Your husband has given them to you."

"I would rather he killed me!" Sophia cried, her feelings, overwrought for a week past, finding sudden vent.

Lady Betty gasped. "Oh!" she said. "I don't understand, I am afraid. Doesn't he"—in an awestruck tone—"doesn't he love you, then?"

"He?" Sophia cried bitterly. "Oh, yes, I suppose so! He—pities me, at any rate. But I——"

"You don't love him?"

Sophia shook her head.

The younger girl shivered. "That must be—horrible," she whispered.

Her tone was so grave that Sophia raised her head, and smiled drearily through her tears. "You don't understand yet," she said. "It's only a form, our marriage. He offered to marry me to save me from scandal. And I agreed. But since he gave me the jewels that were his mother's, I—I am frightened, child. I know now that I have done wrong. I should not have let him—persuade me."

"Why did you?" Lady Betty asked softly.

Sophia told her; told her all the circumstances—Hawkesworth's villainy, Tom's infatuation, her own dilemma, Sir Hervey's offer, and the terms of it.

"It was generous," Lady Betty said gently, her eyes shining. "I think I should—I think I could love him, my Lady Coke. And since that, you have only seen him one day?"

"That is all," Sophia moaned.

"And he kept his word? I mean—he wasn't a silly?"

"No."

"He has been kind, too. There is no denying that, I think."

"It is that which is killing me!" Sophia cried, with returning excitement. "It is his kindness kills me, girl! Cannot you understand that?"

"Umph!" Lady Betty ejaculated; and did not say she could. But for quite a long time she was silent. She sat gazing from the carriage, her eyes busied, apparently, with the distant view of Godstone Church; but a person watching her closely might have detected a gleam of mischief, a sudden flash of amusement, leap into them as she looked. She seemed at a loss, however, for matter of comfort; or she was singularly unfortunate in the choice of it. For when she spoke again

she could hit on no better topic to compose Sophia's mind than a long story, which the naughty girl had no right to know, of Sir Hervey's dealings with various old flames. It is true, nods and winks formed so large a part of the tale, and the rest was so involved, that Sophia could not even arrive at the ladies' names. "But," as Lady Betty concluded mysteriously, "it may serve to ease your mind, dear. You may be sure he won't trouble you long—of that I am certain. La! child, the things I've heard of him—but there, I mustn't tell you."

"No," Sophia answered primly. "Certainly not, if you please."

"Of course not. But you may take it from me, the first pretty face he sees—Sophy! What is it? What is it?"

For Sophia had gripped her arm with one hand, with the other she was striving to cover the treasure that lay forgotten on her lap. Lady Betty screamed. "What is it?" she repeated frantically. There is nothing more terrifying than a silent alarm ill understood.

The next moment she saw—and understood. Beside Sophia's window, riding abreast of the hind wheels of the carriage, in such a position that only his horse's head, by forging an instant to the front, had betrayed his presence, was a cloaked stranger. Lady Betty caught no more than a glimpse of him, but that was enough. Apart from the doubt how long he had ridden there, close to them, inspecting the jewels at his leisure, his appearance was calculated to scare less nervous travelers. Though the day was mild, he wore a heavy riding cloak, the collar of which rose to the height of his cheek bone, where it very nearly met the unpinched drooping leaf of his hat. Between the two, an eye bright and threatening gleamed out. The rest of his features were lost in the depths of a fierce black riding wig; but his great holsters and swinging sword seemed to show that his errand abroad was anything but a peaceful one.

The moment his one eye met Lady Betty's frightened gaze he fell back; and that instant Sophia closed the jewel case, and turned the key in the lock. To lower the drawer to the floor of the carriage and cover it with her skirts was the work of a second; then, still trembling, she put out her head and looked back along the

road. The man had pulled his horse into a walk, and was a long hundred paces behind them. Even at that distance his cloaked figure, as he lounged along the turf beside the track, loomed a dark blot on the road.

Sophia drew in her head. "Quick!" she cried. "Do you stand up and watch him, Betty, while I put the case back. Tell me in a moment if he comes on or is likely to overtake us."

Lady Betty was quick to comply. "He is walking still," she said, her head out on her side. "Now the grooms—lazy beasts, they should have been here—are passing him. La, dear, what a turn it gave me! He had an eye—I hope to goodness we shall never meet the wretch again."

"I hope we may never meet him after nightfall," Sophia answered, with a shudder. And she clicked the drawer home, dropped the valance in front of the seat, and rose from her knees.

"I noticed one thing, he had a patch in the left hand corner of his cloak," Lady Betty said, as she drew in her head and sat down. "And I should know his horse among a hundred: chestnut, with white forelegs and a scarred knee."

"He saw them, he must have seen them!" Sophia cried, in great distress. "Oh, why did I get them out!"

"But if he meant mischief, he would have stopped us then," Lady Betty replied. "The grooms were half a mile behind, and I'll be bound Watkyns was asleep."

"He dared not here because of these houses," Sophia moaned, as they rolled by a small inn, the outpost of the little hamlet of New Chapel Green, between Lingfield and Turner's Heath. "He will wait until we are in some lonely spot, in a wood, or crossing a common, or——"

"Sho!" Lady Betty cried contemptuously—the jewels were not hers, and weighed less heavily on her mind. "We are only five miles from Grinstead—see, there is the milestone—and it is early in the afternoon. He'll not rob us in broad daylight, if he be Turpin himself."

"All the same," Sophia cried, "I wish the diamonds were safe at Lewes."

"Why, child, they are your own!" Lady Betty answered. "If you lose them, whose is the loss?"

But Sophia, whether she agreed or had her own views of the fact, appeared to draw little comfort from it. As the

horses slowly climbed the hill and again descended the slope to Felbridge, her head was more often out of the window than in the carriage. She beckoned to the grooms to come on; prayed Watkyns, who, sure enough, was asleep, to be on the alert; bade the postboys whip on. Nor did she show herself at ease or heave a sigh of relief until the gibbet at the twenty ninth milestone was safely passed and the carriage rattled over the pavement of East Grinstead.

## XV.

To one, at least, of the travelers the bustle of the town was welcome. It was Thursday, market day at East Grinstead, and the postboys made their way with difficulty through streets teeming with chapmen and market women; and here bleating with home going sheep, there alive with the squeaking of pigs. Outside the White Lion a jovial half dozen of graziers were starting home in company; for the roads were less safe on market evenings than on other days. In front of the Dorset Arms, where our party was to lie, a clumsy carrier's wain, drawn by oxen, stood waiting; the horse block was beset by country bucks mounting after the ordinary; and in the yard a post chaise was being wheeled into place for the night by the united efforts of two or three stable boys. Apparently it had just arrived, for the horses, still smoking, were being led to the stable, through the press of beasts and helpers.

Sophia heaved a sigh of relief as the stir of the crowded inn sank into her mind, filling her with a temporary feeling of security. When Lady Betty, after they had washed and refreshed themselves, suggested that, until the disorder in the house abated, they would be as well strolling through the town, she made no demur; and, followed at a distance by one of the grooms, they sallied forth. The first thing they visited was the half ruined church. Afterwards they sat a while in the churchyard, and then, from the Sackville almshouses, watched the sun go down behind the heights of Worth Forest.

Lady Betty, pleased as a child with the novel scene, darting her arch glances hither and thither, and counting a score of conquests, drew more than one smile from her grave companion; and though

these were but interludes, and poor Sophia, brooding on the future, looked sad twice for once she looked merry, their fright in the carriage had no part in her depression. She had forgotten it in the sights of this strange place when, almost at the inn door, it was forced on her attention anew.

She happened to look back to see if the groom was following, and to her horror caught sight, not of the groom, but of the cloaked stranger. It was evident he was dogging them, for the moment his eyes met hers he vanished from sight. There were still many loiterers abroad—belated riders exchanging last words before they parted, gossips carrying home their marketings, or toppers cracking jokes through open windows—and the man was lost among these before Lady Betty had even seen him.

But Sophia had seen him, and felt all her terrors return upon her. Trembling at every shadow—and the shadows were thickening, the streets were growing dark—she hurried her companion into the inn, nor rested until she had assured herself that the carriage was safe under lock and key in the chaise house. Even then she was in two minds; apprehending everything, seeing danger in every course. Should she withdraw the diamonds from their hiding place and conceal them about her person? Or should she convey the case that contained them to the chamber which she shared with Lady Betty, and deposit them there? Or should she simply leave them where they were, in accordance with Sir Hervey's directions?

She decided on the last course, but with grievous misgivings. The fate of the jewels had come in her mind to be one with her own fate. To lose them while they were in her care, seemed to her one with appropriating them. And from appropriating them, from counting them as her own, she shrank with instinctive, overmastering delicacy, that spoke more strongly of the mistake she had made in her strange marriage than any words. They were his family jewels, his mother's jewels, the jewels of the women of his house; and she panted to restore them to his hands. She felt that only by restoring them to him safe, unaccepted, unworn, could she retain her self respect or her independence.

Naturally, Lady Betty found her anx-



iety excessive; and at supper, seeing her start at every sound, rallied her on her timidity. Their bedroom was at the back of the house, one window looking on a garden, the other on the inn yard and the door of the chaise house. "I see clearly you would have been happier supping up stairs," Lady Betty whispered, taking advantage of an instant when the servants were out of earshot. "You do nothing but listen. Shall I go up, as if for my handkerchief, and see if all is right?"

"Oh, no, no!" Sophia cried.

"Oh, yes, yes, is what you mean!" the other retorted good naturedly; and was half way across the room before Sophia could protest. "I am going up stairs for something I've forgotten, Watkyns," Lady Betty cried, as she passed the servant.

Sophia awaited her return, listening and balancing her spoon in her hands; and the moments passed and passed, and still Lady Betty did not come back. Sophia grew nervous and more nervous, rose to follow her, and sat down again, ashamed of the impulse.

At length, when the inn waiter had gone out to hasten the second course, and Watkyns' back was turned for the moment, she could bear it no longer. She jumped up and slipped out of the room, passed two gaping servants at the foot of the stairs, in a moment had darted up, and without waiting for a light, started to grope her way along the narrow passage that led directly to the door of the room she shared with Lady Betty.

A window on the left looked into the inn yard and admitted a glimmer of reflected light; but it was not this, it was something she heard, that brought her to a sudden stand beside the casement. From the room she was seeking came the sound of a low voice and a stifled laugh. An instant Sophia fancied that Lady Betty was lingering there talking to her woman; and she felt a spark of annoyance. Then—what she thought she could never remember. For her eyes, looking mechanically through the panes beside her, saw, a little short of the fatal chaise house, a patch of bright light, proceeding doubtless from the unshuttered window of the bedroom, and erect in the full of it the cloaked figure of the strange rider—of the man who had dogged them!

He was looking upwards at the illumined window, his hat raised a little from

his head, and the arm that held it interposed between Sophia's eyes and his face. Still, she knew him. She had not a doubt of his identity. The candle rays fell brightly on the thick black wig, on the patched corner of the cloak, raised by the poise of the arm; and in a whirl of confused thoughts and fears, Sophia felt her knees shake under her.

A fresh whisper in the room was the sign for a low giggle. The man bowed and moved a step nearer, still bowing; which brought his knees against the sloping shaft of a cart that was set conveniently beneath the window. Sophia—a shiver running down her back as she saw how easily he could ascend—began to understand. The villain, presuming that the jewels were in her charge, was tampering with Lady Betty's maid; probably he was already in league with the woman; certainly, to judge by the sounds that reached the listener's ear—for again she caught a suppressed titter—he was on terms with her.

Sophia felt all a woman's rage against a woman, and wasted no further time on thought. She had courage and to spare, her fears on the score of the jewels notwithstanding; and in a twinkling she was at the door, had flung it open, and, burning with indignation, had bounced into the middle of the room, prepared to annihilate the offender. Yet not prepared for what she saw. In the room was only Lady Betty; who, as she entered, sprang with a sharp cry of surprise from the window and stood confronting her with crimson cheeks.

"Betty!" Sophia gasped. "Betty?" And stood as if turned to stone; her face growing harder and harder. Then, "Lady Betty, what does this mean?" she asked in icy accents.

The girl giggled and shook her hair over her flushed face and wilful eyes; but did not answer.

"What does it mean?" Sophia repeated. "I insist on an answer."

Lady Betty pouted and half turned her back. "Oh, la!" she cried at last, pettishly shrugging her shoulders. "Don't talk like that! You frighten me out of my wits. Instead of talking, we'd better close the window, unless you want him to be as wise as we are."

"Him!" Sophia cried, out of patience with the girl's audacity. "Am I to under-



stand, then, that you have been talking through the window? You, a young lady in my company, to a man whom you never saw until today? A strange man met on the road, and of whose designs you have been warned? I cannot, I cannot, believe it! I cannot believe my eyes, Lady Betty," she continued warmly. "You, at this window, at this hour, talking to a common stranger? A cut purse of whose designs I have warned you? Why, if your woman, miss, if your woman were to be guilty of such conduct, I could hardly believe it! I could hardly believe that I saw aright!"

Sophia, indeed, was horrified; shocked, as well as puzzled. It seemed to her, therefore, no more than fitting, no more than a late awakening to decency, when the culprit, who had accomplished—but with trembling fingers—the closing of the window, suddenly pressed her handkerchief to her eyes and flung herself down on the bed. Sophia saw her shoulders heave with emotion, and hoped that at last she understood what she had done; that at last she appreciated what others would think of such mad, such reckless, such inexplicable conduct. And my lady prepared to drive home the lesson. Judge of her surprise, therefore, when Lady Betty cut her first word short by springing up as hastily as she had thrown herself down, and disclosed a face convulsed not with sorrow, but with laughter.

"Oh, you silly, silly thing!" she cried; and before Sophia could prevent her, she had cast her arms round her neck, and was hugging her in a paroxysm of mirth. "Oh, you dear, silly old thing! And it's only a week since you eloped yourself!"

"I!" Sophia cried, rendered quite furious by the taunt. And she tried fiercely but vainly to extricate herself.

"Yes, you! And you were married at Dr. Keith's chapel! And now how you talk! Mercy, ma'am, butter won't melt in your mouth now!"

"Lady Betty!" Sophia cried, in a cold rage, "let me go! Do you hear? How dare you talk to me like that? How dare you?" she continued, trembling with indignation. "What has my conduct to do with yours? Or how dare you mention it in the same breath? I may have been foolish, I may have been indiscreet, but I never, never stooped to——"

"Call it the highway at once, for I

know that is what you have in your mind."

Sophia gasped. "If you can put it so clearly," she said, "I hope you have more sense than appears from the——"

"Lightness of my conduct!" Lady Betty cried, with a fresh peal of laughter. "Oh, you dear, silly old thing, I would not be your daughter for something!"

"Lady Betty?"

"You dear, don't you 'Lady Betty' me! A highwayman? Oh, it is too delicious! Are you sure it isn't Turpin come to life again? Or Cook of Barnet? Or the gallant *Macbeath* from the opera? Why, you old dear, the man is nothing better nor worse than a—lover!"

"A lover?" Sophia cried.

"Well, yes—a lover," Lady Betty repeated, lightly enough; but, to her credit be it said, she did blush at last—a little, and folded her handkerchief into a hard square and looked at it with an air of—of comparative bashfulness. "Dear me, yes—a lover. He followed us from London; and, to make the deeper impression, I suppose, made a Guy Fawkes of himself. That's all."

"All?" Sophia said in amazement.

"Yes, all, all, all!" Lady Betty retorted, ridding herself in an instant of her penitent air. "All! And aren't you glad, my dear, to find you were frightening yourself for nothing!"

"But who is he—the gentleman?" Sophia asked faintly.

"Oh, he is not a gentleman," the little flirt answered, tossing her head with pretty but cruel contempt. "He's"—with a giggle—"at least, he calls himself—Mr. Fanshaw."

"Mr. Fanshaw?" Sophia repeated; and first wondered and then remembered where she had heard the name. "Can it be the same?" she exclaimed, reddening in spite of herself as she met Lady Betty's eye. "Is he a small, foppish man, full of monstrous airs and graces, and—rather underbred?"

Lady Betty clapped her hands. "Yes," she cried. "Drawn to the life! Where did you see him? But I'll tell you, if you like. 'Twas at Lane's, ma'am!"

"Yes, it was," Sophia answered a trifle sternly. "But how do you know, miss?"

"Well, I do know," Lady Betty answered. And again she had the grace to blush and look down. "At least—I

thought it likely. Because, you old dear, don't you remember a note you picked up at Vauxhall Gardens, that was meant for me? Yes, I vow you do. Well, 'twas from him."

"But that doesn't explain," Sophia said keenly, "why you guessed that I saw him at Lane's shop."

"Oh!" Lady Betty answered, wincing a little. "To be sure—no, it doesn't. But he's—he's just Lane's son. There, now you know it!"

"Mr. Fanshaw?"

Lady Betty nodded, a little shamefacedly. "'Tis so," she said. "For the name, it's his vanity. He's the vainest creature, he thinks every lady is in love with him. Never was such sport as to lead him on. I am sure I thought I should have died of laughing, before you came in and frightened me out of my wits."

Sophia looked at her gravely. "I am sure of something else," she said.

"Now you are going to preach!" Lady Betty cried; and tried to stop her mouth.

"No, I am not, but you gave me a promise, in my room in Arlington Street, Betty, that you would have nothing more to do with the writer of that note."

Lady Betty sat down on the bed and looked piteously at her companion. "Oh, I didn't, did I?" she said; and she seemed to be really troubled at last. "I didn't, did I? I would not have broken it for the world. But—'twas only that I would not correspond with him. I protest it was only that. And I have not. I've not indeed," she protested. "But when I found him under the window, and heard that he was Mohocking about the country in that monstrous cloak and hat, for all the world like the 'Beggars' Opera' on horseback, and all for the love of me, it was not in flesh and blood not to divert oneself with him. He's such a creature! You've no notion what a creature it is!"

"I've this notion," Sophia said seriously. "If you did not promise, you will promise. What is more, I shall send for him, and I shall tell him, in your presence, that he must cease this ridiculous pursuit."

"But if he will not?" Lady Betty asked, with an arch look. "I am supposed to have—charms, you know."

"I shall tell your father."

"La, ma'am," the child retorted, with a courtesy. "You are married! There is no doubt about that!"

Sophia reddened, but did not answer; and for a moment Betty sat on the bed, picking the coverlet with her fingers and looking almost sulky. On a sudden she leaped up and threw her arms round Sophia's neck. "Well, do as you like!" she cried effusively. "After all, 'twill be a charming scene, and do him good, the fright! Don't think," the little minx continued, tossing her head disdainfully, "that I ever wish to see him again, or would let him touch me with his little finger. Not I! But—one does not like to—"

"We'll have no *but*, if you please," Sophia said gently but firmly. She had grown wondrous wise in the space of a short month. "Whatever he is, he is no fit mate for Lady Betty Cochrane, and shall not get her into trouble! I'll call your woman, and bid her go find him."

Fortunately, the maid knocked at the door at that moment, anxious to learn if anything ailed them, and why they did not return to finish supper. They declined to do so, bade her have it removed, and a pot of tea brought; and then Sophia told her what she wanted, and having instructed her, despatched her on her errand.

An assignation, through her woman, was the light in which it appeared to Mr. Fanshaw when he got the message. And was ever lover, he asked himself, more completely or more quickly favored? No wonder his thoughts, always on the sanguine side, ran riot as he mounted the stairs; or that his pulses beat to the tune of

But he so teased me,  
And he so pleased me,  
What I did you must have done!

as he followed the maid along the passage. The only sour in his cup, indeed, was his costume. That he knew to be better fitted for the road than for a lady's chamber; to be calculated rather to strike the eye and captivate the imagination at a distance than to become a somewhat puny person at short range.

As he passed an old Dutch mirror that stood in an angle of the stairs, he made a desperate attempt to reduce the wig, and control the cloak; but in vain, it was only to accentuate the boots. Worse, his guide looked to see why he lingered, caught him in the act, and tittered; after which

he had to affect a haughty contempt and follow. But what would he not have given at that moment for his olive and silver, a copy of Mr. Walpole's birth night suit? Or for his French gray and mechin, and the new tie wig that had cost his foolish father seven guineas at Protin, the French *perruquier's*? Much; yet what mattered it, after all? For even while he thought of them, he was on the threshold of the room, and saw before him Lady Betty, pouting, mutinous, charming. She was standing by the table, waiting for him.

It was Mr. Fanshaw's firm belief, born of Wycherley and fostered on Crebillon, that all women were alike, and from the three beauty Fitzroys to Oxford Kate were wax in the hands of a pretty fellow.

It was this belief that spurred him to great enterprises, if not, as yet, to great conquests; and yet so powerfully does rank impress even the skeptics, that he faltered as he entered the room. That ladyship of hers dashed him! His heart bounced painfully. But recovering himself, as he recalled the invitation he had received, he advanced, simpering, and ready, at a word, to fall at her feet.

"Oh, ma'am, 'tis a happiness beyond my desert!" he babbled—in his heart damning his boots, and trying to remember M. Siras' first position. "Only to be allowed to wait on your ladyship places me in the seventh heaven! Only to be allowed to worship at the shrine of beauty is—is a great privilege, ma'am! But to be permitted to hope—that I am not altogether—I mean, ma'am," he amended, growing a little flustered, "that I am not entirely——"

"What?" Lady Betty asked, eying him archly, her finger in her mouth, her head on one side.

"Indifferent to your ladyship! Oh, I assure your ladyship, never in all my life have I felt so profound a—an admiration of any one, never have I——"

"Said so much to a lady! That, sir, I can believe!"

This time the interruption was Sophia's. He started as if he had been pricked, spun round, and saw her standing beside the fire, a little behind the door through which he had entered. He had thought himself alone with his inamorata, and his face of dismay was ludicrous. "Oh!" he faltered, bowing hurriedly, "I beg your pardon, ma'am, I—I did not see you."

"So I suppose," she answered coldly, "or you would not have presumed to say—such words to a lady."

He cringed. "I am sure," he stammered, "if I have been wanting in respect, I beg her ladyship's pardon."

"Are you sure you know who you are?" Sophia asked, with directness.

He was all colors at once, but strove to mask the wound under a pretty sentence. "I trust a gentleman may aspire to—to all that beauty has to give," he simpered. "I may not, ma'am, be of her ladyship's rank——"

"No, that you clearly are not," Sophia answered.

"But I am a gentleman."

"The question is, are you?" she retorted. "There are gentlemen and gentlemen. What is your claim to that name, sir?"

"S'help me, ma'am!" he exclaimed, affecting the utmost surprise and indignation, "the Fanshaws of Warwickshire have been commonly taken for such."

"The Fanshaws of Warwickshire?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Perhaps so. It may be. I do not know them. But the Lanes of Piccadilly?"

His face flamed scarlet below the black wig. His tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. His eyes flickered as if he had been struck, and for a moment he was a pitiable sight. Then, with a prodigious effort, "I—I don't know what you are talking about," he muttered hoarsely. "I don't understand you, ma'am." But his smile was sickly, and his eye betrayed his misery.

"Don't lie, sir," Sophia said sternly; and, poor little wretch, found out and exposed, he writhed under her look of scorn.

"We know who you are—a tradesman's son, parading in borrowed plumes. What we do not know, what we cannot understand," she continued, with ineffable disdain, "is how you can think of finding favor in a lady's eyes. In a lady's eyes—you! An underbred, overdressed apprentice, who have never done anything to raise yourself from the rank in which you were born! Do you know, have you an idea, sir, what you are in our eyes? Do you know that a lady would rather marry her footman, for, at least, he is a man. If you do not, you must be taught. sir, as the puppy is taught, with the whip. Do you understand me?"

In his well deserved degradation, his eyes sought Lady Betty's face. She was looking at him gravely; he read no hope in her eyes. What the other woman told him, then, was true; and, ah, how he hated her! Ah, how he hated her! He did not know that she scourged in him another's offense. He did not know that of her scorn a measure fell on her own shoulders; that she had been deluded by such a one as he was himself. Above all, he did not know that she was resolved that the child with her should not suffer as she had suffered!

He thought that she was moved by sheer, wanton brutality; and cringing, smarting, under the lash of her tongue, seeing himself for the moment as others saw him—a mean little jackanapes mimicking his betters—he could have strangled her. But he was dumb.

"You had the audacity," Sophia continued gravely, "to attend me once, I remember, and ply me with your foolish compliments! And you have written to this lady, you, a shopman—"

"I am not a—shopman!" he stutted, writhing.

"In grade you are; it were more honor to you were you one in reality," she retorted. "But I repeat it, you have written to this lady, who the better to teach you a lesson did not at once betray what she thought you. For the future, however, understand, sir. If you pester her with any attentions, or even cross her path, I will find those who will cane you into behavior. And in such a way that you will not forget it! For the rest, let me advise you to get rid of those preposterous clothes, change that sword for a yard measure, and go back to your counter. You may retire now. Or no! Pettitt!" Sophia cried to Lady Betty's woman, as she opened the door, "Pettitt, show this person down stairs."

He sneaked out, dumb. For what was he to say? They were great ladies, and he a person fit company for the steward's room, a little above the servants' hall. He bent his head under the maid's scornful eye, hurried, stumbling in his boots, down the narrow stairs, nor breathed until he reached the dark street, where his little chest beginning to heave, he burst into scalding tears of rage.

He suffered horribly in his tenderest part—his conceit. He burned miserably,

impotently, poor weakling, to be revenged. If he could bring those proud women to their knees! If he could see them humbled, as they had humbled him! If he could show them he was not the poor creature they deemed him! If he could sear their insolent faces—the smallpox seize them! If he could—aye, the smallpox seize them!

Presently he slunk back to the White Lion, where he had his bed; and, finding a fire still burning in the empty taproom—for the evening was chilly—he took refuge there, and laying his head on the beer stained table, wept anew. The next time he looked up, he found that two persons had entered the room, and were standing on the hearth gazing curiously at him.

## XVI.

If Lady Betty's sprightliness ever deserted her, it returned with the morning as regularly as the lark. But by Sophia, the depressing influence of a strange place, viewed through sheets of rain falling from a gray sky, was felt to the full next day. The mind must be strong that does not tinge the future with the colors presented at the moment by the eye; and hers was nowise superior to the temptation. Her spirits, as she rose amid all the discomforts of a Sussex inn—and Sussex inns and Sussex roads were then reputed among the worst in England—and prepared to continue the journey, were at their lowest ebb. She dreaded the meeting, now so imminent, with Sir Hervey. She shrank as the bather on the verge of the stream shrinks, from the new sphere, the new home, the new duties on which the day must see her enter; and enter unsupported by love. She was cold, she shook, her knees quaked under her, she had golden visions of what might have been, and her heart sobbed as she plucked herself from them. To Lady Betty's eye, and in the phrase of the day, she had the vapors; but she suffered with better reason than the fine ladies who had lately made them the fashion.

When they had once set forth, the motion and the change of outlook, even though it was but a change from dripping eaves to woods thrashing in the wet wind, gave something of a fillip to her spirits. Moreover, the nearer we come to a dreaded event the more important loom the brief



stages that divide us from it. We count by months, then by days; at length when hours only remain, the last meal is an epoch, on the hither side of which we sit almost content. It was so with Sophia when she had started. They were to dine at Lewes; until Lewes was reached she put away the future, and strove to enjoy the few hours that remained to her.

The weather was so foul that they took Lady Betty's maid into the carriage, and pitied Watkyns, sitting outside, with his hat pulled down to his collar, and the rain running out of his pockets. The wild, hilly road through Ashdown Forest, that on a fine day charms the modern eye, presented only dreary, misty tops, and deep, sloughy bottoms; the latter so delaying them—for twice in the first six miles they stuck fast—that it was noon when they reached Sheffield Green. Dane Hill was slowly surmounted, the horses straining and the wheels creaking; but with this difficulty behind, and a view of flatter country ahead, though spread out under heavy rains, they became more hopeful. "We cannot be far from Lewes now," Lady Betty said cheerfully. "I wonder what Watkyns thinks. Pettitt, put your head out and ask him."

Pettitt did so, not very willingly, and after exchanging a few words with him drew in a scared face. "He says, my lady, we shan't be there till half after two at the best," she announced, almost whimpering. "Nor then, if the water is out. He says if it goes on raining another hour, he does not know if we shall ever reach it." It will be noticed that Watkyns, with the rain running down his back, was a pessimist.

"Ever reach it?" Lady Betty screamed. "What rubbish! But, la, suppose we are stopped and have to lie out in the fields? Pettitt, did you ever sleep in a field?"

Pettitt fairly jumped with indignation. "Me, my lady!" she cried. "I should think I knew better! And was brought up better. Sleep in a field indeed! Not I, my lady!"

"Well," Lady Betty answered, "if we have to sleep in the carriage, I give you notice now, Pettitt, there'll not be room for you! But I dare say you'll be dry enough—underneath, if we choose a nice place."

Pettitt's eyes were wide with horror. "Underneath?" she gasped.

"To be sure! Or perhaps we could find a haystack," Lady Betty continued thoughtfully, and with a face of the greatest seriousness. "The men could lie on one side, and you on the other——"

"Never, my lady! A haystack?"

"Oh, it's no use to say never; these things often happen when one travels. And, after all, you would have the one side to yourself, and it would be quite nice and proper. And if there were no mice or rats——"

The maid shrieked feebly.

"As there often are in haystacks, I am sure you would do as well as we should in the carriage. And, oh, la!" in a different tone, "who is that? How he scared me!"

A horseman going the same way had come up with the carriage, and as she spoke, passed it at a rapid trot. The two ladies poked their heads forward and followed him with their eyes. "It's Mr. Fanshawe," Sophia muttered.

"Fanshawe," Lady Betty cried, springing up and sitting down again. "La, so it is! You don't think the stupid is going to follow us after what you said? If he does"—with a giggle—"I don't know what they'll say at Coke Hall. How he does bump, to be sure! And how hot he is!"

"He ought to have returned to London."

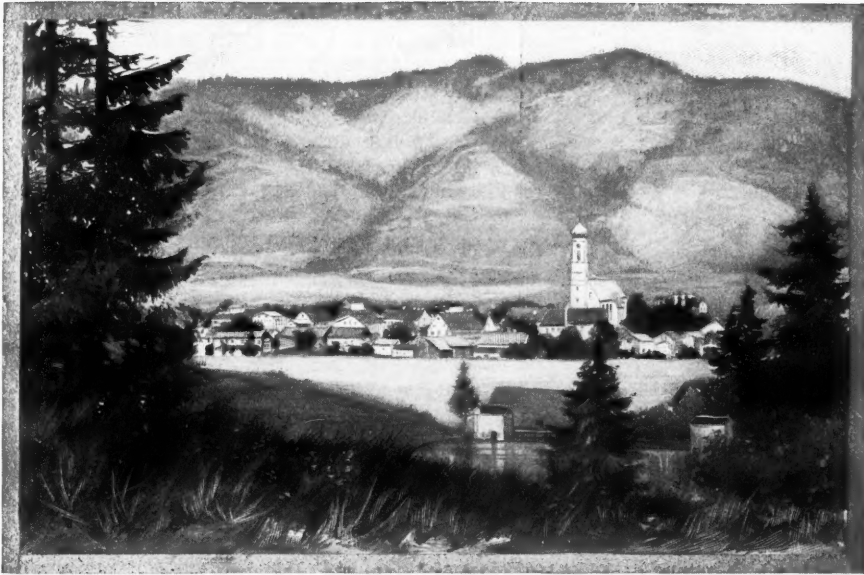
"Well, I'm sure, I thought you'd frightened him!" Lady Betty answered demurely.

To this Sophia said nothing, but thought the more. What did the man mean? Was it possible that he had some hold over Lady Betty? He had collapsed so easily the night before, he had been so completely prostrated by her hard words, that she had taken it for certain he would abandon the pursuit. Yet here he was, still with his back to London, still in attendance on them. She asked the maid, whose face, as she sat clutching a basket and looking nervously out of the window, was a picture of misery, where he had lain at East Grinstead.

"At the other inn," Pettitt answered tearfully. "I saw him in the street this morning, my lady, talking to two men. I'm sure I little thought then that I might have to lie in—oh, Lord, ha' mercy!"

*(To be continued.)*





OBERAMMERGAU, THE VILLAGE OF THE PASSION PLAY.

## THE PASSION PLAY OF 1900.

BY THE REV. JOHN JAY LEWIS.

NEXT YEAR'S CELEBRATION OF THE PASSION PLAY, THE STRANGE MEDIEVAL INSTITUTION WHICH HAS MADE OBERAMMERGAU FAMOUS, AND ABOUT WHICH THE LIFE OF THE BAVARIAN MOUNTAIN VILLAGE CENTERS.

WITH many Americans the current of thought is at present setting strongly in the direction of Oberammergau, in southern Germany. The summer of 1900, when another series of representations of the Passion Play will be due, is less than a year away. In the mountain village itself signs of active preparation for the coming festival may be seen on every hand. Two questions of interest to the public generally are facing the dwellers in this little Bavarian hamlet.

The first question is, what shall be done with the hundreds of thousands who are sure to attend the coming presentations? The Paris exposition will attract to Europe unusually large throngs of tourists, many of whom will be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of witnessing this, the most famous survival of the mystery or miracle plays of the Middle Ages.

In America, those who saw the Passion Play in 1890 have talked and written of

it in terms that have inspired in many others a strong desire to see for themselves this wonderful peasant community which, by its long devotion to its strange medieval institution, has been transformed into an ideal village, "having all things in common."

Those who visited Oberammergau in 1890 will recall with pleasure the carriage drive of eight miles over a newly built road, past the Ettalberg and Ettal Monastery to the village. In 1900 access to Oberammergau will be even easier and pleasanter, for the all conquering trolley has invaded the Bavarian Tyrol. Beginning at Murnau, a town two thirds of the distance by rail from Munich to Oberau, an electric railway, now in process of construction, runs up the valley of the Ammer, past Unterammergau and Oberammergau, to end at Linderhof, the famous "Marble Folly" of the "Mad King of Bavaria." Think of riding in an open electric car amidst the scenery of the



JOSEF MAYR AT THE DOOR OF HIS HOME  
IN OBERAMMERGAU.

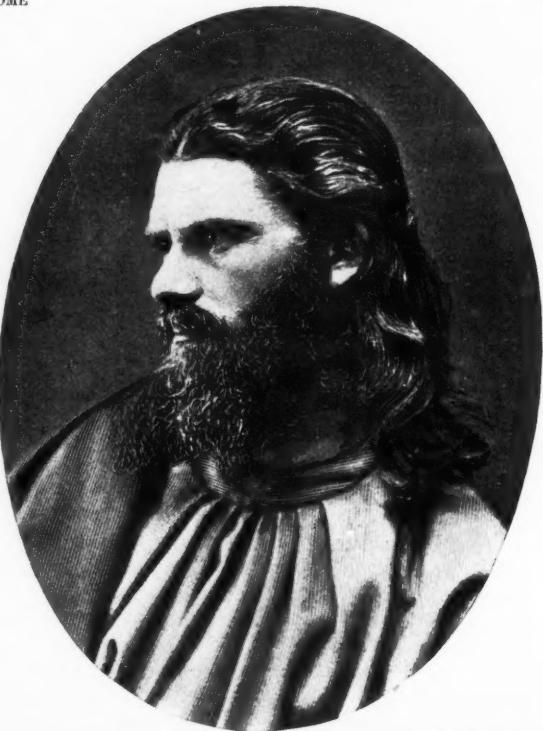
Bavarian Alps! Shades of the old Tyrolean minnesingers! Will they not rise from their graves to "buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom," and sweep this hustling invader of their land of poetry and romance from the face of the earth?

But ease of access, increased interest in the Passion Play, and the hosts thronging Europe in 1900, will undoubtedly swell the number of visitors to Oberammergau to well nigh half a million. What can a tiny mountain hamlet, itself numbering within its borders scarcely fifteen hundred peasants, do with such a multitude of guests?

In 1890 the peasants themselves by no means anticipated the hundred thousand people who came upon them from all quarters of the globe. Still, in no instance was there

any discomfort and consequent complaint, if due notice had been given to the burgomaster by the travelers themselves. Disappointment and grumbling came only from those who, imagining that money and push would bring food and lodging anywhere, failed to send the burgomaster such notice of their coming.

It will be the same in 1900. The inns of the village, the homes of the peasants, and their ability to care for a multitude, are telescopic, varying with the size of the crowd. If necessary, more presentations of the Passion Play will be given in 1900 than in 1890. Three in each week were then the limit—an increase of two, for on previous years the drama was given only upon Sunday. If more than could be accommodated sent notice, arrangements were made to give the drama on Monday, and again on Wednesday, and notice to that effect was sent to the applicants. In 1900, if necessary, a performance will be given daily, even if understudies are called into requisition. Yet it will be well for all who intend to visit Oberammergau to bear in mind that comfortable entertainment and seats in the theater can be insured only by sending seasonable notice to the burgomaster as to



JOSEF MAYR AS "CHRISTUS" IN THE PASSION PLAY OF 1890.

the proposed date of arrival at the village.

In 1890, the writer's courier was present at the first production of the play, in May; he made all arrangements for our party of fourteen to arrive at the village on August 10, though we did not leave America until July 17. The result was that from the moment we left Munich, on

ing at Oberammergau, with reserved seat for the eight hours' performance of the Passion Play. On the other hand, nine dollars covers the expense of the ascent of Mount Washington from Fabyan's, including only ten miles by rail, and a day's stay at the Tip Top House; yet there were Americans who were ungracious enough to affirm, upon their return home,



A HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE OF OBERAMMERGAU, A TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF THE DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF THE BAVARIAN TYROL.

Sunday, August 9, at eleven A. M., until we returned at eleven P. M., on Monday, we found all things in readiness for our comfort. Carriages were in waiting at Oberau, rooms and meals were prepared for us in a well kept home of a villager, and we found in his hand our tickets for good seats in the theater.

It will probably surprise those who are accustomed only to American prices for similar service to learn that nine dollars apiece covered the entire expense of our trip from Munich to Munich, which included one hundred and twenty miles by railway to and from Oberau, twenty miles by carriage from Oberau over the Ettal-berg and return, and five meals and lodg-

that the peasants of Oberammergau are becoming mercenary as a result of the financial gains accruing to them from the Passion Play. Such statements are wholly without foundation. Nine years of daily life controlled by an absorbing desire so to live near to Jesus as to obtain some part, however lowly, in the great drama of His Passion, are a sufficient safeguard against the corrupting influences of a single season's extraordinary financial gains. Today, as for centuries, the same divine force is at work constantly in the hearts of the peasants. With the parents it is a prayer that their child, if a boy, may be chosen when he reaches manhood to enact the *Christus*; if a girl, when she reaches



ROSA LANG AT THE DOOR OF HER HOME IN OBERAMMERGAU.

womanhood, that she shall be selected for the part of the *Madonna*. With the children, it is a strong, noble ambition to impersonate worthily the Biblical characters represented in the tableaux and scenes of the great drama. The results of this purifying course, working through many generations upon the peasants themselves, are wonderful to contemplate. Their faces have become so molded and their manners so formed by it that while one is in their valley he seems surrounded by the people of Galilee, of whom Jesus was one, and from whom He gathered the chosen Twelve.

The second question of vital import to the public is, who will sustain the principal parts in the Passion Play of 1900? This deeply interests those who contemplate visiting Oberammergau next summer—more

especially those who were there in 1890. Memories of Mayr as the *Christus*, Rosa Lang as the *Madonna*, Rundl, senior, as *Pilate*, Rundl, junior, as the *Apostle John*, or Zwink as *Judas*, still linger with us, and cause us to question the possibility that others can rise to fill their places.

In 1890 it was generally understood among the peasants themselves that young Rundl was in direct succession as the *Christus* of 1900; but in a conversation with Mayr, four years ago, he intimated that Rundl would be debarred, lacking bodily strength to meet the physical requirements of the part. Mayr himself is six feet in height, and ten years ago was of magnificent physique—yet, before the season was over, it was not an unusual thing for him to faint upon the cross. The conversation just referred to conveyed the impression that Mayr might be induced to take the part again, though a suggestion to that effect brought from him the remark, "I shall be fifty two in 1900, and therefore shall be too old." Frau Mayr, who was listening, exclaimed with every evidence of deep feeling, "No! No! Josef must never again enact *Christus*; I could not live through another such season!"

It is said in the village that Mayr's wife has never witnessed her husband hanging upon the cross. During the crucifixion scene she remained in the



ROSA LANG AS THE "MADONNA" IN THE PASSION PLAY OF 1890.





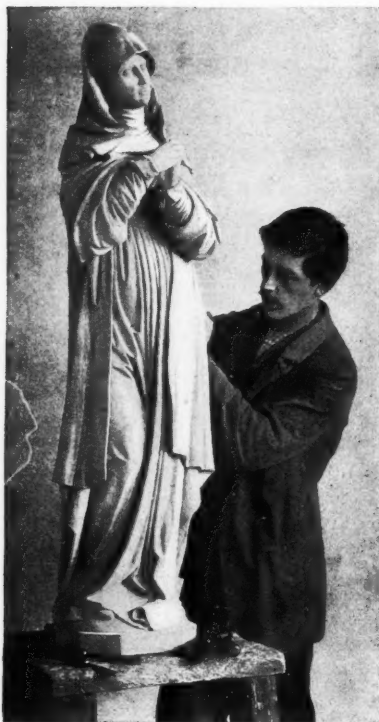
THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF OBERAMMERGAU IN HIS COTTAGE GARDEN.



THE MAIL WAGON THAT RUNS BETWEEN OBERAMMERGAU AND THE RAILWAY STATION AT OBERAU.

CHARACTERISTIC SCENES IN THE VILLAGE OF THE PASSION PLAY





JOHAN RUNDL WORKING AT HIS TRADE OF  
WOOD CARVING.

dressing room, ready to minister to him on his descent from the cross and to prepare him for the swiftly approaching Resurrection scene. Frau Mayr is now moved by no anxiety as to the possibility of her husband's again enacting the *Christus*. In the winter of '96, while logging in the mountains, Mayr met with an accident that nearly proved fatal. "A log fastened at one end to the sled fell upon my foot and pinned me to the ground," he said, in describing his misfortune. "Had the team started, my foot would have been torn from its socket, but our Oberammergau horses are trained to heed every command given. I lay there a half hour before help came, and my injury was so severe that it was feared that amputation would be neces-

sary. There went out a report that it had already taken place, and that death would probably ensue. The telegrams and letters that I received after this announcement were a great comfort to me; they came from all over the world, but more especially from your country, America. From a Chicago firm I even had a message generously offering me an artificial limb; but by the goodness of God, both life and limb were spared, yet"—and here Mayr's voice became low and reverent—"had it been otherwise, it would still have been the goodness of God."

The grateful tone sounding in Mayr's reference to the Chicago firm made it very evident that Oberammergau simplicity was not alive to the hairy hand of Western push behind the Jacob voice of the proffered gift. But this accident removed Mayr from the possibility of enacting the *Christus*. Since its occurrence he has aged rapidly; his hair and abundant beard have grown very white, and he has lost somewhat of his athletic proportion. As these evidences of advancing years and waning strength deepen upon



JOHAN RUNDL AS THE "APOSTLE JOHN" IN THE PASSION PLAY  
OF 1890.

his face and form, the resemblance between this Christian peasant of Bavaria and the Russian nobleman who essays to live the life of a Christian peasant becomes very striking.

If not Mayr, who then will be the *Christus* of 1900? A visit to Oberammergau last June revealed the tide of opinion setting once more strongly in favor of Johan Rundl. A photograph taken in June, while he was busy in his studio, shows that he has retained the gentle, reverent type of face which in 1890 made one think he might one day be an ideal *Christus*. It might also be said that he will come into the succession by hereditary right, for he has recently married Mayr's daughter.

Rosa Lang, daughter of the village burgomaster, was the *Madonna* of 1890. In an actress of mature years and long experience, her interpretation of the character would have been pronounced exceptionally fine; in an untutored peasant girl, not yet twenty years old, it was simply marvelous. She not only looked, she *was* the *Madonna*.

Since 1890 her life has been singularly dramatic. A short time previous to that year, she was betrothed to a young peasant in the village. In the Bavarian Tyrol a betrothal is looked upon as but little less binding and sacred than a marriage. The wedding ceremony was postponed in order that Rosa might take part in the Passion Play. It is the unwritten law of the drama that the woman impersonating the *Madonna* must be a virgin. The betrothal was never consummated by marriage; for some cause unknown even in the village the vows were annulled. Rosa left Oberammergau, and did not return until 1895. It was announced that she was about to take the veil, but her mother became ill and Rosa was her nurse. After two long, painful years, the illness ended

in death; but before her mother died, her father, the grand old burgomaster, the haughty, self righteous *Caraphas* of the Passion Play of 1890, was stricken by disease, to which he has since succumbed. The photograph of Rosa Lang which ac-



THE VILLAGE CHURCH OF OBERAMMERGAU.

Drawn by J. Conacher from a photograph.

companies this paper was taken last June as she was standing at the door of her home. She had just buried her mother, and was still watching at the deathbed of her father. The years of trouble and months of ceaseless vigil had left their imprint deeply graven upon the maiden face that so reverently charmed all who were at Oberammergau in 1890. The *Madonna* look, however, was still there, and strengthened by the passing of anxious years.

Ten years ago Rosa Lang delayed her nuptials in order to enact the *Madonna* of 1890. Now she is delaying the nuptials which, in the tenderly devout language of the faith in which those peasants are reared, will make her the bride of



AN OBERAMMERGAU COURTSHIP.

Christ, to be the *Madonna* of the Passion Play of 1900.

As to the other leading characters of the drama—*Peter, John, Judas, the Magdalen*, and others—it is altogether uncertain who will represent them; but whoever of the peasants may be chosen, of this the outside world may rest assured, that within the little world of that Arcadian valley there will be no jealousies, no heartburnings, over the selection. With those who fail to win the longed for prize

of self sacrificing years, the childlike faith and trust that breathes from Mayr's description of the accident that nearly cost him his life, is not exceptional. It is the common possession of all, visibly stamped upon most of the faces seen in any group of peasants that the traveler passes on the village street of Oberammergau. "It would have been by the goodness of God had we been chosen; that we have not been selected is still by the goodness of God."

#### LIFE'S DIAL.

AROUND the dial slowly moves the hand  
Of that great clock that is our little day.  
Wide eyed we gaze, and stretch our arms to stay  
The calm, slow movement of the distance spanned  
The Workman has decreed for you and me.  
And 'neath the ticking we can feel the tears,  
The magic of forgotten smiles and fears,  
And listening, sigh and watch again, and see  
The rounding of the sparely given time;  
Forgetting that each moment offers power—  
Great aims, and noble victories to be won,  
Before the echoing midnight watch shall chime  
When Death, the master hand, doth strike the hour  
To let us know our day of work is done.

Maud Howard Peterson.



THE ST. ALDATE'S FRONT OF CHRIST CHURCH, WITH THE "TOM TOWER" ABOVE THE CENTRAL GATEWAY.

## PICTURESQUE OXFORD.

BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE TOWN THAT MACAULAY CALLED "THE NOBLEST OF ENGLISH CITIES," AND ITS UNIQUE COMBINATION OF HISTORIC INTEREST AND ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY.

IT would be idle to pretend that any university is today, or can ever again be, what the medieval universities were to the age in which they existed. They were then the greater sources and centers of all learning and civilization. When there were no printed books, and when they possessed almost the only large collections of manuscripts, they were the custodians of literature and the gathering places of the literary class. When there was no teaching save by word of mouth, and when schools were rare indeed, their halls were thronged with students young and old. There was then—in England, at least—no plutocracy of commerce and industry; of the hundred avenues to distinction that modern life offers, only two, practically, were open to

the ambitious youth. He might win his way by service in civil or foreign war, or he might become a "clerk of Oxford," able to read and write, and even to speak Latin, the universal language of scholars.

Modern conditions have changed all this. The universities yet maintain their ancient prestige, yet lead in the path of learning, and yet exert a powerful influence upon the life and thought of the community; but there are two still mightier engines of civilization at work—the common school system and the printing press. When Oxford printers were setting the first movable types used in England,\* the university on the Thames could

\*There is no actual proof of this; the statement rests only upon tradition and probability. It is certain that books were printed at Oxford in or about the year 1470, two or three years after Caxton set up his first press in Westminster.

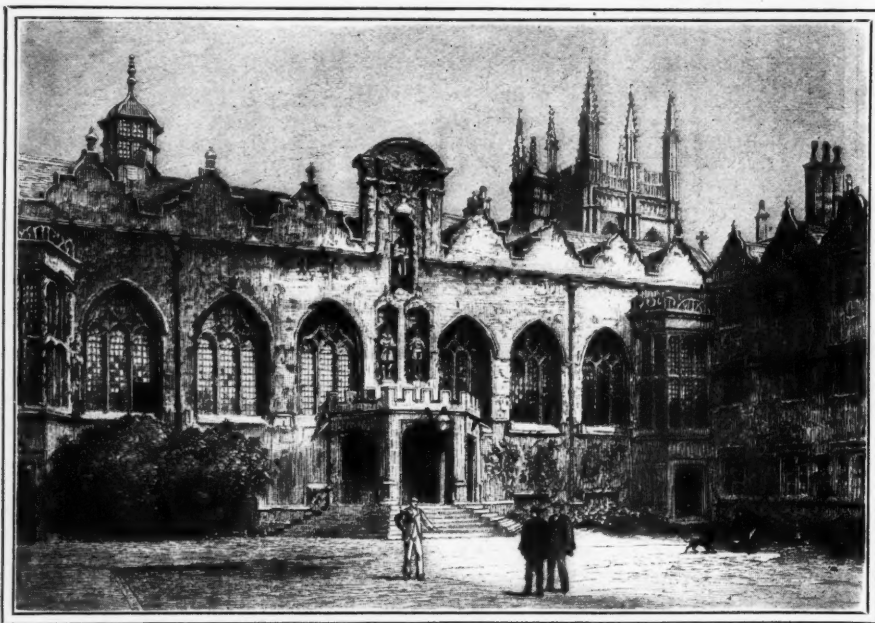


scarcely have dreamed that she was fostering a rival destined to become a greater power than her own schools.

Oxford has always been conservative. The beautiful Martyrs' Memorial marks the spot where, "at the ditch over against Balliol College," it burned the heretic bishops who dared, in the persecuting days of Queen Mary, to stand for religious liberty. A century later it fought hard and suffered much for the "lost cause" of King Charles, whom it welcomed when the Roundheads of London drove him

white lilies on a crimson ground, which Charles gave her as a reward—a rather dearly earned reward, it would seem—for her contribution of money enough to raise a troop of cavalry.

Then, after the Commonwealth and the Restoration, Oxford redeemed her burning of Latimer and Ridley and Cranmer by the bold stand she made against the encroachments of James II. It was the resistance of the fellows of Magdalen to the king's attempted coercion that set afoot the movement which ended in the



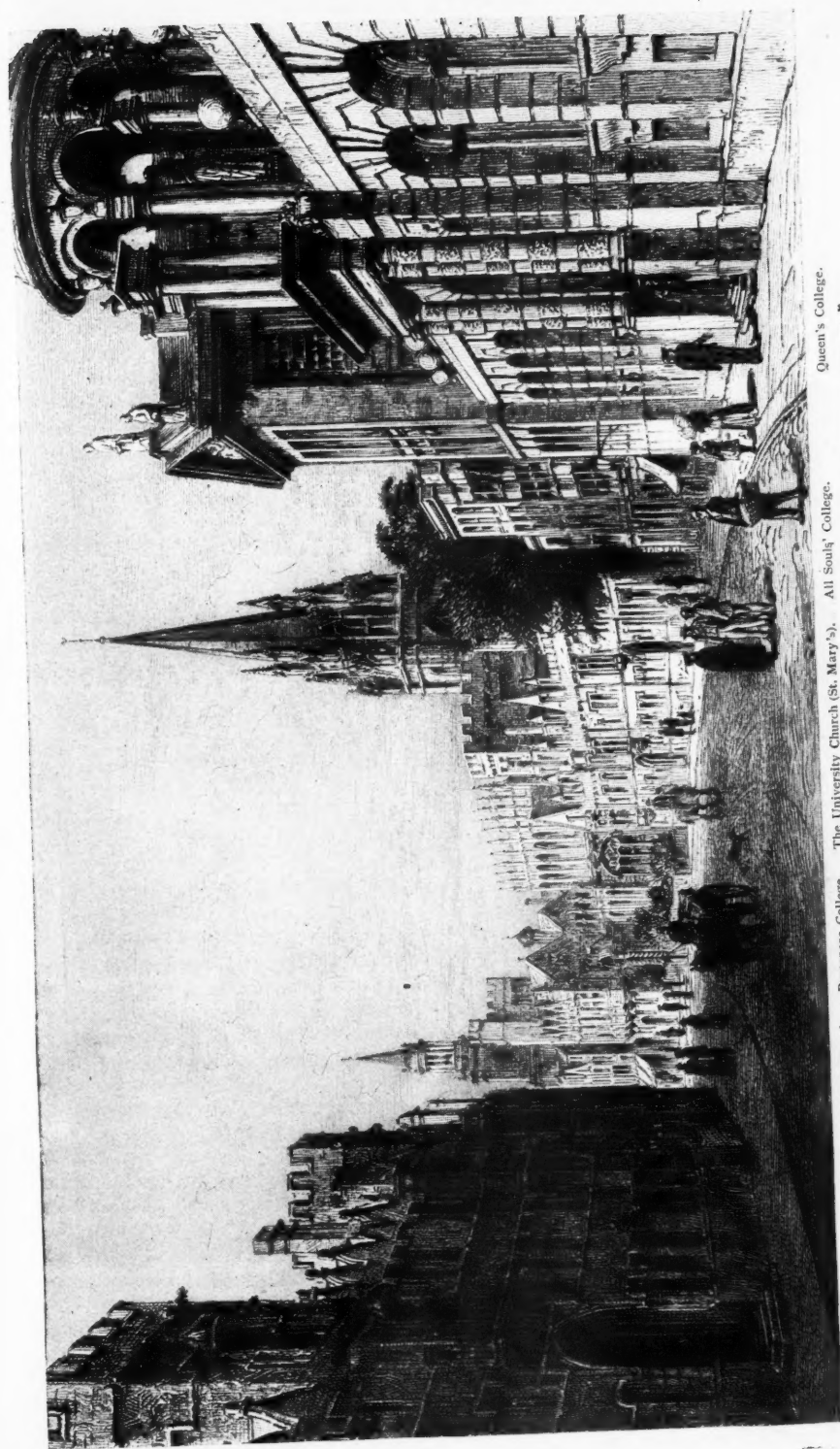
\* A TYPICAL OXFORD QUADRANGLE—"THE CRUMBLING STONE OF WHICH THE OLDER COLLEGES ARE BUILT GIVES THEM A LOOK OF GREATER AGE THAN THEY ACTUALLY POSSESS."

from the capital. In 1643 and 1644, when the court was established at Oxford, it was—for the last time—quite or nearly the most important city in England. It had a brilliant and picturesque society, made up of all the chivalry that rallied around the king. It issued the first English newspaper, the *Mercurius Aulicus*. Its colleges, stoutly loyal, thought more of fighting than of teaching; nearly all their treasures of ancient plate were melted up and poured into the royal coffers; one of them—New Inn Hall, now part of Balliol—was turned into a mint, to coin money for the soldiers. Another—Magdalen—still flies the colors, three

expulsion of the house of Stuart and the final repudiation of its claim to misrule Britain by divine right. Yet under the Hanoverian sovereigns, the sentiment of Oxford clung to the exiled Stuarts. There were so many rumors of Jacobite plots that George I garrisoned the town with a considerable force of dragoons. It chanced that about the same time he sent a present of books to Cambridge, and an Oxford wit penned the following epigram at the expense of the sister university:

King George, observing with judicious eyes  
The state of both his universities,  
To Oxford sent a troop of horse—for why?  
That learned body wanted loyalty.





Queen's College.

All Souls' College.

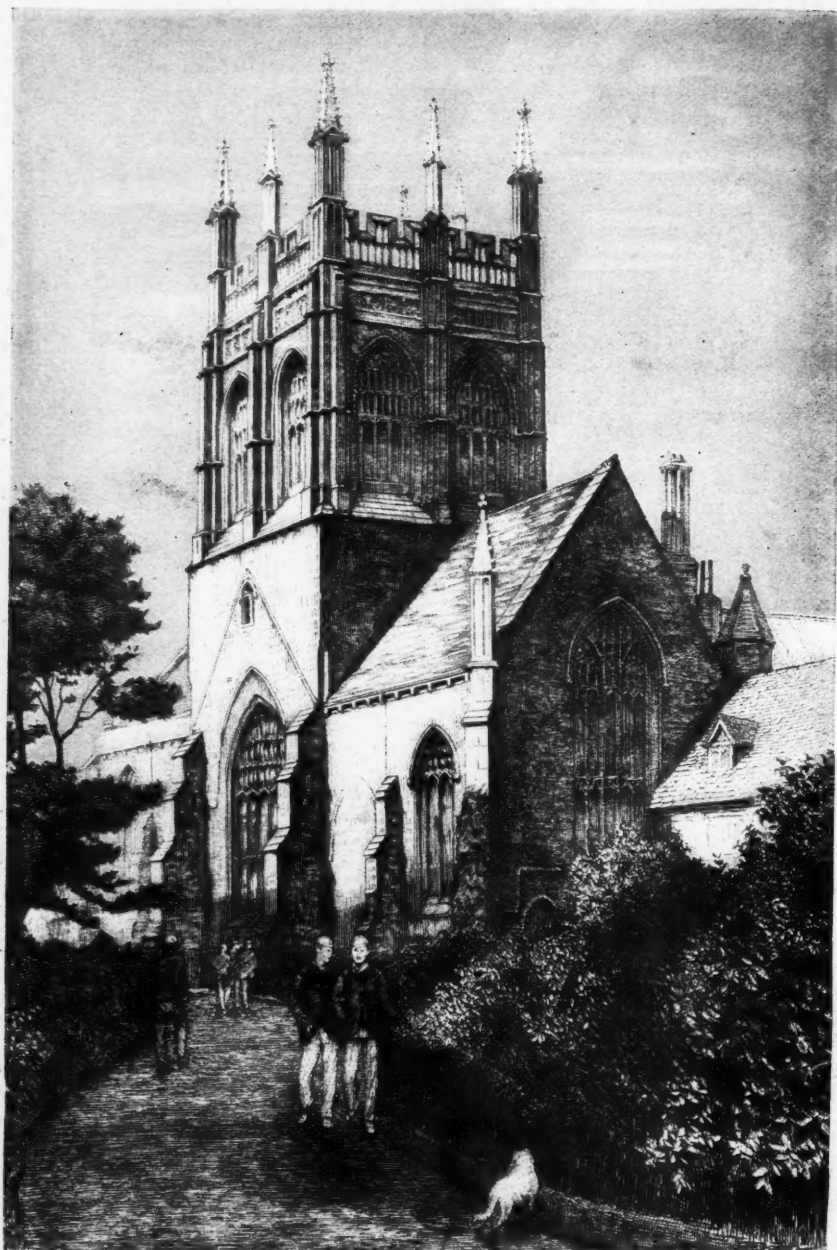
The University Church (St. Mary's).

Brasenose College.

All Saints' Church.

University College.

HIGH STREET ("THE HIGH"), OXFORD—"THE STREAM-LIKE WINDING OF THAT GLORIOUS STREET."

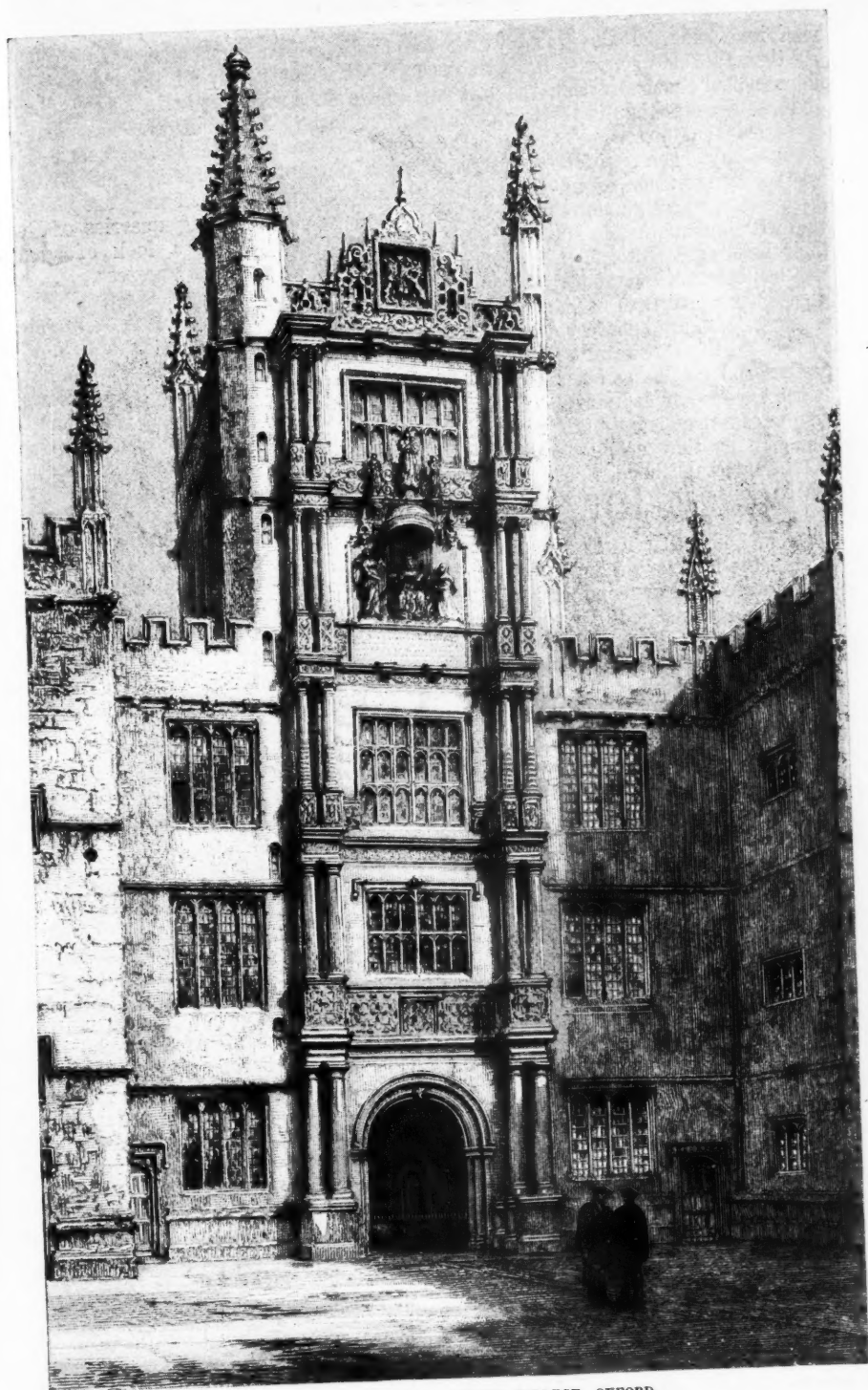


MERTON COLLEGE CHAPEL, ONE OF THE FINEST PIECES OF ARCHITECTURE IN OXFORD.

To Cambridge books he sent, full well discerning  
How much that loyal body wanted learning.  
A Cambridge versifier retorted rather  
neatly:

The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,  
For Tories own no argument but force;  
With equal skill to Cambridge books he sent,  
For Whigs admit no force but argument.

Conservative as Oxford's traditions have  
always been, there is nothing about her,  
nowadays at least, that is reactionary.  
The eighteenth century and the first half  
of the nineteenth were certainly, with her,  
a period of stagnation; but the last thirty  
years have been a time of nothing less



THE GATEWAY OF BRASENOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

than revolution. It is probably true to say that the old university has witnessed more radical changes within the last two or three decades than in the two or three centuries that preceded them. These changes have been manifested, externally, by the inauguration of an era of stone and mortar, wherein a dozen colleges have vied with one another in the extension of their buildings. Internally, its constitution has been revised, root and branch, by the unsparing hands of parliamentary commissions. Its dry bones have been shaken by the breath of reform. The university professorial corps has been strengthened at the expense of individual colleges. A system of non collegiate or "unattached" students, as they are generally termed, has been established. Scholarships and other privileges once a matter of personal or local favoritism have been thrown open to public competition. The fellows, once a fortunate body of graduates whose only duties were to draw comfortable salaries and remain unmarried, have perforce become lecturers and tutors. Two new colleges—Keble and Hertford—have been founded, and some of the small halls annexed to larger bodies. The principle of coeducation has been recognized by the establishment of three women's colleges, whose students are admitted generally to lectures. The university's membership has greatly increased, and its basis has been widened by the granting of certain privileges to "affiliated colleges" in England and the colonies. If the modernizing spirit of the age was late in making itself felt at Oxford, its recent rapid development has atoned for any former lack of progressiveness.

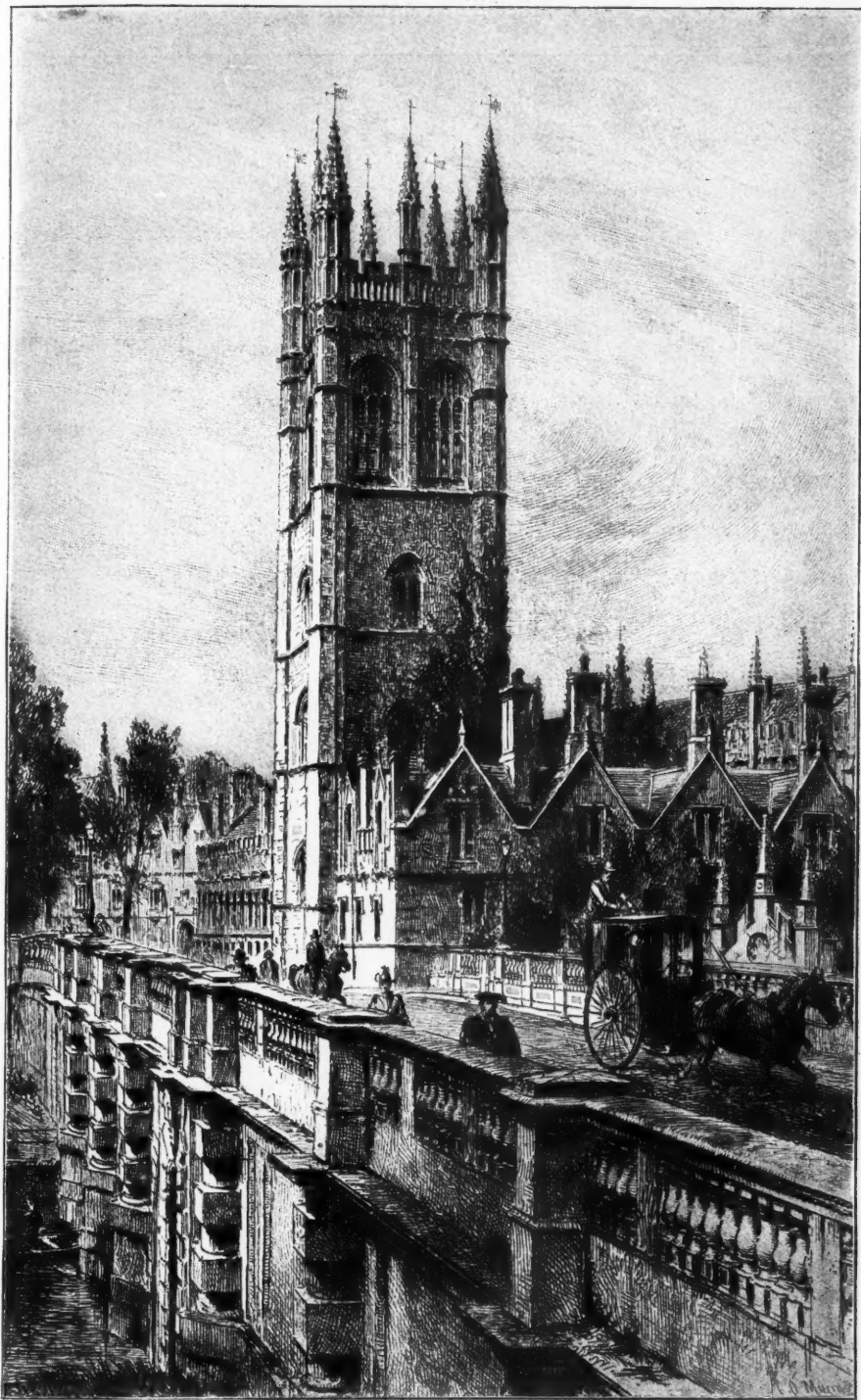
It is only to the outward eye that Oxford remains medieval. Nowhere else, perhaps, save amid the canals of Venice or the quaint streets of Nuremberg, can the traveler so easily imagine himself transported three or four centuries backward, as in its narrow byways and cloistered quadrangles. There are, of course, many more ancient cities. The charter of the university dates from 1244 only, though it had existed about a century earlier. The tradition that assigns its foundation to King Alfred has no historical basis. The town, though older than the university, does not date back to the Romans, and its oldest building is the ruined fragment—a single tower—of the

Castle, where Stephen besieged Matilda in 1141. But nearly all the older colleges have stood with very little outward change, but for recent additions—most but not all of them tasteful and congruous—since the days of the Tudors; and the crumbling stone of which they are built, cut from the neighboring quarries of Headington, gives them a look of greater age than they actually possess.

"The noblest of English cities," Macaulay termed Oxford. "A very sweet place," Mr. Pepys—himself a Cambridge man—recorded in his diary when he visited the town, and "did" it in half a day. In such varied phrases has been sung the praise of a place so superlatively rich in the attractions it offers to the student, the artist, and the antiquarian, as well as to the mere sightseer. Its very stones are full of history. It has played a notable part in molding the character and destiny of the Anglo Saxon race. It has produced pretty nearly half of England's great men. Dr. Johnson's rooms are still pointed out over the gate of Pembroke, and Mr. Gladstone's in the Canterbury Quad of Christ Church. Addison's name is still attached to the shaded meadow walk in the beautiful grounds of Magdalen. In the long catalogue of famous Oxonians appear Sir Walter Raleigh and the great Duke of Marlborough, alumni of Oriel; Cardinals Wolsey and Pole, and Gibbon the historian, of Magdalen; the Duke of Wellington, William Penn, and the brothers Wesley, of Christ Church; and an endless list of others hardly less famous.

The characteristic feature that distinguishes the two great English universities from those of America and continental Europe is the college system. As our national government is a federation of States, so is Oxford a federation of twenty one colleges—besides a few minor halls and some hundreds of unattached students. The great function of the collective body, as distinguished from its constituent members, is the holding of examinations and the bestowal of degrees. In its Hebdomadal Council are vested, subject to the approval of the larger assemblies, Congregation and Convocation, certain powers of general government. Its chancellor—the Marquis of Salisbury now holds the post—is the titular representative of Oxford's prestige. Its proctors





MAGDALEN TOWER AND BRIDGE, OXFORD.

Magdalen College was founded by Bishop Waynflete in 1457; the tower was added by Cardinal Wolsey, an alumnus of Magdalen, about sixty years later.





CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, WHICH SERVES BOTH AS THE CHAPEL OF CHRIST CHURCH AND AS THE CATHEDRAL OF THE DIOCESE OF OXFORD.

are the guardians of public morality, endowed by ancient statute with autocratic powers over the inhabitants of the city. Under its control are the great Bodleian Library, the Clarendon Press, and such lesser institutions as the Radcliffe Observatory and the Ashmolean Museum. It elects two members of parliament. It has its seventy or eighty professors, its

registrars, its bedels, and other academic retainers.

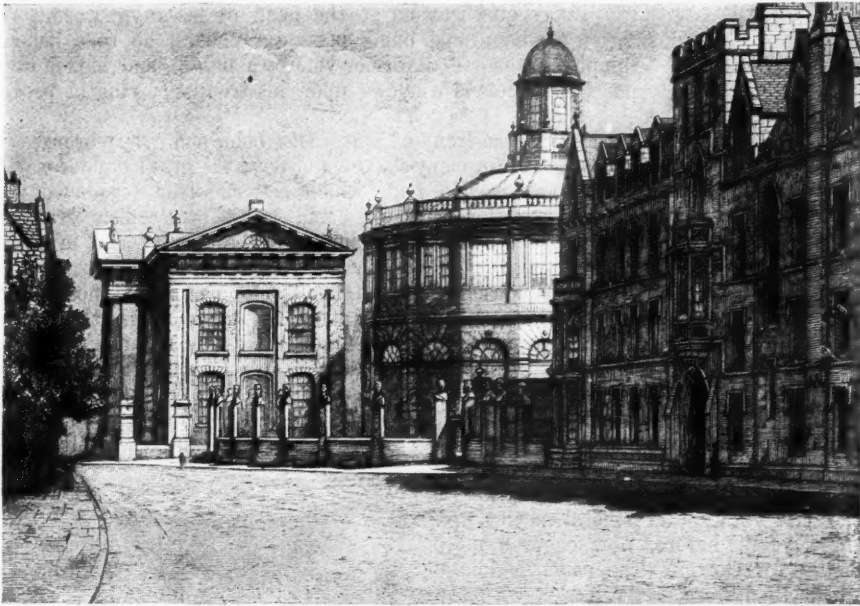
But in the life and work of the undergraduates and even of the graduates the colleges play a far more important part than does the university. Each of them has entire control of the discipline of its members. Preparation for the "schools," as the examinations are called, is seldom

done by attendance at the lectures of the university professors, but generally in classes formed by the students of a single college, or of several colleges associated by mutual arrangement. The rivalry of the cricket ground, the football field, and the river is between colleges—though this rivalry has not the spice of bitterness that marks the enmity of classes in American universities.

The twenty one colleges have many notable individualities. Christ Church—whose colloquial designation, "the

est that rises from a city of towers and spires, and its chapel is notable for its musical services, which together with those of New College are hardly surpassed anywhere. Architecturally, the chapel of Merton, with its great square tower, is worthy of distinctive mention. Brasenose, Exeter, Trinity, and St. John's are colleges of first rate general importance.

So much has been written about Oxford that it is strange that there should exist no really satisfactory literary picture of the place and its life. The best, prob-



BROAD STREET, OXFORD—THE OLD CLARENDON PRESS BUILDING, THE SHELDONIAN THEATER, AND PART OF EXETER COLLEGE.

House," might be construed as a recognition of her primacy, in former times unquestioned—has the largest buildings and the richest endowment; her chapel is the cathedral church of the Oxford diocese, and her hall is the finest extant medieval refectory. She counts among her alumni a larger share of England's titled aristocracy than any other college.

Rivalling Christ Church in their number of students are Balliol and New College, to the former of which is conceded an intellectual preëminence in the scholastic arena. Magdalen, second in wealth, is unrivaled in the beauty of its buildings and its location. Its tower, another monument of Cardinal Wolsey, is the fin-

ably, is that famous and amusing book, "Verdant Green," some of whose scenes and characters are nothing less than delightful. There is *Mr. Bouncer*, for instance, the humorous and festive undergraduate, richer in slang than in scholarship, whose cheerfulness never fails amid the misfortunes which his escapades bring upon him, till he is finally defeated by "the small but well armed tribe of examiners," and forced to retreat without a degree. *Filcher*, the "scout," too, is a capital type of the college servant; but there is much in the book that is no longer true to Oxford life. For example, the "town and gown" fights, waged annually for centuries, have become quite obsolete.

# THE TRUE STORY OF GOMEZ.

BY THOMAS ROBINSON DAWLEY, JR.

THE EXTRAORDINARY CAREER OF MAXIMO GOMEZ, THE DOMINICAN PEASANT WHO BECAME COMMANDER OF THE INSURGENT FORCES OF CUBA—HIS FAILURES AND SUCCESSES, AND HIS PROJECT OF AN EMPIRE IN THE WEST INDIES.



GOMEZ' BUGLER.

THE life of Maximo Gomez has been fraught with such vicissitudes that he would be an interesting character in history, even if he had no other claim upon the attention of the world. The climax of his career came with his entry into Havana at the head of his ragged army, last February, when, amid bugle blast and cheers, he rode beneath triumphal arches to a former viceroy's palace, and looked down from the balconied windows upon his troops passing in procession below.

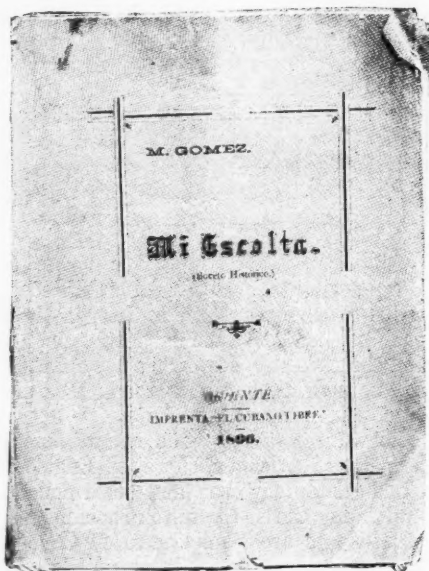
There was the irony of fate. Old, bald, and gray; bronzed by the prairie sun of many a scorching day; the grizzled chief walked through the marble halls which had so often resounded with the gay laughter or the solemn tread of Spanish grandees, where jingling spurs and clanking sabers had joined in unison with hurrying feet of courtly couriers and titled officers.

When we consider that Maximo Gomez has passed most of the three score and ten years allotted to man either in the bush or on a farm, remote from civilization, he is a most remarkable man. Never before that day had he been in such a large city, nor had he seen so many people,

or such a gay gathering, and long streets decorated with flags and lanterns, all in his honor, with a nation's troop for an escort. The same people who hailed the arrival of Captain General Weyler, just three years before, now cheered most lustily for Gomez. The same buildings which then were fairly hidden with the Spanish emblem of blood and gold, were now flaunting the white, red, and blue of liberty; and the same balconied windows from which Captain General Weyler had gazed upon his army arriving from Spain, now sheltered the old chief for whose head Spain would willingly have given thrice its weight in gold.

The citizens cheered him and went wild with delight; there was feasting and dancing; thousands of dollars were spent in flags and fireworks, in spite of the grim reality that many of Cuba's people were suffering hunger and death. But the leader in a great cause had arrived, a hero, an idol.

It is dangerous for a writer, even of contemporaneous history, to shatter a people's idol. Great causes must have great leaders. If Gomez had not been



"MI ESCOLTA" ("MY ESCORT"), A BOOKLET WRITTEN BY GOMEZ AND PRINTED IN THE BUSH, RELATING HIS ADVENTURES AT THE BEGINNING OF THE INSURRECTION OF 1895.

great, the cause of the Cuban insurgents must have fallen. Consequently, in the days of the insurrection, any one who failed to admire Gomez, or wrote facts about him that might reflect upon his greatness, was considered no friend of Cuba. Yet no one feared or hated Gomez

into the city, when he said that, his task being accomplished, he would retire to his home in Santo Domingo. But he did not keep this resolution, though he repeated it on every occasion when he addressed the people or dictated a manifesto to them.



A CUBAN PREFECTURA, OR SHELTER IN THE WOODS, TO WHICH PEASANTS RETREATED DURING THE LAST INSURRECTION TO ESCAPE FROM "RECONCENTRATION."

more than some of the men who were closest to him.

Gomez came to Havana as the successful leader in an apparently successful cause. No one dared say him nay. Of the great multitude that lined the streets, that cheered him and followed in his wake, but few knew him except as a battle scarred warrior who had for fourteen years eluded the combined efforts of tens of thousands of disciplined troops hunting him day and night.

It would have been better, if he wished to remain a popular idol, had Gomez kept the resolution delivered to the multitude from the balcony of one of Havana's clubs on the night of his triumphal entry

Scarcely a month passed when the gathering storm broke, and the idol was shattered. Gomez found himself without power, wealth, or influence, abandoned by the very men whose ideal he had struggled so faithfully to maintain; abandoned by all of them, except one—Colonel Cespedes—who has so far remained true to him. Gomez suffered. His sufferings would have killed the ordinary man at his age. But he was inured to both suffering and hardship; and he had not yet reached the pinnacle of his ambition, or his fall might have killed him.

There was a faint rumor, a rumor that sounded from the distance—whence it came and from whom, I scarcely know,



but it was to the effect that General Maximo Gomez aspired to making Cuba free and autonomous, and then he would carry the war into Porto Rico, gain for that island its independence, and thence invade Haiti, which lies between it and Cuba, to bring about a political union of three of the four large islands of the

above my head, and was called no friend of Cuba.

Mr. Sylvester Scovel, an American journalist who probably saw more of the veteran chief in the field than any other correspondent, is authority for the statement that Gomez said that with a thousand of his Cubans he could invade the



A SPANISH GUERRILLA, OR COMPANY OF IRREGULAR CAVALRY, RETURNING FROM FORAGING, WITH BUNDLES OF SUGAR CANE TOPS FOR THEIR HORSES.

West Indian group. I give this only as a rumor, a story that went its rounds in the days of the insurrection. But that Gomez aspired to the presidency of Santo Domingo, his native land, I know, because the general told me so. He told me when there seemed to me little hope for Free Cuba; but the old man was strong in his courage. Although we were being driven from our camps almost daily by the Spaniards, he said: "When I have freed Cuba, then I shall go to Santo Domingo, and get up a revolution there." He knew that he was talking to a journalist, and that to publish what he said was no breach of trust; yet in doing so, I raised a storm

Dominican Republic and put himself at the head of that government.

Gomez loves Santo Domingo. He loves its hills, its valleys, its mountain streams. More than all he loves to rule, and, like a hoary old patriarch, he would like to rule his own people. He was born in that island, which was the first to be colonized and Christianized according to Spanish methods, and which is the most fertile of all the West Indies, and the richest in natural resources. It has undergone many vicissitudes since the coming of the Spaniard. The western and more valuable half was taken from them by the buccaneers, and eventually became a French



THE VILLAGE OF SAN JUAN DE LAS YERAS, IN THE PROVINCE OF SANTA CLARA, BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION BY THE INSURGENTS.

province, with the aboriginal name of Haiti restored. The French turned its virgin forests and fertile fields into vast plantations, and with slave labor it became the richest colony in the world, while the part left to the Spaniards sank to a thinly inhabited, degenerate dependency, and finally was allowed, by default of the mother country, to become the so called republic of Santo Domingo.

With the French revolution, when king and nobles were executed with the proclamation of liberty and equality, the slaves of Haiti rose and massacred their masters, and with them the whole French population, man, woman, and child. Napoleon tried to recover the colony and punish the murderers, but after losing forty thousand troops within two years he was forced to give it up. The English



CUBAN METHODS OF WARFARE—SAN JUAN DE LAS YERAS AFTER THE INSURGENTS RAIDED AND SACKED THE VILLAGE.



ONE OF THE BARRICADES ERECTED BY THE SPANIARDS AT VILLA CLARA, WHEN GOMEZ WAS THREATENING TO ATTACK THE CITY.

tried a hand at it, and they also failed, and the negro was left with an opportunity to work out the problem of self government.

The Spanish half, or Santo Domingo, did not prosper in its independence, and became merged into the Haitian republic. But the whites of Spanish descent fought

against their black rulers, and regained their independence. Then there arose in Haiti an ignorant old negro who on account of his very age and ignorance was made president, the politicians believing that he would be a tool in their hands. But he at once threw away his crutches, murdered those who stood in his way, proclaimed himself Emperor Faustin I, and tried to subjugate Santo Domingo, which he considered as a part of his empire; and for years internecine strife tore the country asunder.

Maximo Gomez was a young man during these troublesome and barbarous times; but as he never relates any experiences in the wars of his youth, it may safely be presumed that he did not figure as a soldier in any of them. He says that he was a farmer, tilling the soil, and never planting unless it was to produce



GOMEZ IN HIS HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, LECTURING ONE OF HIS OFFICERS, AN INSURGENT LEADER.



TWO OFFICERS OF GOMEZ' STAFF. THE TENT IS PRECISELY OF THE SORT THAT USUALLY SERVED AS THE GENERAL'S HEADQUARTERS DURING THE LAST INSURRECTION.

something. Of his ancestors he either knows nothing, or cares to say little. He bears no trace of negro blood, but owing to his slender build and somewhat almond shaped eyes, he was called by the Spaniards, during the past insurrection, "the old Chinaman."

In the beginning of the sixties, Santo Domingo, completely worn out with anarchy and strife, suddenly surprised the world by calling on her old mother Spain for protection and a government. Spain replied by sending ships and soldiers, and the flag of blood and gold was raised once more over the ancient and ruined battlements which her early colonists had built. But a year of Spanish rule was enough for the islanders, who rose in revolt. The Madrid government attempted to maintain its power, but the Dominicans adopted a mode of warfare to which the Spaniards were entirely unused. Realizing the superior power of the enemy's disciplined troops, the rebels ordered their people to leave the cities and towns, to abandon their homes and lay waste the land, seeking shelter in forest retreats and mountains. The task of hunting them out was left to the Spanish soldiers, whose officers, reared in the cities of Spain, knew little of woodcraft and mountain-

eering. When least expected, the insurgents would sally forth, ambush a small column, or a detachment of troops, ravage and burn a district, and return to their fastness in the wilderness as quickly as they came.

Veterans of that war have told me that the devastation, murder, and bloodshed that ensued were even worse than that of the Cuban insurrection now ended. It was there that Valeriano Weyler, a young lieutenant from Majorca, received his first experience in warfare—in the same field and on the same side with which Maximo Gomez had cast his lot, whether from motives of self interest, or from higher ones of just conviction.

Owing to Gomez' knowledge of his country and his people, he proved of such value to the Spaniards that he was made a lieutenant of one of their guerrillas—those bands of bushwhackers who later became the scourge of Cuba.

After a fruitless war of extermination, Spain denounced the Dominicans as ingrates, gathered up her banners, and sailed away.

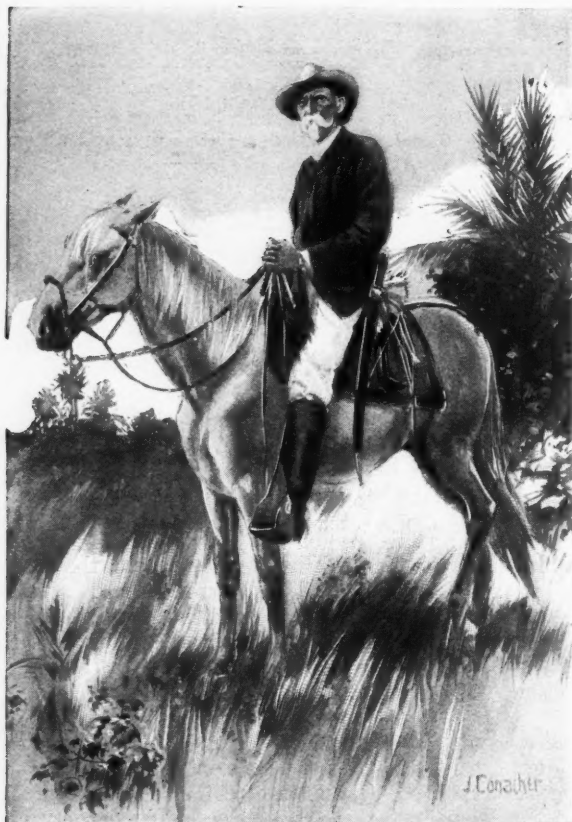
As in the Cuban insurrection there were Cubans who fought against their countrymen, so in the Dominican war there had been many natives who took sides with



the Spaniards. When Spain gave up the contest, these men were carried to Cuba, and there kept in service or mustered out as suited their desires. Their transfer

patriots were fleeing to the mountains when they met in the road one Luis Marciano, a Dominican. He was one of those brought to Cuba after the Spanish defeat in his own country. Having been born and raised in an atmosphere of revolutions and war, he at once offered his services to Cespedes, who made him a general, giving him command of all his followers.

Marciano immediately animated the little force to try again, and obtaining a few more recruits, a week later, laid siege to the more important town of Bayamo. The Spanish garrison remained in its trenches while the idle from all the surrounding country flocked to see the result, ready to throw their weight into the balance with whichever party was successful. But not so with the old bushwhackers of Santo Domingo. They were revolutionists by instinct, and as long as the Spaniards did not employ them to fight some one else, they would fight Spain. Among them was an old warrior by the name of Modesto Diaz. He was living in the country on a small pension granted to him by the Spaniards. He at once



MAXIMO GOMEZ AS COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE CUBAN INSURGENT ARMY.

*Drawn by J. Conacher from a photograph.*

proved a disaster to Spain, for if these Dominican *guerrilleros* had not been distributed in Cuba, the insurrection of 1868—the first serious one—would have died in its infancy. The Cubans were not fighters, neither did they know the art of warfare.

As is well known, the rising of 1868 began with Carlos Manuel Cespedes, who declared his slaves free, and, to strike the first blow for freedom, attacked the unimportant village of Yara. He had but thirty seven followers, many of whom had never fired a shot. They were easily repulsed by the garrison at Yara, insignificant as it was, and the panic stricken

hurried to the assistance of the Cubans, and when a Spanish column advanced to the relief of the city, he, with a handful of men, took up a position on the road to intercept them. It is related that most of his men ran away upon seeing the Spaniards, but Diaz ordered the few who remained with him to load the guns as fast as he fired them; then, coolly taking his place behind a tree, he opened on the Spanish advance. So well did he direct his fire that the commanding officer showed indecision; and on the appearance of several hundred yelling slaves, a retreat was ordered, and next day the Bayamo garrison capitulated.

The balance swinging in favor of the insurrection, recruits from all the surrounding country flocked to sustain the cause of Cuban independence, the men of most position, or most popularity, in each locality, receiving recognition as chiefs.

Maximo Gomez was then living in the vicinity of Santiago, having gone back to his early occupation of farming. He was not a slave holding planter, but a simple farmer. He joined the Cuban leader Donato Marmol, and assisted in a successful attack upon the village of Cobre.

Carlos Manuel Cespedes proceeded to form his government in Bayamo, and gave the command of his army to the veteran Dominican, Modesto Diaz. Marciano, the other Dominican, received command of the forces between Bayamo and Holguin, and Gomez was commissioned a colonel under Donato Marmol. Modesto Diaz, who knew how the Spaniards had lost at the game of war in his own country, proceeded to instruct the Cubans in the tactics by which the Dominicans won. His plan was to sustain the war at all hazards, but to attempt no decisive blow that would require much risk.

He was ably seconded by Maximo Gomez, whose commanding officer he had been in Santo Domingo. This young chief first attracted attention to himself when Donato Marmol attempted to intercept a Spanish column, seven hundred strong, at Baire. Gomez concealed his command behind a thick hedge at the foot of a road, and as the unsuspecting column was about to pass, he charged with the cry of "*Al machete!*" The attack spread panic and confusion among the Spaniards, who retreated in disorder. Henceforth the Cuban battle cry was "*Al machete,*" and the Cubans considered the machete their proper arm.

The Cuban insurrection waxed and waned according to the varying successes of its different chiefs, the government of Cespedes retreating to the wild fastness of the mountains, while others did the fighting. Gomez, by his audacity, courage, and skill, soon rose to a position of prominence, although owing to his despotic character he was not generally liked by his fellow chiefs.

The Cuban historian Enrique Collazo describes a visit made to the seat of government in those early days, in company

with Gomez, already promoted to the rank of general. "As we arrived," says Collazo, "Cespedes was playing a game of chess. All those surrounding him were well clothed, and had shoes on their feet, with the luxury of starched shirts, clean blouses and leggings, like those who live without work. General Gomez' only clothing was a white shirt torn to shreds, with the exception of the cuffs and bosom, and trousers of black cloth; his aides were even in a worse condition."

Gomez appears to have had a certain disdain for a government which could afford to live in such luxury, and he kept as far away from its influence as possible, preferring to operate on his own account. The first actual friction appeared when he was ordered to find means of embarking certain representatives, on the pretense of soliciting foreign aid. The Dominicans had carried on their war without foreign assistance, and Gomez could see no value in such a project, so he gruffly replied: "If Samson is to die, he must die with all the Philistines. No one shall leave here."

The final rupture came when the Cuban president drew on Gomez for *asistentes* for himself and secretaries, and the fighting chief replied that as he had none for himself, the government could hunt up its own. Upon receiving this reply, Cespedes issued a general order depriving Gomez of his command. Gomez showed his qualifications as a soldier by retiring from the field, waiting patiently till such time as he should again be called to win greater laurels for both himself and Cuba.

When Agramonte, who commanded the insurgents in Camaguey, met his death in a running fight, Cespedes called Gomez from his obscurity and gave him command of the Camaguey forces. Here he succeeded so well in carrying on the Dominican policy of avoiding any decisive combat, while he constantly harassed the enemy, that the interest of the war centered about him. After a time, owing to dissensions among the insurgent chiefs in the eastern part of the island, he turned over his command to General Roloff; but it being believed that without him the revolution must fail, he was induced to keep up the semblance of a war in that province, which was already almost depopulated. It is not generally known that the insurgent policy of "concentration" and Weyler's counter policy of "re-

concentration" were methods of the earlier Cuban insurrection, and were successfully carried out in the eastern provinces, to which the rebellion was confined. In those days the venturesome newspaper correspondent was not so strongly in evidence, and the world's attention was not called to the terrible sufferings of the innocent victims.

It was when the insurgent leaders awoke to the fact that their followers were gradually dropping off, while Spain continued to pour in soldiers, that they were induced to make the treaty of Zanjón with Marshal Campos. That agreement provided that the chiefs should be removed from the island, if they desired to go.

Gomez wrote in despair: "I have finished here. Cuba cannot be free. I would leave though its independence were gained." Arriving at Santiago on a Spanish gunboat, which was to take him away, he experienced a feeling of sadness at abandoning the scene of his glories.

"The curiosity of the people was such," he wrote, "that the water front was filled with the curious for a number of hours, causing me a sad and painful impression as I viewed the mass. There were more than three thousand men capable of bearing arms, and there they had been deaf to the call of patriotism for nine years, yet now, attracted by a morbid curiosity, they came to see us. A little later we heard a military band, and there followed some men of the San Quintín battalion, who had been wounded in a recent engagement with General Antonio Maceo, escorted by Cubans dressed in the uniform of volunteers. What thoughts gathered in my imagination! I could not refrain from turning to my companions and exclaiming, 'Cuba cannot be free!'"

It was asserted both by Cubans and by Spaniards, at the beginning of the last insurrection, that Gomez had received a handsome sum for consenting to leave the island; but this can scarcely be the truth, for we next hear of him hunting for a livelihood in Central America. At one time he was at Panama, and I have heard him say that his experience on the Isthmus caused him to think that Nuñez Balboa, who crossed it and discovered the Pacific Ocean, was the greatest Spaniard who ever lived. Next he applied to the Honduranian government for a commis-

sion, and received a command, with the rank of major, at Amapala, on the Pacific coast, the garrison consisting of ten or twelve soldiers. At length, when he had grown old, and former quarrels and grievances were more or less forgotten—they forget quickly in the tropics—the wandering footsteps of the guerrilla chief led him back to his old home at Monte Cristo, where he settled down to the peaceful occupation of his youth, "planting to produce something."

It was here that the Cuban patriot Marti found him when all was considered ripe for another insurrection, and offered him the command of the insurgent army. A small schooner was engaged; the old chief, bidding "*adios*" to his wife and family, sailed for the not distant coast of eastern Cuba; and the insurrection began. A nucleus of followers gathered about the veteran, who at once set about invading the central province of Camaguey, the scene of his successes of twenty years before.

In a little pamphlet written in the *manigua* and printed on a press smuggled out of a Spanish town in a load of manure, Gomez tells of his efforts and discouragements upon landing in the island. His first measure was to get together an escort, which he did upon meeting with General Maceo, "several days after wandering with my five companions in the jurisdiction of Santiago." He had no time to select his men, "and I had to take, as it happened, the first twenty five who could be spared. With them I began my march to Camaguey, of which territory we had no favorable news."

The escort was composed chiefly of negroes, whose chief motive appears to have been plunder; and while they were willing to bushwhack the Spaniards in the country around their homes, they had no desire to look for trouble farther away. After Marti was killed at Dos Rios, Gomez found himself sick both in body and mind, and to crown the bitterness of his overflowing cup, his negro followers openly rebelled, demanding to be allowed to go to their homes. General Borreo, a chief of the former insurrection, came to his relief, and by threats, promises, and ridicule combined, the negroes were induced to continue the march westward into Camaguey, "but not," said Gomez, "without two of their number deserting that

very day." Then, as he approached the scene of his former campaigns, where he knew every foot of the ground, word came to him that the people were forming a committee to appeal to him to desist; they did not want war; they had seen enough in the past, and if Gomez would accept money, they would pay him to leave the island.

But Gomez plodded on determined. It was probably the greatest struggle of his life. He couldn't turn back. Again his followers rebelled, and the chief resorted to the old trick of drawing a line, saying that on one side lay glory and liberty, on the other shame and oppression, and that he called upon all who were not cowards to cross the line. Of course there were no cowards, and every one crossed.

Upon entering Camaguey the veteran's troubles were ended. He immediately found the representatives of the insurrection, who had left Puerto Principe to receive him. A force was organized, and successful attacks were made upon several small garrisons; after which the discontented negroes from the east were loaded with booty and allowed to return to their homes. Then Maceo appeared with reinforcements; recruits began to come in from other parts of the island, and Gomez found himself at the head of something of an army.

A council of war was held at an old cattle farm, La Reforma, where one of Gomez' sons was born during the previous insurrection. A plan of campaign was determined upon, and it was decided to carry on the war in that part of the island which hitherto had not known the grim consequences of internal strife. Scarcely had the conference of the different chiefs come to an end when shots were heard and a Spanish column was upon them. Maceo immediately proceeded to the front with eighty men, and, forming a skirmish line widely scattered in the bush, he checked the advance of the Spaniards. This enabled the rest of the insurgent force, armed and unarmed, to make its retreat without danger of panic. By the time the Spaniards had formed their line of battle, the skirmishers fired their last shot and scampered away, leaving their enemy wondering what had happened.

While Maceo's disposition appears to have been to fight the Spaniards whenever

he could do so with a fair prospect of success, Gomez carefully avoided any conflict which might occasion him loss without gaining a greater amount of recompense. He strenuously adhered to the old Dominican policy of destruction, believing that when the island was completely destroyed the Spaniards would go away and leave it as they had done in Santo Domingo; nor does he appear to have considered who would be left to survive the smoldering ruins. His policy was carried out without mercy. He declared all the cities and towns throughout the island in a state of siege, though he could not establish any such siege, and then ordered executed all those found trading with the townspeople. He prohibited the railroads and stage coaches running, and then, because they did run, his men hanged the employees who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. He ordered the concentration within the Spanish lines of all Cubans who would not espouse the insurgent cause, but when they were caught on their way to "concentrate" the luckless people were abused or even hanged.

After the invasion which left Maceo in the western end of the island, the operations of Gomez were confined chiefly to riding about the country with his escort, and a small force, ready to disperse at once upon finding themselves threatened by the Spaniards. His orders and decrees were carried to the chiefs of the different bands by mounted couriers.

After Weyler had put into effect his reconcentration policy, and had practically crushed the insurrection in Pinar del Rio, Gomez continued to wander about with his escort in the country between Sancti Spiritus and the Jucaro-Moron trocha. The Spaniards were unable to find him, but with starvation staring it in the face his band grew thinner and thinner, and Gomez' career would probably have ended before long had not our declaration of war, and the consequent blockading of Cuban ports, sent hundreds of Cubans to join the rebels in the field.

Some attempt was made to organize these recruits into a new army, but Gomez does not excel as an organizer. Only a very few of his officers had any idea of organization, and that is why our officials have found such difficulty in distributing the \$3,000,000 designated for the relief



of the Cuban soldiers. If any muster rolls had been kept of the army as it actually existed up to the commencement of our war, it would have been an easy matter to distribute the money to those who had actually served throughout the insurrection. It is safe to assume that if records had been kept, the number of soldiers would be so small as to entitle each of them to a handsome sum.

I have said much in criticism of Gomez, yet that he is a great character can scarcely be disputed by his bitterest foe. On February 24 of this year he made his triumphal entry into Havana at the head of a ragged army, and the people bowed before him. Two weeks later, on March 12, he was deposed by the Cuban Assembly, after a heated discussion in which the old chief's career was reviewed and he was denounced as a traitor for having agreed to receive the \$3,000,000 donated to his army by a generous government.

Gomez replied in a manifesto, calling attention to the fact that he had not come to Cuba as a mercenary soldier, and accepting the deposition of the assembly. He said that he was a foreigner, "for which reason, since the power of the oppressor abandoned the land and left Cuba free, I have sheathed my sword, believing that my mission is finished."

As for the aspirations of General Gomez to the presidential chair of the Dominican Republic, his only chance for attaining such a position would be by force of arms; and I doubt very much, considering the state of affairs that has developed there, if he would dare return without some such force. It is hardly probable that he could find many followers in the Dominican Republic at the present time, for his record as a Spanish *guerrillero* would promptly be dug up and flaunted before the people, with the effect of a red rag before an angry bull.

## MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP OF STREET RAILWAYS.

BY HAZEN S. PINGREE, GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN.

GOVERNOR PINGREE PRESENTS HIS VIEWS ON MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP AS A LEADING PUBLIC QUESTION OF THE DAY, TAKING THE MOVEMENT IN DETROIT AS A BASIS FOR THE DISCUSSION OF ITS PRACTICABILITY AND ITS ADVANTAGES.

A MAGAZINE discussion of "Municipal Ownership of Street Railways" is timely because there has been so little temperate and unbiased treatment of the subject in the press of the country. I refer more especially to the manner in which the first important movement of the sort in this country—the effort to accomplish municipal ownership of street railways in the city of Detroit, Michigan—has been received.

The Brooklyn Bridge line in New York has hitherto been the only approach to municipal ownership of transportation facilities in the United States. It is apparent that the conditions under which it is operated are so peculiar that its experience is not of much value to other municipalities.

When, therefore, it became known that Detroit proposed to purchase and operate its street railways, the suggestion attracted the attention not only of the people and authorities of other cities, but

also of public men and politicians in general, economists, and street railway owners and investors. The subject interests all these classes; public men and politicians, because municipal ownership is a very live and growing political issue in all cities; economists, because it is an interesting economic question; street railway owners and investors, because the success or failure of municipal ownership will very materially affect the value of their property and investments; municipal authorities, because they may at any time come into practical contact with the matter; and more important than all, the people, who are personally and universally interested, because the street car is the "poor man's carriage."

It is not surprising, therefore, that the press of the country watched closely the progress of the movement in Detroit. Special correspondents of metropolitan newspapers were sent to the city. Officials of the Associated Press said that news-

papers throughout the country demanded all the news relating to the subject.

The impressions which have gone abroad, however, are in the main false and erroneous. This has been due almost entirely to the hostility of the press of Detroit.

The reading public has learned not to be surprised if newspapers, in opposing a movement which does not meet with their approval, handle the truth carelessly, or permit their news reports to be colored by their prejudices; but it expects the editorial utterances of magazines to be not only impartial, but accurate and just. Magazine publishers have facilities and ample time for independent investigation. It is unpardonable, therefore, for them to rely entirely upon newspaper reports (as some of them have done in the case of municipal ownership of street railways in Detroit) for a correct statement of the facts concerning a given movement or proposition. The tendency of newspapers to fight with every weapon, good and bad, is perhaps beyond checking. It is hard to believe, however, that the editors of our leading magazines also permit prejudice and bias to destroy the usefulness of their periodicals as media for the discussion of all sides of important public questions.

The bias of the press is an important consideration in the discussion, because the charge is often and freely made that newspapers are owned and controlled by that class of our people which is naturally opposed to municipal ownership. In other words, newspapers are prone to defend special and private interests. It is for this reason that it is difficult to place before the public the real facts and arguments relating to municipal ownership of any public utility, whether light, water, communication, or transportation.

It is undoubtedly true that the press has immense power in forming public opinion. One of the best evidences of this is the parrot-like manner in which unthinking people repeat arguments published in the newspapers. Men and women of independent, original thought, who are capable of analyzing facts and arguments, and of evolving, unaided, opinions of their own, cannot be misled; but unfortunately the majority permit the newspapers to do their thinking for them.

Knowing full well the power it pos-

sesses, the press of Detroit sought to array public opinion against municipal ownership of street railways by declaring it to be "socialism." The mere mention of the word seemed to force into the mental vision of the editors horrible pictures of anarchy, disorder, dynamite, long haired men, red flags, wild eyed agitators, and ranting demagogues.

"Socialism" is defined in many ways. A majority of people, perhaps, understand it in the sense in which it has been explained by an economic writer—as "the doctrine which teaches that the state has a right to correct the irregularity of wealth which exists among men, and to establish the balance legally by taking from those who have too much in order to give to those who have not enough." The charge, therefore, that municipal ownership of street railways is socialism, as above defined and as generally understood, is neither candidly nor honestly made.

It is apparent that the sentiment in the cities of the country in favor of municipal ownership of public utilities goes no further than city ownership of waterworks, electric light and gas plants, street railways, and telephone plants. There are those who affect to believe that municipal ownership of these things will lead to municipal ownership of grocery, dry goods, drug, milk, and other businesses. They do not make such a claim seriously or honestly. They profess to believe that our form of government is threatened if the tendency to government ownership be not checked. They express the opinion that municipal ownership of public utilities is a manifestation of such a tendency, and should therefore be discouraged and prevented. Such an argument is sufficiently answered by saying that it is mere nonsense. The two classes of business are essentially different. The former depend entirely on the grant by the people of franchises in the streets. The latter do not. The former are naturally monopolies, and should, therefore, be owned by the people and operated for their benefit alone. The latter are not necessarily so, though they may be controlled by "trusts." There is a well defined line of distinction between public and private enterprises, and a person can consistently be an ardent advocate of municipal

ownership and at the same time be steadfastly opposed to government ownership of anything except natural monopolies, like street railways.

If the private corporations to which have been granted monopoly privileges in the streets—the property of the people—have abused those privileges by charges made excessive in order to pay interest and dividends on “watered” capitalization, by inferior and insufficient service, by corruption of municipal politics, or in any other way, they have no one but themselves to blame if the people step in and decide to operate those monopolies for their own benefit. Those who are declaring most loudly that municipal ownership of public utilities is socialism, are those interested directly or indirectly in special privileges.

For many years governments have owned and improved roads, bridges, and canals; cities have owned and conducted parks, boulevards, park bus lines, ferries, docks, piers, and waterworks; and the charge of “socialism,” dishonestly made, does not seem to have checked the tendency to extend public control in these directions. More recently the people have taken into their hands the ownership and successful operation of city lighting plants. The almost universal testimony is that they have succeeded in furnishing light at much less cost than under private ownership. There have been a few failures, very few indeed—a far smaller proportion than is the case with individuals and private corporations.

People are beginning to see more clearly than ever, that much of our political corruption is directly traceable to the conditions which surround the granting of special privileges, monopolies, and franchises to private corporations. So it is that public sentiment in favor of municipal ownership of public utilities is growing with such marvelous rapidity. In all our cities, it is manifesting itself with an earnestness which demands fair and honest treatment. Sneers and ridicule from the newspapers, which are the defenders of special privileges, and appeals to courts to stem the tide of socialism, so called, are not a sufficient answer to it. They only add fuel to the flame.

The success of municipal ownership tickets in city elections is significant, and it is well worth noting that in such elec-

tions the holders of special privileges, and their instruments, the newspapers, are naturally arrayed against the unorganized people, the grantors of the privileges they hold. It is so in Detroit, which is now face to face with the proposition to have the people own and operate the street railways.

It is evident that street railways are the most monopolistic of all users of the streets. In these days of rapid transit, they practically have exclusive control over a large part of the street. They are highways in themselves. Why cannot the people carry themselves to and from business and pleasure, as well as furnish themselves with water and light?

It happens that Detroit is the first city in this country to be called upon to decide this question. In spite of the efforts of the press to make the proposition a complicated and confused one, there is nothing simpler or plainer.

Detroit has had a street railway question for ten years, and the people are tired of the agitation, though it has already resulted in some benefits. There is a general belief that the railways can be operated at a reasonable profit with three cent fares. Private interests will naturally maintain fares as high as possible, and a reduction will not come as an act of philanthropy from them. Lower rates will be established when the companies are forced to it as a last resort, and no one can tell when that will be.

The most practical method of securing low fares is through municipal ownership. This means that the city must either build its own plant or acquire the existing plant.

The former is plainly impracticable, where the private company has rights in the streets for a long term of years. The alternative, therefore, in the case of Detroit, was to buy the existing plant. The municipality did not have the necessary legal authority to own and operate street railways. Accordingly, in March last, an enabling act was passed by the Legislature of Michigan. Under the provisions of that act, the common council of Detroit appointed three citizens as commissioners to manage the railways. Subsequently a self appointed “citizens’ committee,” organized by sympathizers with the holders of special privileges, instituted legal proceedings to attack the consti-

tutionality of the municipal ownership act. The Supreme Court agreed with them, and declared the act unconstitutional. It decided that the municipality is a creature of the State, and therefore a part of the State government. The constitution prohibits the State from engaging in a work of "internal improvement." The court said that street railways are an internal improvement, and therefore a municipality, being a creature of the State and part of it, could not own and operate street railways.

The court ruled that in construing the constitution, street railways are to be classed with steam railroads, although there was not a street railway in the State of Michigan when the constitution was adopted. Its opinion is based on the old railroad aid bond decisions of 1872, in which the Supreme Court of Michigan was in conflict with more than twenty other State Supreme Court decisions, and with those of the Supreme Court of the United States. This old doctrine, so uniformly rejected all over the country, the Michigan Supreme Court now extends to the case of a municipal street railway, which is a matter of purely local concern, and is in no sense an "internal improvement" within the meaning of the constitution.

Public parks, boulevards, waterworks, and lighting plants are also "internal improvements" in the same sense as are street railways. The logical conclusion of the decision of the Michigan Supreme Court, therefore, is that the municipal construction and maintenance of public parks, boulevards, water and lighting plants, is in violation of the constitution of the State. Under this same decision, it is probably true that townships and counties cannot build and improve public roads, they being works of "internal improvement," and townships and counties being still larger divisions of the State than cities.

A number of the leading lawyers of Michigan, before the decision was rendered, pronounced the act unquestionably constitutional; but it is profitless to take issue with a court of last resort. Its reasoning is supposed to be final. It is hardly likely, however, that the people of Michigan will rest content with the logic of the court. The people make constitutions and elect judges. A volume of

adverse decisions of courts cannot check the public demand that natural monopolies like street railways be managed and operated in the interest and for the benefit of the people.

The street railway commissioners, appointed under the municipal ownership act, after the decision of the court, organized a street railway company with themselves as incorporators, and proposed to acquire the railways and operate them, without profit to themselves, under the direction of the common council, in the interest of the people, with fares at actual cost. The plan contemplated an amendment to the constitution permitting cities to own and operate street railways, and a subsequent transfer by the people's company to the city. Such an amendment would unquestionably be ratified by the people of the State.

Some time prior to the decision of the Supreme Court, the three commissioners opened negotiations with the representatives of the street railway companies. A basis of valuation of the physical property and of the franchises was agreed upon and published. The result of the appraisal fixed the value of all the property at \$16,500,000 in round figures. Of this \$8,500,000 is the value of the franchises—that is, it is what the companies can earn from the franchises during their existence. The result of the appraisal is most useful in demonstrating to the people, not only of Detroit, but of the whole country, the immense value of the franchises which they have been in the habit of practically giving away. The accuracy and fairness of the work of the appraisers have never been attacked, although a few, including the newspapers, have claimed that the valuation is excessive. In what respects it is excessive, they have not pretended to say or show.

The plan to acquire the railways for the city is in brief as follows:

First, the common council to grant to the people's company a franchise to be used as security, and to be of sufficient value to make the bonds secured by it worth approximately par.

Second, the existing company and the people's company to join in a mortgage of all the physical property and of the security franchise to an amount substantially equal to the valuation of the property.

Third, the existing company to transfer



all the property to the people's company, subject to the mortgage.

Fourth, the council to grant an amendment to the security franchise, fixing fares at three cents, or at any amount it may determine, and giving the council very large powers of control and disposition of the property. This has been called the "working" ordinance.

By this arrangement, which is not at all complicated, the lowest possible fares, starting at three cents, would be established at once, and there would never be any probability of the rates in the security franchise being enforced or of the property reverting, by default or failure, to the existing company or to the stockholders. It is immaterial how high the rates of fare in the security franchise, or how long its term, for they would never be enforced. With the most unsuccessful results imaginable under low fares, the people would not permit the railways to revert to the bondholders.

The contention is made by the opponents of the plan that if three cent fares were profitable, the private companies would reduce fares from five to three cents. In the first place, private corporations are seldom known to make concessions until forced to do so. In the second place, with a franchise limited to a term of years, it is necessary for them to charge the highest fare allowed by the franchise, in order to earn enough to pay not only interest on their investment, but to repay the principal as well. Under municipal ownership, however, the franchise to use the streets is practically perpetual. It is not incumbent, therefore, upon the city to charge high fares in order to repay the principal of the investment within a given term of years. So it is that low fares are possible under municipal ownership, although they may not be practical under private ownership.

The only object of the security franchise is to make the bonds worth as near their face value as possible. The bonds would not be marketable if secured by a three cent fare ordinance. Investors, traditionally the most exacting and conservative class of people, would look askance at such bonds, because the practicability of fares lower than five cents has never been settled "beyond the peradventure of a doubt," and nothing less than absolute certainty would satisfy

them. The rates proposed in the security franchise are six tickets for twenty five cents, eight tickets for twenty five cents during workingmen's hours—two hours in the morning and one and a half in the evening—ten tickets for twenty five cents for school children, and universal transfers. This is a very much better ordinance for the people than the ones now in existence. The term of the security franchise is thirty years, with a privilege to the city of eighteen years additional if it needs such an extension in order to pay the mortgage indebtedness. Of course, when the debt is paid, the franchise terminates.

Under the ordinances proposed, the common council could prevent foreclosure, and could provide for the payment of the indebtedness, so that the property would remain in the possession of the city, free from debt, and with no outstanding franchises. The proposed plan does not subject the city or any of its taxpayers to any personal liability whatever.

The merits of the proposed plan for ultimate municipal ownership have been purposely obscured by its opponents. Public attention has been diverted by attacks upon the reputations of citizens whose characters are above reproach. Libel suits have resulted. Politicians have sought to reap personal advantage by misrepresenting the plan, and by posing as guardians of the people's rights. Newspapers have persistently avoided publishing the arguments for the proposal, and have kept its merits and its features in the background. The defenders of special privileges and their emissaries have intimidated aldermen by threats of social ostracism and damage to their business through boycott. The wildest statements have passed uncontradicted, because of the disposition of the press to deny the advocates of municipal ownership a fair hearing, or any hearing at all.

The campaign waged by politicians and newspapers in behalf of the privileged interests has been very shrewdly conducted. An exposure of their methods would make an interesting chapter in the history of the growth of municipal ownership in this country. I believe that such methods are employed, not in Detroit alone, but in every city where municipal ownership is an issue. Indeed, the question might not be so prominent and urgent were it not

for the greed of private interests. The efforts of the corporations holding special privileges in the streets of our cities to squeeze as much as possible out of the people who pay street car fares, water rates, and gas bills, is largely responsible for the present agitation in favor of municipal ownership.

The people are generally unorganized, and rarely do they appreciate the import-

ance and value of the privileges granted in the shape of franchises to private corporations, until the mischief is done. Private interests, on the other hand, are always thoroughly organized, and their agents are active and alert. It is through public officials, pretended guardians of the rights of the people, that they work most effectively; and their efforts are ably seconded by the newspapers.

## ON THE NIGHT DESK.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

A STORY OF NEWSPAPER LIFE IN WAR TIME—AN EVENTFUL NIGHT IN THE "COURIER" OFFICE, AND JACK WATERS' GRAND OPPORTUNITY FOR AVENGING HIS WRONGS.

MR. PIERCING, managing editor of the *Courier*, had not arrived yet, so Jack laid the resignation he had prepared with considerable care in a conspicuous position upon his desk. He paused to regard briefly the neat envelope, realizing with a fierce joy that he was burning his bridges behind him; then, shoving his hands deeply into his pockets, he turned and walked rather grimly down the hall.

It was somewhat early in the day, but most of the department men were at their desks. Lyndon, the Sunday editor, who never had less than three things to do at once and twenty more to think of, was writing his schedule with one hand and tapping nervously with the other as he listened to an eager female contributor. In the next room the financial editor, a pale, industrious man whose twenty years of service had gained for him only the ability and the privilege to do four men's work, was writing steadily. Across the hall the obituary editor was preparing the official past of some politician or prize fighter or poet who would probably breathe his last before midnight. Or if, by any chance, he did not, it was no matter; he would die some time, and the story would be ready.

In the dramatic room the men were discussing a patriotic farce comedy put on at one of the theaters the night before; while, just beyond, the foreign editor and his associate, with maps of the West Indies and the Philippines before them, were delving through the last batch of London periodicals, seeking for whatever

they might with benefit appropriate to the *Courier's* columns.

As he passed, Jack regarded each with pitying attention, and shoved his hands a bit deeper into his pockets. "Machines," he said savagely, "wearing out their lives!"

He knew that most of these men had been originally brought to New York from other cities; many of them, like himself, because of cleverness in some novel line of work that had sooner or later become an old story in the *Courier's* pages. Then, and also like himself, they had chosen between the daily grind of executive duties and disappearing altogether from the *Courier's* horizon. Few such had chosen to go. He was glad that his own resignation had been firm as well as courteous.

The city room was still all but empty. Jack lit his pipe and flung himself down at a vacant desk, smoking violently. He had been badly treated—wilfully misused throughout. He would show them that there was one man in the place, at least, with enough spirit to resent such usage.

It was the night editor, McBride, who had made life a burden to him. He was a heavy, slouching individual, and had been head printer up stairs before he became an autocrat of whom now even the managing editor stood in awe. He had been selected for his position mainly because of the fact that he could bully the powers of the composing room into accomplishments in the way of "spread heads" and economies of space which a less resolute man, and one unused to type

forms and the men who handle them, would have found difficult of attainment. It requires technical knowledge as well as an energy of language to convince the foreman of a composing room that a particular feature can be made to occupy a certain desirable place in the paper when he has made up his mind to another arrangement. Mr. McBride of the *Courier* was not without merit in his appointed field. News was what Mr. McBride believed in—unembellished news; for which reason it had happened that Jack's copy suffered just in proportion to the extent to which the forms were crowded with the day's sensations. Jack had wondered at last why he was there at all, and raged inwardly at McBride, who manhandled his copy more and more as the war clouds that had gathered over Havana widened and filled the horizon.

With a thirst for the experience, and a view to magazine work later on, he had asked Piercing for a place on the despatch boat then lying at Key West. To his exceeding joy it had been promised him, and he had made all preparations for going, even to writing the good news to his old college chum, Coningsby, who was off on his steam yacht for a two years' cruise, and who, to Jack's delight, had cabled a promise to join him at the front; and then, at the last moment, when he had been all ready to start, they had suddenly assigned him to a place in the office on the war desk, and had sent Collier, a protégé of McBride's, in his stead.

Jack had been stunned at first. Then he had gone across to the café and cursed Piercing and McBride and the office generally to an audience who, also having grievances, sympathized with him while it allowed him to pay for sundry beverages. At the office he could obtain no reason for the change. Nobody ever knew the reason for anything in the *Courier* office. Collier, the man sent in his place, was a showy, spectacular fellow with a knack of getting sensations. In the night editor's absence he had often acted as his substitute.

Jack would have gone in spite of all, but it was too late to enlist, and his means were far too slender to permit him to go as a free lance. The situation became more and more galling, until finally, on arriving one morning, he had found in his box the request from Pier-

cing that, beginning with that night, he would, during Collier's absence, take McBride's desk for one night each week, during that worthy's night off. And this had been the final straw!

He knew, of course, that former experience and a certain executive ability displayed by him on the war desk had resulted in this arrangement, and that it was doubtless regarded by Piercing as being somewhat in the nature of advancement. But to Jack it meant simply "subbing" in Collier's place for McBride the printer—a humiliation he declined to accept.

He had embodied his answer to the managing editor's note in a letter of resignation wherein he condensed his resolution into a few direct and well chosen words. It had been hard to be courteous. In his rage he would willingly have seen the whole office wiped out by a cyclone, licked up by flames, or even beaten on a big battle story by their hated contemporary, the *Globe*, which would be infinitely worse than either.

To Coningsby, then lying at Kingston, Jamaica, he had at once cabled his disappointment in a single brief, bitter line. Coningsby's reply had been full of regret and sympathy and written on the eve of joining the American squadron. He was now at Santiago, where the Spanish fleet had been definitely located just three days before.

They were already fighting there—at least, the sound of cannonading had been reported—and Jack cursed silently as he pictured the happiness of Collier and the lucky fellows with him on the *Courier* boat. He imagined the arrogant Collier dining with Coningsby on his yacht, and informing him in his self sufficient manner that Waters was a bright enough chap in his way, but hardly up to this sort of thing. He imagined himself killing Collier by various unpleasant and lingering methods. Then he became seized of an unholy exultation in the thought that the conceited fellow in his eagerness for an exclusive story might through some idiotic venture "fall down" and the *Courier* be beaten by its rivals. That would be triumph indeed!

But this was a momentary joy. Collier was a lucky fellow, and not altogether a fool. In the will o' the wisp chase after the Spanish fleet there had been little op-

portunity to report. He was with the squadron, of course, and would see the fun. Jack knocked the ashes out of his pipe fiercely and clenched his teeth hard.

"I'll get square with you, Sam McBride," he growled, "and the whole damned office yet!"

Just then a boy from the reception room lounged in and laid a card before him. Jack glanced at it and read the name half aloud:

"H'm—Mrs. Maxon Fleet," and added suddenly, "Cæsar's ghost! I forgot all about that infernal wedding!"

## II.

MRS. MAXON FLEET looked up brightly as Jack entered the reception room. She was young, pretty, and smartly dressed, and in spite of his mental disturbance Mr. Waters reflected that she certainly was a very attractive woman. His acquaintance with her had been incidental and somewhat recent, but he had seen a good deal of her since. She was keen and clever in a way, and Mr. Maxon Fleet, who had something to do with railroads, gave her a great deal of money to spend. She had literary as well as social ambitions, and a rather bizarre suite of apartments where one usually found a somewhat mixed crowd on Sunday afternoons.

She extended her hand as Jack approached, and he led her to a seat in one corner, where they could talk with greater freedom. She regarded him a moment quizzically.

"You're a nice man, aren't you," she said, "not to come to my wedding?"

"Your wedding?"

"Why, yes, of course. Wasn't I chief adviser and general master of ceremonies?"

Her tone of banter was infectious and Jack parried.

"Oh, I see; and why do you think I wasn't there?"

"I don't think—I know! I have eyes, haven't I?"

Mrs. Maxon Fleet certainly did have eyes, and Jack reflected that they were very attractive ones.

"But in the crowd," he urged defensively—"how could you see me in the crowd?"

"Crowd! Oh, no, I *couldn't* see you in the crowd! Confess," she added, "that you don't know what kind of a night it

was—that you don't even know *what* night it was—now, do you?"

Jack made a hasty effort to remember, and gave it up with a laugh.

"No, really, I don't," he owned. "The fact is, I've had a good deal to bother me of late, and I did forget, really. What can I do to atone?"

Mrs. Maxon Fleet hesitated and regarded him keenly, as if to discover how far this offer of atonement might be counted upon. It was too soon, however, for the test.

"It was just as well for you that you didn't go," she said consolingly.

"But why? Wasn't it pleasant?"

"What a memory you have! It poured torrents! I ruined my dress getting from the carriage to the church. And there weren't fifty people there, including the bride and minister. Just think—St. Thomas', too, and over a thousand invitations!"

Mrs. Fleet's banter had become petulant and Jack was responsive.

"What a shame!" he sympathized. "But, then, the invitations were mostly outside, of course. Your friends were not New York people, I believe."

"But we—they invited New York people. Alice's people are from the South themselves, but she went to school up here with me, and there were other New York girls there. Then, the groom knows a few people here, too, and we all made up a list of our friends and got a list of their friends, and there were nearly a thousand invitations sent in the city alone."

"Oh," Jack said, "*that* was the way of it?"

"Yes; you see, they wanted a crowd at the church," she explained, "and that was the only way to get it. Alice is their only child, and they have looked forward all their lives to giving her a big wedding. They had it at St. Thomas' because that's the swell thing now, and they rented a big furnished mansion on Fifth Avenue for the wedding supper. They had it served by Del, and champagne flowed like water. It cost Alice's father a fortune, but he doesn't mind that. He's rich—worth a million, any way. It really was too bad, though, that it should be such a wretched night. But that isn't the worst of it, by any means." The smile had faded out of Mrs. Maxon Fleet's



face, and a look that was almost accusing had taken its place. Jack vaguely wondered what was coming. "That isn't the worst of it!" she repeated, raising her voice a little and then glancing about hastily to see if any one were listening. "It's perfectly awful!"

"Did—did any one behave badly?" ventured Jack.

"At the wedding? No; but the reporters and their newspapers did, afterwards. They were perfectly horrid—every one of them!"

"I saw nothing in the *Courier*," Jack said reflectively. (They had probably made a funny story of it.) "What did they say?"

Mrs. Fleet's expression became severe.

"Say? They didn't say anything! That's just the trouble! There wasn't a paper in town," she continued earnestly, "that gave it more than so much"—pausing and indicating on her tiny forefinger a point just above the second dainty knuckle. "And the reporters were all there, too, and ate and drank ever so much and carried off their pockets full of cigars. And to think what they did! Your old *Courier* had just six lines stuck away off in one corner where nobody would ever see it. It's a perfect shame!"

There was a slight flush on the lady's face. Jack tried to look surprised and sympathetic.

"Yes," he said, "it is a shame—it's too bad, really—but it wasn't the fault of the reporters. They would have written columns if they could—that's the way they earn their living. But everything is sacrificed for war news just now. They cut my stuff all to pieces for weeks. Then they stopped it entirely and put me on the war desk."

Mrs. Fleet looked puzzled, but she had caught the gist of his reply.

"And don't the reporters have the say so of what goes in?" she asked.

"Well, no."

"But who does, then?"

"Oh, the society editor and the managing editor and the city editor and one or two others. The night editor has the last slash at it. He's probably to blame in this office. You see, to be merely well off and respectable and have a swell wedding isn't good for much space just now. So many people in New York are

worth a million, you know—people with more than that are getting married every day."

He paused, and his companion smiled rather shrewdly as their eyes met. When she spoke again her voice was low and earnest.

"Mr. Waters," she said, "this is all my fault. I know how papers do. At least, I ought to know—I've lived here all my life. But I—but somebody told Alice's father that if he had the wedding at St. Thomas' and a swell supper with the reporters there, and gave them a lot to eat with plenty of wine and cigars, he would get a long notice in every paper in town. That was what they wanted—what they've lived and looked forward to ever since Alice was born. They had the wedding here and made all the show and went to all the expense for the single reason that they wanted the papers to make a big spread so they could buy a lot of them and send them to the people down South. And now it's all a failure. There isn't a single paper we can send anywhere. The *Globe* had the most, and it was nothing. Besides, everybody knows what the *Globe* is." The lady paused for breath, and in spite of themselves both smiled. "It's funny, of course," she continued, "but it's tragic, too. They got a lot of letters this morning from the South asking for papers. It's awful—simply awful!"

It was awful—Jack realized this—a tragedy to these simple people who had acquired what was to them great wealth, and with it the not uncommon desire for metropolitan recognition with which to overwhelm their friends and neighbors at home. Their one chance to do this had failed them.

"It was my fault," Mrs. Fleet repeated. "I should have told them to go right to the editors in the first place."

Jack shook his head.

"That wouldn't have helped matters," he said reflectively; "at least, I think not."

"But if we—if Alice's father had paid them? He doesn't care for money, you know. He would have paid anything."

Jack regarded her with curious interest and amusement.

"Oh, as to that, I couldn't say. I've heard of such things."

Mrs. Fleet leaned forward and her voice dropped almost to a whisper.

"Is it too late now?" she said anxiously.

"You mean, to get in a column or so by paying for it?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, or even less. Half a column or three quarters. They will have it all written out—I will do it for them—you will only have to fix it up and give it to the right person. Tell him they will pay anything. Five hundred—a thousand dollars, even, for as much as half a column. They said so."

Jack flushed and looked down at the shrewd, wheedling face before him. He suspected that it was as much on her own account as for her friends that she was making this effort, and that she would go almost any length to obtain her ends. She did not fully realize, of course, he thought. Women seldom did.

They were quite alone now in the big, showy room which to Jack had always seemed a gilded tomb of the countless hopes that had died there. How many threadbare men and faded women he had seen waiting, hungry eyed, on the pleasure of some petty lieutenant from within, who only came at last to destroy with a curt word ambitions cherished for a lifetime. He had always felt a great pity for these people to whom success would have meant daily bread. He realized now that other hopes—hopes wherein the thought of money had no part—perished here also. He reflected that he was sorry for these, too, though in a different way. Then he smiled rather oddly. It would serve the paper right, he thought, if somebody would run in this old wedding story on them. He wouldn't do it himself, of course—he couldn't, even if he wanted to. Nobody could, unless it was McBride, and even McBride would hardly sell so openly.

"You see," he said at last, slowly, "I don't believe it could be done. It would make the paper ridiculous to print an old story, and any man who did it would probably lose his position. Not that I'd care for that part of it, myself," he added, with a forced laugh. "I'm going Saturday, any way; but I couldn't do it, you know—that is, I couldn't do it even if—" he had been about to say "even if I wanted to," but hesitated for fear that this would sound rude, and added, "even if I should undertake it. There's only one man that could," he continued; "that's McBride,

the night editor, and he'd be afraid to. He *could* do it, of course, but he wouldn't, and there's nobody else that could—that is, nobody except his sub—"

Jack paused suddenly and a strange look came into his face. For the first time during their conversation he remembered that tonight, in all probability, he himself would be McBride's substitute! Mrs. Fleet noticed his sudden hesitation.

"Oh!" she said, "there is somebody else, then?"

The expression on Jack's face was not pleasant. He half closed his eyes and looked at her through the lids as he replied.

"There's a fellow who might *like* to do it," he said. "I've been told he is going to take McBride's place tonight. And he's going to leave, too. The paper hasn't treated him well—it hasn't kept its promises—and he would like to get even."

Mrs. Fleet clasped her hands ecstatically.

"Oh, then, he'll do it, won't he?" she exclaimed eagerly.

Jack did not reply at once. He was holding the possibility of revenge to his heart a moment before letting go of it.

"No," he said slowly, at last, "I don't think he would. You see it wouldn't be—quite right, when he is going to leave."

But Mrs. Fleet did not see.

"Why, if he's going away anyhow," she said, "what difference will it make? The difference would be if he stayed!"

The scorn in Jack's face would have been patent to a close observer. No, women did not understand—at least, not this woman.

"I don't think he'd do it," he said, with some decision. "It wouldn't be the square thing."

Mrs. Fleet tossed her head.

"Oh, pshaw!" she said. "The papers never do the square thing themselves. Just see how they've done with him, and how they do in politics—support whoever pays them the most. Of course he'll do it! Why shouldn't he if they've mistreated and deceived him? You talk to him and tell him just how it is. Offer him a thousand dollars. Alice's father will pay—he will pay *two thousand dollars*! You can give that fellow what you choose of it. Buy him for whatever you can. We will give you two thousand dollars to do it with—only do it! Offer him—"

Jack rose abruptly and strode up and down the room. An hour ago he had sworn revenge. A half column or so on a back page would hardly be noticed in the present turmoil of news getting. And the money! With two thousand dollars he could go to the front independent of them all. They owed him more than that—they had damaged his work more than that, twice over. They had broken faith with him, they had humiliated him, they had— He halted suddenly in his stride and faced his companion, who had risen also and was watching him anxiously.

"Mrs. Fleet," he said, and his voice was so quick and harsh that the woman started, "Mrs. Fleet, you may tell your friends that I will—that I will do what I can to help them in this matter. I cannot promise, of course. There are no certainties in a newspaper office. The man may not be on tonight, or he may—he may find it for some reason impossible. I know he is bitter against the paper, and I know he needs money. I will do what I can—that is all I can say."

"Oh, Mr. Waters——"

"No, don't thank me. This is a business transaction."

Mrs. Fleet shivered at the tone, but she forced a laugh and held out her hand. There was a look in her eyes of mingled anxiety and resentment. Jack was regarding her with curious scrutiny, but he seemed to see beyond her, and he did not notice her hand.

### III.

OUT on the street the air was mild and soft, and electric lights bloomed variously. Around the bulletin boards lingered the crowds that never entirely disappeared at any hour. They were larger tonight than usual. A ship hurrying to the cover of a Haitian port had reported the sound of heavy cannonading in the direction of Santiago, and a battle was believed to have been fought. Newsboys shouting "U-uxtry!" and waving fiercely printed pages were making the most of the rumor. Jack bought one of them and ran his eye over the vulgar, misleading head lines, and the few staring black paragraphs below that told all there was of the report—told it over and over with absurd variations to make it seem worth the

price. He crushed the paper and flung it down on the pavement.

A little farther up the street he bought a more conservative sheet, and saw that they, too, gave credence to the story. Well, if it were so, all the better. Collier would send in a lot of stuff, and in the excitement of battle news the wedding story would not count. It seemed like the sport of fate that on his one night on the desk he should have to handle Collier's first battle story.

He turned on his heel and hurried back to the office. Mrs. Fleet's copy was likely to come in at any time, and he wished to receive it with his own hands. As he entered and passed down the hall he met the managing editor. Mr. Piercing nodded pleasantly and stopped. He seemed to be in an unusually good humor.

"Oh, by the way, Waters," he said, "I'm sorry you're going to leave us. You'll be with us tonight, of course, and you did right to come early. Mr. McBride is here and will give you some instructions before he goes. There seems to be really something in this battle rumor, and I'm looking for a big story tonight from Mr. Collier. You'll have no trouble, though, for I shall be around myself until we go down. Anything of importance or that you're in doubt over bring in to me."

He passed on briskly, and Jack sought out McBride, who was lounging back in his chair and smoking a very black cob pipe. As Jack approached, he grunted something that was probably intended as a greeting. Then he smoked.

"Well," he said presently, "you're going to hold it down tonight, are you?"

Jack nodded indifferently.

"Those are the orders," he said.

McBride swung slowly around to the desk.

"Piercing will be around, any way," he grunted, "so you'll have no responsibility. There's a German complication Manila story and a cartoon for the front page, unless the stuff comes from Collier. If it does, run the Manila on three. Run the Collier story on the front page, of course. They're making a picture for it now in the art room." He rose heavily. "I shouldn't wonder if Collier got a clean beat," he added. "It would be just like him to lead the others all off on a wild goose chase and then scoop the lot of them. If he does, you want to make it

count. But then, as I said, Piercing knows the scheme, any way. All you'll have to do is to go up stairs and cuss a few times. The paper ought to run itself one night in the week."

Jack slipped into the chair and wheeled around to the desk without replying.

McBride turned to leave with a sort of sleepy disdain in his movement. As he did so Piercing entered hastily. He had a telegraph blank in his hand, and Jack noticed that he was deathly white.

"Mr. McBride," he said huskily, "we are in a most unfortunate predicament. This despatch is from Collier. He has just arrived with the boat at Key West!"

McBride stared at him uncomprehendingly. The truth was too terrible to be taken in without preparation.

"At Key West!" repeated Piercing sharply. "Three days from Santiago. Do you understand?"

Mr. McBride did understand by this time, for he ripped out a huge, amazed oath and added:

"What the h—l is he doing at Key West?"

The managing editor held up the message with an unsteady hand.

"Mr. Collier seems to have been altogether too enterprising," he replied, with harsh sarcasm. "He appears to have left the squadron and set out to find the Spanish fleet on his own account. You can see what he says."

McBride leaned forward a little and read the despatch aloud with thick emphasis on each word:

"Have sailed around the entire island of Cuba. Found no Spanish vessels. Instructions.

COLLIER."

The night editor rammed his hands into his pockets and stared down at the desk in front of him.

"Suffering angels!" he groaned. "And the cursed jackass doesn't even know yet that they're found!"

"He does now," said Piercing significantly. "I wired him instructions. He's probably on the way to Santiago by this time. It's seven hundred miles," he added, "and, of course, we're practically helpless till he gets there. If there was a battle yesterday, as reported, we're beaten, unless all the other despatch boats were misled, too. That's our only hope."

The managing editor had recovered

control of himself, but he spoke with biting severity. McBride slouched down into his misfitting garments and continued to stare in a dazed way at the desk in front of him.

"Seven hundred miles away," he repeated, "trying to catch the Spanish fleet with a tug boat. Seven hundred miles, and a battle fought yesterday! Oh, the jackass!"

The managing editor turned and left the room abruptly, followed a moment later by McBride. Jack closed the door after them—he wanted to be alone with his triumph.

His brain was like a merry go round, but there was one fact that remained clear and distinct. Collier had failed—failed utterly! He had been given the chance of his life, and in his overweening self conceit he had attempted to outwit and surpass all others, only to fall down completely and make himself and the paper ridiculous before all the world.

He walked up and down the room. It served them right. It served them right for the way they had treated him. Tomorrow the other papers would all have the story, and the *Courier* would have nothing. The door opened, and a boy came in with a bundle of proofs. Close behind him was another boy with a thick envelope. Jack recognized Mrs. Maxon Fleet's handwriting—it was the story of the wedding. Oh, yes, the paper would have something—it would have that!

He seated himself at the desk and pulled open the envelope. There was no accompanying note, and the manuscript was neatly prepared. There would be time enough to send it up later. Then he picked up the bundle of proofs and began running over them, but he had no clear idea of what he was doing. He had lost all conception of values, of proportion, of right and wrong, of everything except the one fact that Collier and McBride had been defeated, and that he had triumphed! Even when still another boy came in and laid a blue cable envelope before him he stared at it for a moment witlessly before he realized that it was a cablegram and bore his address. Then he tore this open, too, and read it through twice, and yet twice more before he grasped the full meaning of it.

It was dated at Kingston, Jamaica, and ran:



Saw bombardment yesterday. No despatch boats. Shall I send account to *Courier*?

CONINGSBY.

Then the fullness of it came upon him. The other boats had been led away, too, by some false report. Faithful old Coningsby had been the only one to see the fight, and had steamed over to the cable station to give him the benefit. He, Jack Waters, held the world, the newspaper world, in his grasp!

Jack felt something catch him in the breast, and his heart stopped still. Then it started to beating again with great, irregular thumps. In this sudden and new development all thought of treachery was for the moment swept away. His newspaper loyalty surged uppermost, and he only saw before him a great and overwhelming triumph for his paper. Then, close behind, came the thought that he could crush it to the earth. McBride, Piercing, Collier—he could grind them in the dust. Suddenly he remembered that he could make it cut both ways. Coningsby would cable as he ordered. Any paper along the row would pay whatever he asked for the story. The hated *Globe* would fall on its knees to him and double any other offer. He could make them pay as much for it as he was to have for the wedding story—more—twice as much! He held all the winning cards, and he knew the game!

He sat perfectly still, staring at the objects before him, his mind almost an entire blank. He noticed absently that the room was warm and close, and wondered why there was not a window open. Then he began to reason, as he believed, very calmly. He had borne with indignity and disappointment and broken faith. By giving the wedding story to the *Courier* and Coningsby's to the *Globe* he would be avenged for everything. Besides, he would have money—plenty of it—enough to take him where he wished and hungered to be—only—

He rose with a quick motion and, seizing the cable, hurried out through the city room, where a few men were already at work. As he passed into the hall he noticed that the door of the managing editor's room stood open. Piercing, white and haggard, sat at his desk, tapping idly on his inkstand with a pencil. A few feet away McBride sat huddled in a chair, staring intently at the cuspidor. Jack

hesitated an instant on the threshold; then entered almost hastily.

"Mr. Piercing," he said "you told me to come to you with anything of importance or doubt;" and he laid Coningsby's cablegram on the desk before him.

\* \* \* \*

Everybody knows how the *Courier* beat the town. They had the main facts of the battle in the first edition, more detail in the second, and in subsequent editions the story of the battle complete, with pictures of the ships engaged, portraits of the commanders of each, and what they had said after the engagement. It was Coningsby's maiden effort, and he acquitted himself as one to whom all things are made possible. With an enthusiasm born of the situation and a royal disregard of expense, he kept on cabling until Jack finally wired briefly:

Let up, old man. The enemy are all dead here, too.

Then Jack went out on the street, where the glare of electricity and the flare of gas were fading in the white air of morning.

By this time all the papers had out extras telling the story with amazing elaborations, as cabled from London, Havana, Santiago, Madrid—any place that would serve to blind the public to their defeat. The elaborations were their own—the story they had lifted from the *Courier*, entire. One only of these had the decency to give the *Courier* credit.

When he came down at noon the managing editor was already there. Jack looked at him and decided that he had not left the office at all.

"Mr. Waters," he said, "we have just chartered your friend's yacht by cable. He will remain with the squadron at Santiago. The other boat we shall use elsewhere."

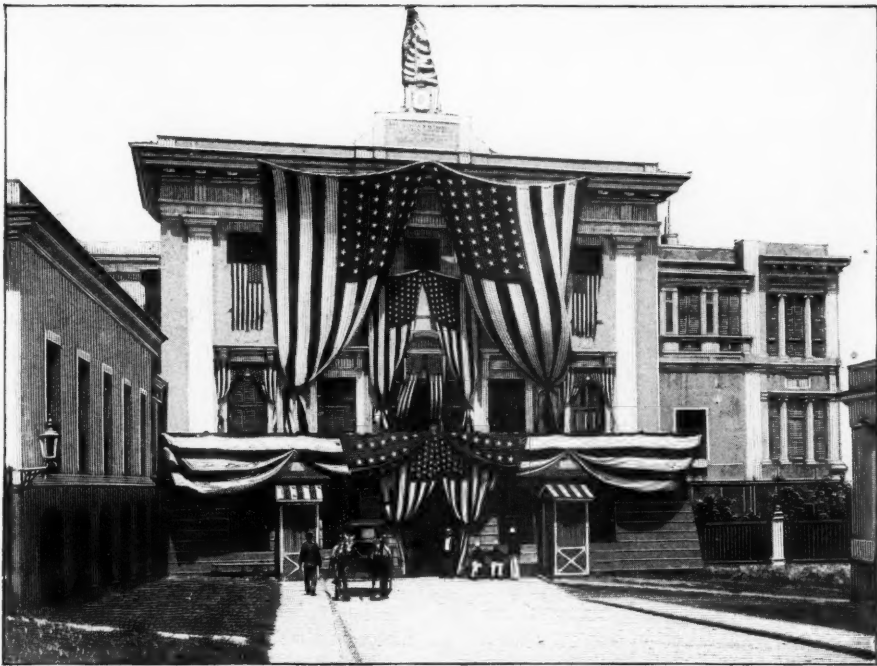
Jack nodded. He was not surprised.

Mr. Piercing hesitated and looked the least bit embarrassed. Then all at once he took Jack's hand.

"Waters," he said, "I want you to recall your resignation. We want you to join Coningsby and take charge. Can you start today?"

Jack whitened a little, but his voice was quite steady.

"Yes, in an hour," he said, and added, as a faint smile twitched about his lips, "I've been ready, you know, for some time."



THE FORTALEZA, OR MILITARY HEADQUARTERS, IN SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, ON JULY 4, 1899.

## OUR DUTY IN PORTO RICO.

BY BRIGADIER GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, UNITED STATES ARMY,

Late Major General United States Volunteers and Governor General of Porto Rico.

THE WEST INDIAN ISLAND WHICH HAS BECOME PART OF THE TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES, THE CONDITION IN WHICH ITS SPANISH RULERS LEFT IT, ITS PRESENT NEEDS, AND THE PROBLEMS WITH WHICH CONGRESS IS NOW CALLED UPON TO DEAL.

WHEN I assumed office as military governor of Porto Rico, on the 5th of December, 1898, an experience of more than four months in command of the district of Ponce had firmly impressed me with three facts:

First, that the Porto Ricans were sincere in their welcome to the Americans.

Second, that they really are an amiable and intelligent people.

Third, that the condition of the island and its needs were such as to call for immediate attention on the part of the government.

As commander at Ponce, I had been brought into close relations with the people, and I realized then that much

trouble and apparent injustice would precede the ultimate settling of affairs in the island.

It was an entirely new duty for American army officers. There was no precedent in the experience of those so suddenly placed in charge of this our first real colony, upon which their policy could be based. As I caused the military element gradually to give way to the civil functions, I recognized more and more that all my official acts must rest upon the simple foundation of justice and common sense. Everything was chaos. Past oppressions, present disturbances—the natural disturbances following upon an abrupt and violent change of government



THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S PALACE AT SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, OVERLOOKING THE ENTRANCE OF SAN JUAN HARBOR.

—and bitter personal antagonisms had created a condition of affairs almost appalling. The work to be done was urgent and multiple. And not the least was the convincing of the natives that the American flag meant a release from all wrongs,

the beginning of an era of justice, and a share in that prosperity which seems the assured heritage of the American people.

It is well to say right here that circumstances have prevented the convincing of the natives of Porto Rico; that they



AIBONITO, ON THE ROAD BETWEEN SAN JUAN AND PONCE. THIS VILLAGE, IN FRONT OF WHICH THE SPANIARDS MADE THEIR PRINCIPAL STAND AGAINST GENERAL MILES' FORCES IN AUGUST, 1898, WAS ALMOST DESTROYED BY THE HURRICANE OF AUGUST 8 LAST.



THE FOURTH OF JULY IN PORTO RICO—CIVIC PARADE IN THE STREETS OF SAN JUAN, JULY 4, 1899.



still feel oppressed; that they chafe under surroundings which, if temporary, are still potent; that conditions in the island are unfortunate, to say the least, and that our duty to this childlike and worthy people is plain.

It should be thoroughly understood that the native Porto Ricans are not disloyal, lazy, nor viciously ignorant. Taking into consideration the facts that they have lived for centuries under the yoke of for-

and law abiding citizens, and although they suffer from ignorance caused by a woeful lack of systematic schooling, only about fifteen per cent being able to read and write, the fact is not as apparent and noteworthy as among the great mass of negroes and "poor whites" in our Southern States.

Ignorance, when not of a vicious tendency, can be excused in a people who, like the poorer class of Porto Ricans,



EXTERIOR OF THE CUARTEL GENERAL, OR MILITARY HEADQUARTERS, AT GUAYAMA. GENERAL BROOKE AND AFTERWARDS GENERAL FRED GRANT HAD THEIR HEADQUARTERS HERE.

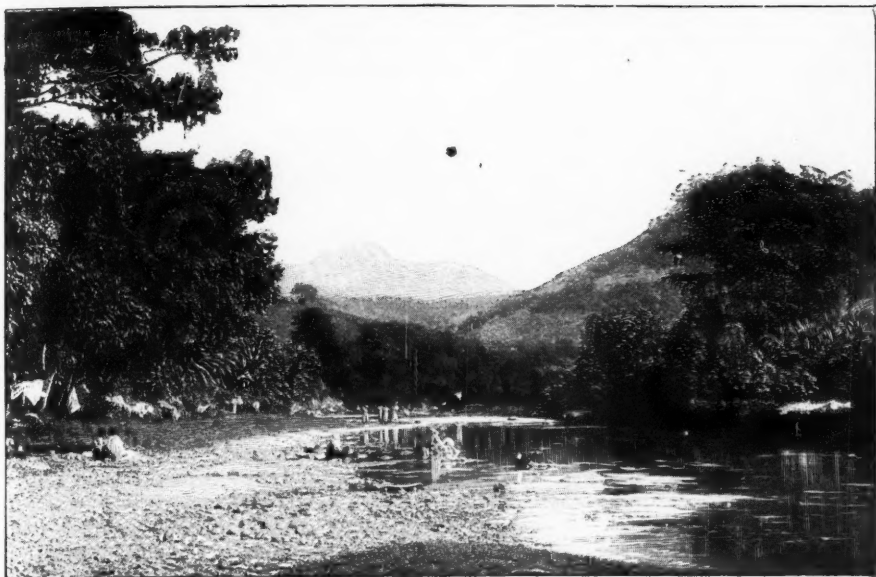
eign oppressors, that they have been subjected to a rule iniquitous in the extreme, and that misgovernment with all its evils has been held before them in interminable example, they are wonderfully moral and intelligent.

That is my opinion after a number of months of close intercourse and constant study.

I have yet to hear from an unbiased source anything to show that the people of Porto Rico are not loyal in their devotion to their new country, hospitable to a fault, and industrious. They are peaceful

and have been deprived of schools save such as were not calculated to encourage attendance. Compulsory education was entirely unknown in the island, and parents who had not themselves received any education paid little heed to the matter. Today, however, they are anxious to have their children educated, and are eager for the establishment of public schools. That in itself should be encouraging to those in this country who prophesy a bright future for the island.

It should be mentioned in passing that the better element of the population, es-

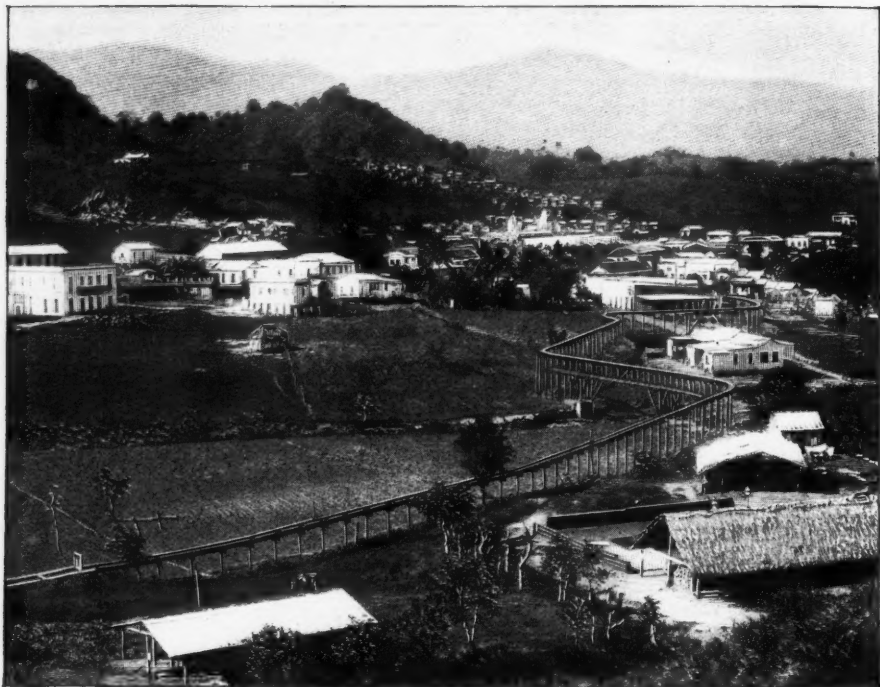


THE RIO DE YAUCO, NEAR YAUCO, PORTO RICO.



THE RIO DE COAMO, AT COAMO, NEAR THE SCENE OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF AUGUST 9, 1898.

PORTO RICAN RIVERS—BROOKS IN DRY WEATHER, DESTRUCTIVE TORRENTS AFTER A STORM.



THE TOWN OF UTUADO, IN THE HILL COUNTRY NEAR THE CENTER OF PORTO RICO. THIS WAS THE FURTHEST POINT REACHED BY GENERAL HENRY'S BRIGADE IN ITS MARCH ACROSS THE ISLAND IN AUGUST, 1898.

pecially those in the larger cities, is as refined and educated as its corresponding class in the United States, and that is the class upon which the political and commercial redemption of Porto Rico must mainly depend.

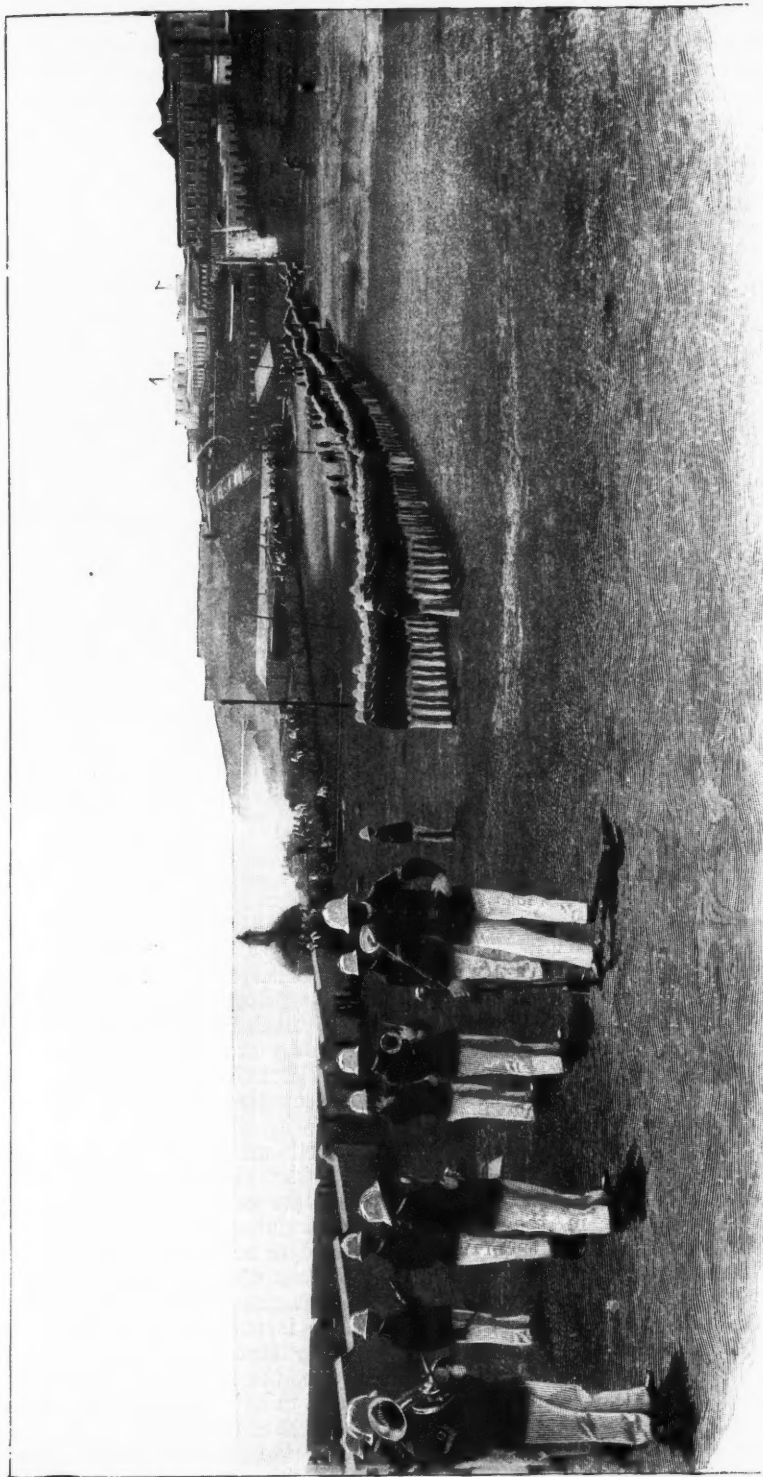
The system of government which prevailed under Spanish rule was such that the island cried aloud for relief and reform. There was little of justice, and no opportunity for appeal or reparation. The local government meant simply a network of offices created for the purpose of barefaced robbery and oppression. Porto Rico was a ripe orange to be squeezed at will by favorites of the Spaniards. Innumerable positions were created and distributed as rewards for political followers, and as safeguards for the defense of the government holding the people under subjection and control. Many of the offices were regarded as purely personal property, to be given out or sold for money.

The natives had no voice in the making of the laws under which they lived. There was a pretense of representation, but

only Spaniards or Spanish sympathizing Porto Ricans had weight with the captain general. The system of taxes was burdensome and unequal, and those who called the island their home were ground down as were the Israelites of old.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that the coming of the Americans was hailed with joy, and their welcome was warm and sincere. With the Latin extravagance of character, the natives hastily concluded that the passing of Spanish oppression and the Americanizing of their beloved island could be effected with the stroke of a pen and in the passing of a day.

In that rest all the misapprehension and all the discontent that have ensued during the past year. The people of Porto Rico did not know that reforms come as slowly as they are sure, and that no sweeping and momentous political departure can be effected without the aid of Congress and the enactment of Congressional laws. They did not take into consideration the fact that the President of the United States is an executive officer, and that the functions of his position are



PARADE OF UNITED STATES TROOPS ON THE CAMPO DEL MORRO, THE DRILL GROUND ADJOINING THE MORRO CASTLE, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, ON JULY 4, 1898. THE BARRACKS IN THE BACKGROUND WERE SERIOUSLY DAMAGED BY AMERICAN SHELLS WHEN SAMPSON BOMBARDED SAN JUAN ON MAY 12, 1898.



to enforce the laws made by Congress, and not to create them.

Much could be done and has been done to mitigate the oppression and injustice

"Third, the system of school education should be looked into, and it is my desire to ascertain how many teachers they can pay who can teach the American or Eng-



THE FAMOUS MILITARY ROAD BETWEEN SAN JUAN AND PONCE, WINDING UP THE HILL OF ASOMANTA TO THE PASS OF AIBONITO. THIS POSITION WAS OCCUPIED IN FORCE BY THE SPANIARDS IN AUGUST, 1898, AND HAD THE WAR LASTED A DAY LONGER A SERIOUS BATTLE WOULD HAVE BEEN FOUGHT HERE.

that prevailed in the island. It is not easy to undo the evil of centuries within the space of a few months.

My first duty on assuming command of the Department of Porto Rico was to announce a program giving the policy I had in view. In a circular addressed to the president and secretaries of the council then in existence, I said:

"First, as far as possible, I wish to give independence of action to the *alcaldes* (mayors) and councils in the various towns, that is, in the selection of their members and the *alcaldes*, and to hold them responsible for the condition of their towns. The *alcalde*, with his council, should use every effort to see the town kept in proper police, law and order, introduce sanitary regulations, and much more to the same effect.

"Second, a man in office is not to be removed except for cause.

lish language, commencing with the younger children. It is also my desire to introduce policemen as soon as possible, so as to teach the native policemen what their duties are, and also to encourage them to exercise some authority, which at present they seem not desirous of doing.

"Fourth, men should not be put in jail except when accompanied by charges with proper evidence, unless for necessary restraint, and then charges should be preferred as soon afterwards as possible. All persons who are in jail now should have their cases examined into, and if the evidence is not strong enough to hold them they must be released.

"Fifth, the matter of custom duties will have to be regulated by Congress, as well as that of the money.

"It is the intention to do everything possible with reference to improving the

towns, making object lessons of American methods that have resulted in the success of the American nation.

"Sixth, articles published in papers of an incendiary character, criticising those in authority and reflecting upon the government or its officers, will not be allowed.

"These are the general opinions I have in accepting the position, which is one fraught with many difficulties, and which requires constant attention and thoughtfulness. The intelligence of the Porto Ricans should show them that what I say

me any complaints, grievances, or recommendations they may desire. There seems to be a feeling in the island that at present they are ruled by one man power, which is a relic of the Spanish system. I wish to give the people every latitude consistent with discipline and good order, and wish to know what their views are and grant them as far as possible. In order to do this I desire that you should communicate with the *alcaldes*, and they with their councils, and that there should be sent from those bodies in such towns as you may select—the principal towns of



THE BEACH NEAR ARROYO, PORTO RICO, WITH A GROUP OF FISHERMEN'S HUTS. THESE PORTO RICAN "SHACKS" ARE PERIODICALLY DESTROYED BY HURRICANES LIKE THAT OF AUGUST 8, BUT THEIR OWNERS' LOSS IS NOT HEAVY.

above is true, and should appeal to every man who has the good of his people at heart, and make him give every assistance to the military authorities, aiding them to do everything possible to bring this island up to a high standard and reflect credit upon the United States, whose possession it is."

In a second circular issued to the Insular Council, three days later, these statements were made:

"Gentlemen: I am anxious to have the people feel that they can have some representation at this place and lay before

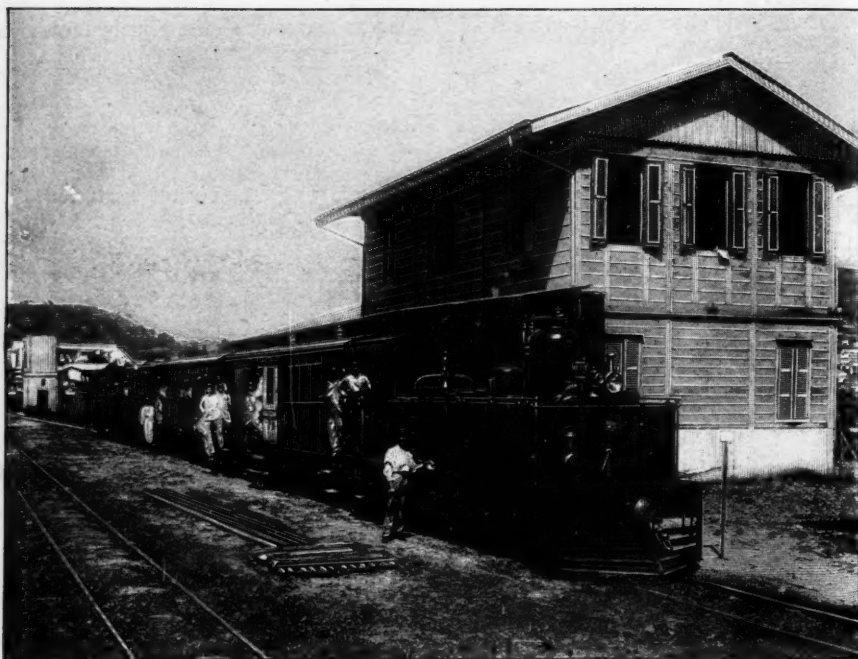
the island, or all, if you deem best—a representation of two delegates, to be chosen by the councils. These delegates are to represent each of the parties—the radicals and the liberals. These delegates will assemble at San Juan by Monday, the 19th day of December. . . . This is a government by the people and for the people, and, as military commander, I do not desire to exercise the power of a dictator unless it is necessary, in which case I certainly shall do so. I wish to appeal to the good sense and justice of the people interested; if they respond and assist

me, I will aid them. . . . I wish the people to be taught self reliance and confidence, and to infuse in them a spirit of patriotism and interest that may tend to the successful administration of my office here, which can only be accomplished by and with the assistance of the people. . . . This is not an order for these delegates to appear; it is simply a suggestion that they may appear if they so desire, to lay before me their views, so

me in introducing and carrying out reforms.

Four conditions early appealed to me: the unequal taxation oppressing the poor; the financial question; the necessity for an insular police; and the extreme laxity of morals.

I found that bread and fresh meat were taxed inordinately, and such articles as liquors and tobacco were sold without license. To remedy this evil an order



THE STATION OF THE "COMPANIA DE FERROCARRILES DE PUERTO RICO" AT YAUCO. THE RAILWAY FROM YAUCO TO PONCE IS ONE OF THE THREE SHORT DIVISIONS COMPLETED BY THE SPANIARDS IN THEIR PROJECT OF A CONTINUOUS LINE AROUND THE COAST OF PORTO RICO.

as to enlarge, if possible, the powers of the *alcaldes* and the councils in the various towns."

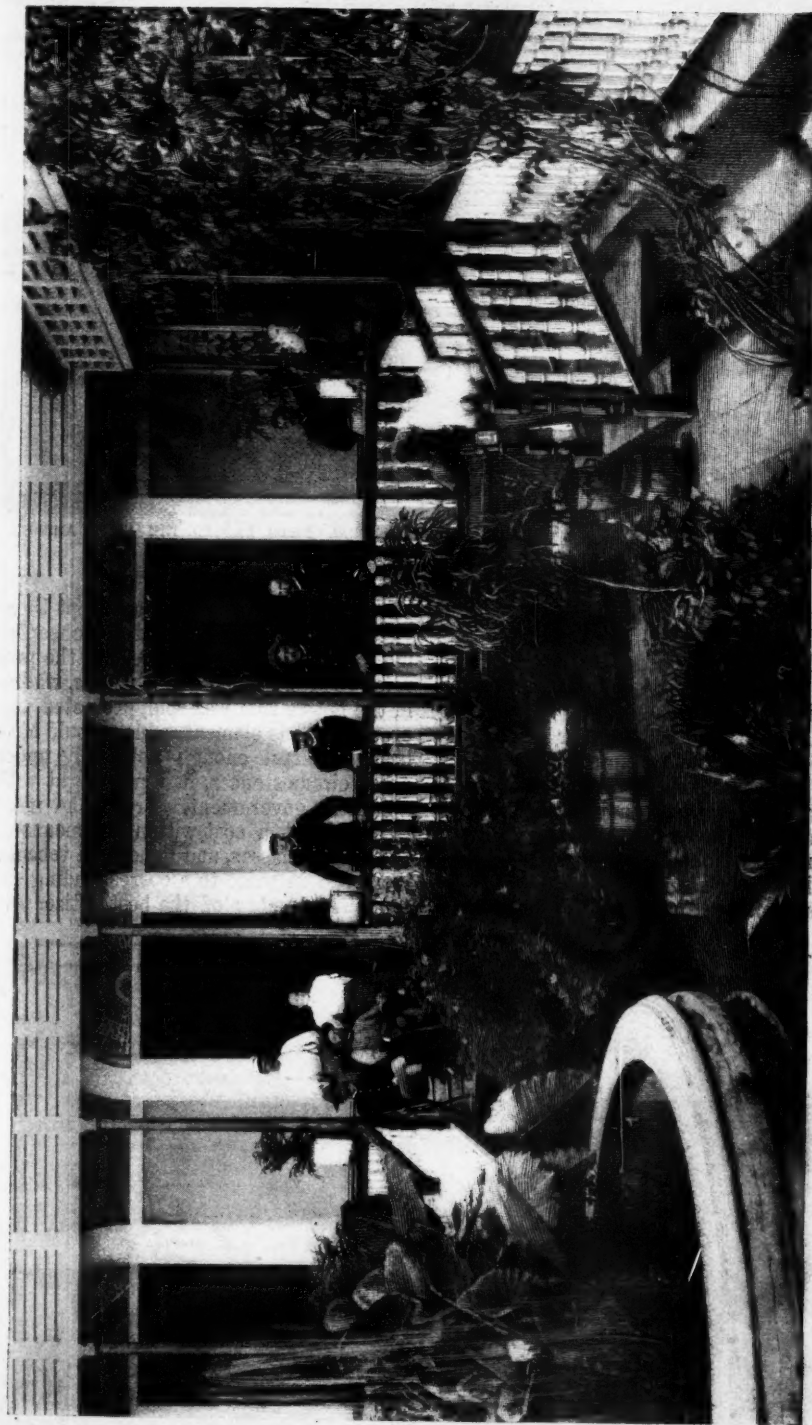
The effect of the two circulars from which the above quotations are made was immediate and encouraging. The delegates visited me in the palace at San Juan on the date specified, and from that day I felt that I knew the people and that they knew me. It was found necessary in time to change the Insular Council, and to use a strict hand in certain cases, but it is my opinion that the early establishing of personal relations with the representatives of the people materially aided

(No. 39, San Juan, December 30, 1898) was issued, stating:

"In order to cheapen the cost of bread and fresh meat consumed on the island, encourage competition among dealers, and place said necessities within reach of the poorer classes, the following rules are established to go into effect from January 1, 1899:

"First, the industry of making and selling bread is hereby declared free from all municipal taxation in this island.

"Second, the sale of beef, pork, or mutton shall henceforth be entirely free in this island, and no taxes, whether direct or



INTERIOR COURT OF THE CUARTEL GENERAL, OR MILITARY HEADQUARTERS, AT GUAYAMA. THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS ARE COLONEL QUICK, MAJOR SULLIVAN, AND OTHER OFFICERS OF THE FORTY SEVENTH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.





THE BAY AND LANDING PLACE OF GUANICA, WHERE GENERAL MILES LANDED THE FIRST AMERICAN TROOPS FOR THE INVASION OF PORTO RICO, JULY 25, 1898.

indirect, shall be levied upon same by the municipalities thereof.

"Third, all industries based upon the sale of meat are also exempt from all municipal dues.

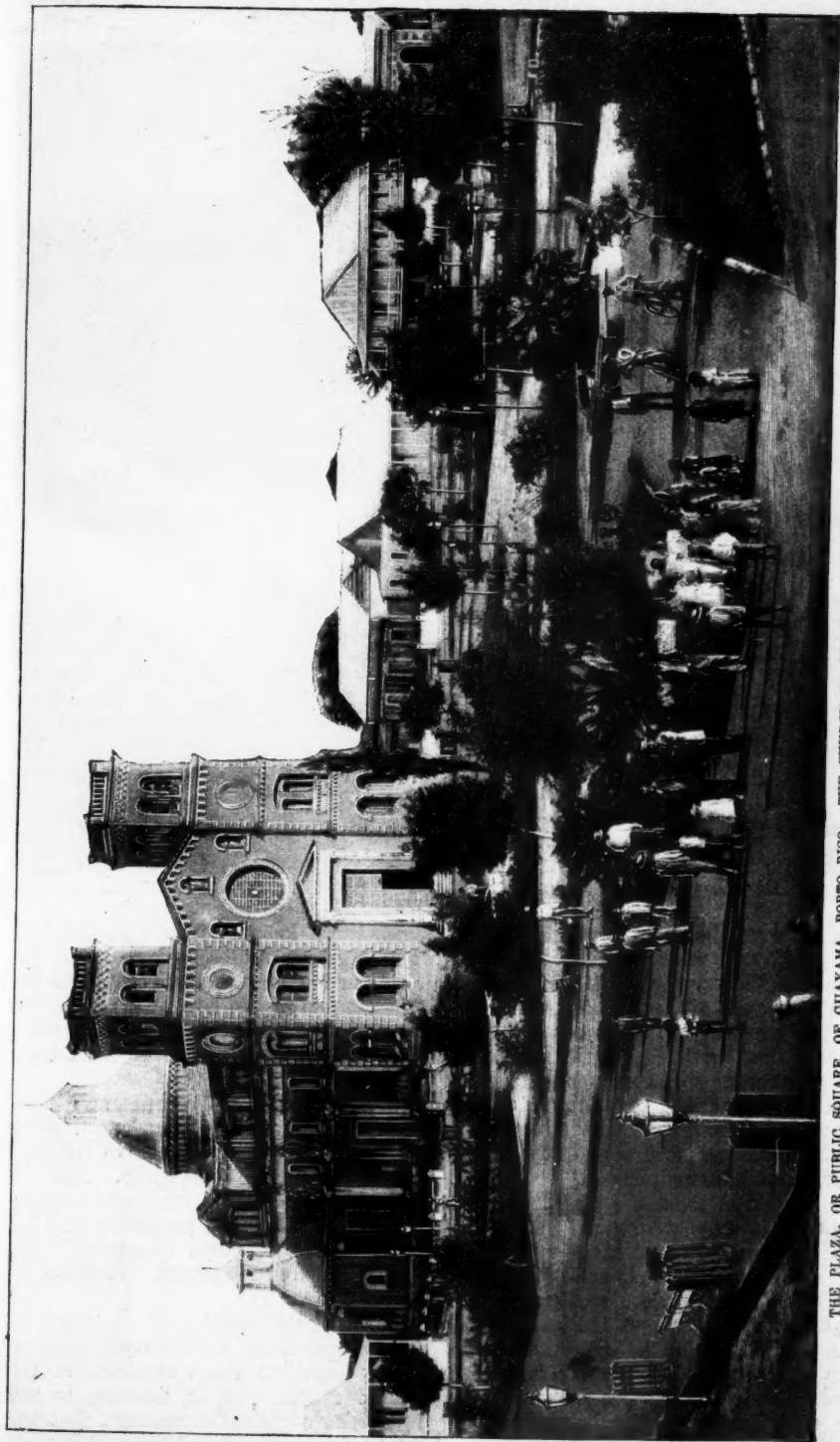
"In order to make up for the reduction in municipal receipts occasioned by the above exemptions, municipal corporations are hereby authorized to issue licenses for the sale of all liquors, cigars, cigarettes, smoking and chewing tobacco in whatsoever shape or form."

The promulgation of this order had two

effects. The poorer classes, except those viciously inclined, welcomed the cheapening of their daily necessities, but the proprietors of the innumerable *fondas*, wherein the native rum was sold, protested vigorously. This element, which would have been powerful enough politically under other circumstances, had no weight with a military government. Bread and meat were sold at a cost within the means of the poorer classes, and liquor and tobacco increased in price to a corresponding extent. A number of the best citizens in



THE LANDING PLACE OF ARROYO, WHERE GENERAL BROOKE SENT HIS DIVISION ASHORE IN AUGUST, 1898.



THE PLAZA, OR PUBLIC SQUARE, OF GUAYAMA, PORTO RICO. THE CHURCH IN THE BACKGROUND IS ONE OF THE FINEST IN THE ISLAND.



A TYPICAL BIT OF PORTO RICAN SCENERY—THE SALTO DE LOS MORONES, A WATERFALL NEAR ADJUNTAS.

San Juan and the adjacent towns came to the palace with manifestations of cordial approval, and many of them gave me advice which was afterwards followed.

Thus encouraged, I proceeded with the plans I had outlined, and among other things rearranged the laws governing the apportioning of land taxation. This was necessary in order to remedy the evils resulting from the peculiar and unjust laws previously enforced by the Spanish. The keynote of the new arrangement was embodied in this paragraph:

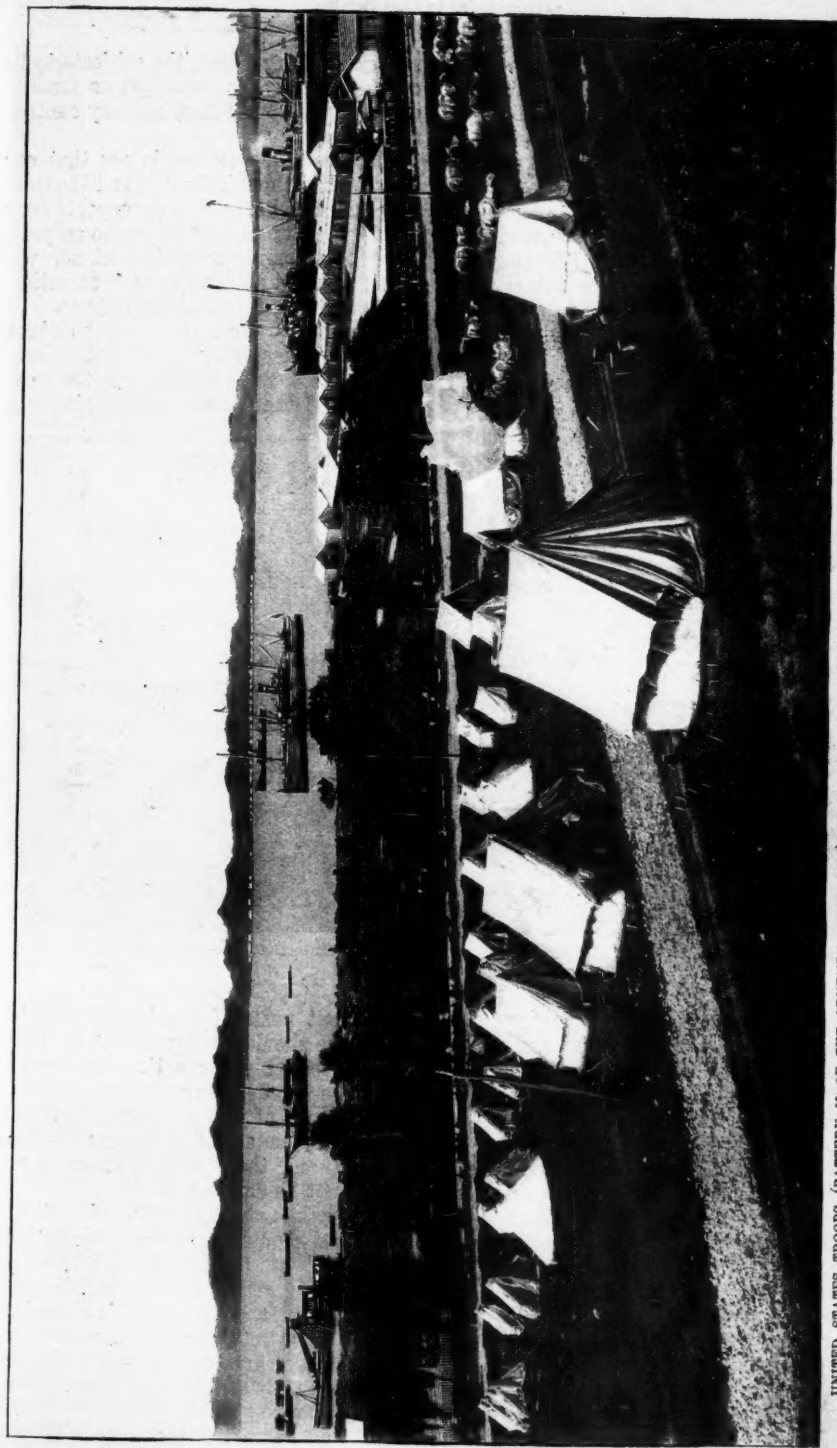
"The assessment of taxes upon lands will hereafter be made in accordance with the various cultivations existing in the island and the quality of the land taxed."

A third effort to mitigate the oppression under which the Porto Ricans had groaned for a century was the suspension for one year of the foreclosure of mortgages. This was intended to save the

agricultural industry from loss and ruin, it having been represented to me by petition and otherwise that owing to the crisis caused by the late war, and by the scarcity of money, planters owning valuable estates were unable to meet their debts.

Under existing laws foreclosures were of a summary nature, actual sales being allowed within thirty days from the time when judicial notice was given. This law is an instance of the innumerable drawbacks to freedom and prosperity endured by the natives of Porto Rico prior to the passing of Spain's power. It was only one of a great host.

It was in the repealing of these laws as far as possible and in the substitution of others based on those obtaining in the United States, and in listening to and remedying countless complaints, that the military governor found his most import-



UNITED STATES TROOPS (BATTERY M OF THE SEVENTH ARTILLERY) ENCAMPED AT SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, ON THE HILLSIDE OVERLOOKING THE INNER HARBOR.



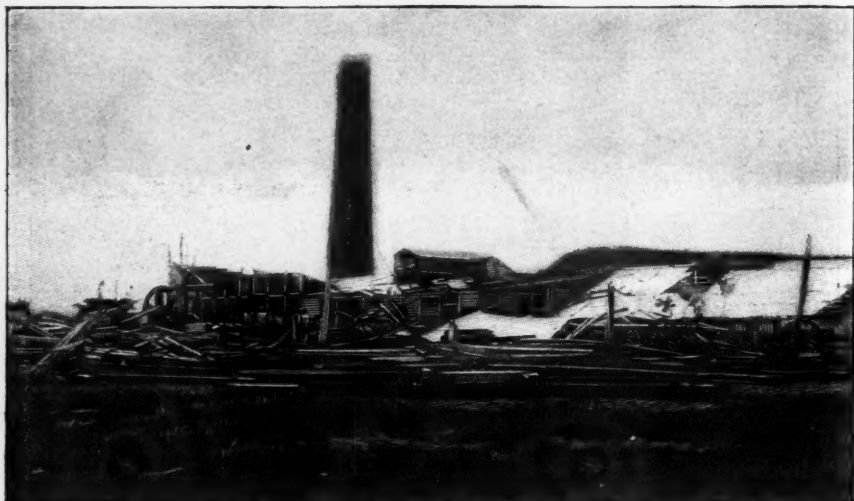
ant work. The few instances quoted in this article will show just what difficulties constantly beset him, and when it is understood that he temporarily embodied in his own person all law and all responsibility, it will be seen that his task was no sinecure.

Daily and even hourly new conditions arose, and new questions affecting the happiness and welfare of a nation came up for decision. Within the space of a few months it was necessary to rearrange codes and laws, and to keep the machinery of a government in smooth running order.

regard to Porto Rico, the subjects to be considered may be classified as finance, custom, tariff and taxes, military control, and suffrage.

The financial question is one that can be settled without difficulty, and the tariff now levied in Porto Rico on imports from the United States, and in our own ports on goods coming from the island, will surely be abolished under the conditions now governing interstate commerce.

In regard to the military on the island, it will be necessary to maintain some troops there, as is now done in the western part of the United States, simply as



A SUGAR MILL ON THE BARRANCAS ESTATE, NEAR PONCE, PORTO RICO, WRECKED BY THE HURRICANE OF AUGUST 8.

All experiments made were not successful; there were mistakes and errors, but the Porto Ricans have been impressed with the undeniable fact that honesty, justice, and morality, as the foundation stones of a successful government, are better than the system to which they had been subjected for generations.

The condition of affairs when I left Porto Rico was not entirely satisfactory; many reforms were still needed, but it is to be hoped that Congress will soon pass the laws necessary to make the island in reality a part of the United States.

The duty of Congress means the duty of the American people, whose servant it is. When the national legislature meets in December the question of government for the colonies will come before it. In

permanent posts of regular soldiers; but the force should mainly consist of Porto Ricans—possibly, for a time, officered in the higher grades by regular army officers. The success of the battalion already organized by an act of Congress has been assured, and there is no reason why it should not be duplicated.

The maintenance of law and order in the island should be placed principally in the hands of the insular police, whose work during my stay in Porto Rico met with my own and the people's entire approval. The insular police is made up of young men of good family, and the record already established by the force proves its efficiency.

The question of the franchise is a serious one, and forms today one of the



THE PLAZA, OR PUBLIC SQUARE, OF CAGUAS, PORTO RICO, AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE HURRICANE OF AUGUST 8.

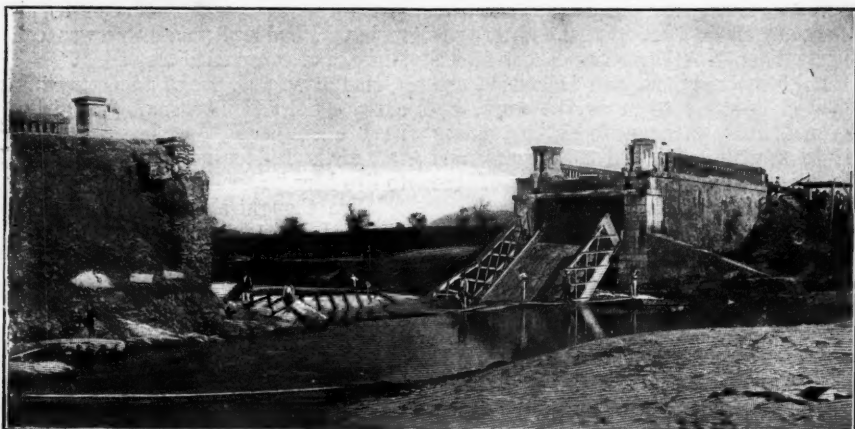
principle causes of complaint on the part of the Porto Ricans. During a discussion by the delegates at the palace, shortly after I had assumed command, the liberals (Spanish party), composed of the better educated class, claimed that only those who could read and write should be allowed to vote. The radical party, representing the masses, insisted that suffrage should be universal, every inhabitant being permitted to cast a ballot.

I am of the opinion that suffrage should be given only to those who are males, of legal age, inhabitants of the island, or who have declared their intention of becoming such, and who possess certain property qualifications to be determined upon.

There are many questions which can-

not be treated in an article of this length, but it will be seen from those touched upon that the American people assumed a grave responsibility when they raised the Stars and Stripes over Porto Rico. That its unfolding will mean peace and prosperity to the island cannot be gainsaid. That happy consummation is in the hands of Congress, and Congress should act speedily.

Too much cannot be done to restore the threatened faith of the gentle people of Porto Rico in their new country—a faith which possibly would have been shattered by doubts and delays had it not been for the grand sympathy and help given by the United States on the occasion of the recent tornado.



BRIDGE ON THE ROAD FROM CAGUAS TO RIO PIEDRAS, DESTROYED IN THE HURRICANE OF AUGUST 8.



## BEYOND FAREWELL.

### I—THE MAN.

**T**EN years had passed, but he had never lost track of her. She had written to him often when she first went away to boarding school, but as he was not fond of writing letters

his answers were far between, and Airlie could not feel the boyish tenderness that underlay his scrawls about turkey hunting and sailing. Even the wild flower crumpled into the envelope before sealing had an appearance of afterthought to her.

So she only wrote to him once while she was at Vassar, and that a friendly business letter, which he answered promptly, from Tulane. He was in his graduating year, and he told her that the boy days were the best days, and that they would go home again together, he and she, to tread the dear old paths once more. "I don't know when it will be, Airlie, but I feel it will be, don't you?"

The New York Hillbournes, with whom Airlie spent all her vacations, took her to Europe, and she had been presented at the greatest courts, and she did not write to Jack any more. Jack put the letters she had written from boarding school into a little lacquered box, and locked it, and opened it again to press the worn, begrimed little package to his lips, and lay it back with a handful of acacias, and he locked the infinite fragrance of the little flowers in with his love.

"I will heal all the suffering in the world but yours," he said to his heavy heart, and he studied medicine. He broke down after his hospital service, and his comrades nursed him through typhoid. Then Jack went home.

People had rented Airlie's house. A girl of twelve rode horseback through the village, sailed, and played with the yellow hounds. She had freckles and sunburned,

tawny hair. Some one, seeing her pass at a gallop, with that hair flying straight out like her horse's mane, turned to Jack as he came out of the post office.

"That girl reminds me of Airlie Hillbourne," he said.

Jack shook his head. But that evening his mother took him to call on the new people, and the girl did look like Airlie.

"You'll call me Madge, won't you, Mr. Jack? I've been so anxious to have you come. It's terribly lonely with no one to do things with one."

Jack looked into the frank brown eyes with an odd warmth at his heart. For a young girl to seek his friendship gave him more pleasure than he had known in a long, long time. One of her dogs was looking up at him with those same steadfast brown eyes. They were standing on the lawn, a few paces apart from the older people. He could hardly believe that the tall, slender girl in white was only twelve years old. They began walking slowly toward the bay, glistening in the sunset.

"I'd like to call you Madge," he said, "but if you don't mind, I'd rather call you Airlie, since we're going to be playmates. I had a playmate who was called Airlie, and you remind me of her."

Madge twisted one of the stray tawny curls. "Airlie Hillbourne? The girl who used to live here?"

"Airlie Hillbourne, the girl who used to live here," assented Jack softly.

"I've thought about her so often, Mr. Jack. I don't have any one to do things with, so I've tried to do everything she did. I read up there in the live oak where she used to——"

"In Carlyle?"

"Yes, in Carlyle. Your mother told me how you and Airlie named the trees. It has been so sweet, because, you see, she liked to do the same things I like. Do you think she is as happy over there with

all those dukes and parties and presentations as we are here? Don't you suppose she sometimes feels homesick for the bay and the live oak and the sunset and everything?"

"I'm afraid not, Madge. I think somehow that Airlie has gone away out of our lives, and you must be Airlie."

"But if she came back and found you had given me her name, wouldn't it make her feel badly?"

The man's firm lips were pressed together in a bitter line. "The old Airlie won't come back, Madge—it's part of the penalty."

He meant the penalty of his not having tried to make Airlie remember him, but Madge could not know that, so they talked about something else.

That night Madge stood at her room window, looking at a photograph of Jack that his mother had given her. "He has forgotten her," she whispered, with a happy little quiver in her throat. "He wants me to be Airlie." After a long time she tucked the photograph under her pillow and knelt down to say her prayers. The moon spread a faint radiance over all the world.

## II—THE GIRL.

"I HAVE come back," she whispered to the whispering sand at her feet. The pines murmured, shaking their heads sadly, "You have come back."

The yellow hounds came tearing to the beach and dashed into the lazy waves, throwing up showers of spray. A drop fell on the girl's gloved hand and she kissed it. She drew the glove off and buried her ring laden fingers in the sand. She tossed a pine cone to the dogs to battle for. A great fellow brought it to her, and she threw it again.

Her heart was singing. The waves came up proudly and laid a white garland at her feet. The sun twinkled on the foam and made many jewels, brighter than the ones she wore, and so she took off the rings and buried them and heaped a little pyre of sand over them. "I'm only Airlie," she told herself gravely. "I shall be scolded for tearing my dress." The shimmering trail of her gown had caught in a bit of wreckage and torn. "Then Jack will comfort me. Dear Jack!" She was looking up the beach. "Coming," the sunshine said.

A shadow fell over her. She turned swiftly with a breathless heart beat. A child stood looking at her with wide eyes. The sunshine was brighter where the



"HE HAS FORGOTTEN HER. HE WANTS ME TO BE AIRLIE."

child stood because of her bright hair. Airlie Hillbourne, in the child's shadow, seemed to become alien all at once, like a Watteau sedan chair at an old fashioned prayer meeting. Her flimsy parasol detached itself rudely from the weather beaten wreckage in which it lay. "She looks as I used to," came to Airlie's thought. "As I used to," her heart echoed. "As you used to," whispered the sand that she was draining through her exquisite white fingers.

And then the child sprang at her with



a joyful welcome. "Miss Airlie!" she said. "I—I didn't know you. Does Jack know you've come?"

"His mother knows. He will come. Oh, it's so good—so good to be here!"

The younger girl sat down within hand's reach, and her tall shadow stretched across the footprints that the older girl had left as she crossed the beach. "Jack said you would never come; that it wouldn't be the old Airlie that he knew."

be because you want to—— Jack always loved you. He has your letters still."

"And do you care, dear?"

There was a long, long silence as the younger girl looked out across the sea, and when she tried at last to speak her voice had a pitiful break in it between the words. "I—I wish—I—could—die—for him."

The white hand reached out with the tenderest caress. "Hadn't he forgotten



"YOU HAVE SO MUCH—YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL—I LOVE HIM SO!"

"And is Jack still the old Jack that I knew?"

The child looked quickly with her fearless eyes. "The old Jack that you knew?" The brown eyes dwelt on the beautiful face and slowly clouded. "I don't know," she said. A dog came up and shook his dripping coat over them. The child put out her hand and drew him to her. The woman drew away.

"I've played at being you."

The other smiled sadly and probed in the sand and brought up her rings. "At all this?" she asked, holding them in the hollow of her hand. "Parties and balls and things?"

"No; the old you, and Jack played, and—we're playmates." The sun browned little face was turned away. "You have so much—you are so beautiful. It won't

the letters—when this last one came that told I was coming home?"

A bowed head nodded.

The pines whispered. The waves brought dead white garlands and laid them at her feet.

A child sobbed and clung to her—a child sobbing without tears. She took the sun kissed head into her arms and held her while her own heart looked back on the lonely foreign years. "You have so much—you are so beautiful——"

"Dear?" she whispered.

But the child only buried her face and sobbed, "I love him so!"

### III—A CHILD'S SHADOW.

"Bah! I've torn my frock. How d'ye do, Jack? Still going to be a country doctor? Why don't you chloroform some



"MY OWN JACK—I WAS—SO—AFRAID——"

of these miserable dogs? They've ruined my parasol?"

The eagerness went out of his welcome as she gave him the tips of her fingers. His eyes said, "Is this the way you come home to me, Airlie?" But Airlie gathered up her shimmering train. "That little girl over there has been entertaining me. To think I was once——"

"Madge is my little playmate," he interrupted gravely. "I call her Airlie, though."

"What a fancy! Well, I hope she doesn't inherit any of my traits along with my name. Jack—for old times' sake——"

She could not remember what she had meant to say, for his eyes looked into hers with the old sweet look and hers replied, gazing for a moment from her heart to his.

"She loves you, Jack."

He glanced where her eyes wandered and his face was very tender. "I know," he said.

"Better——" she began, fixing her eyes with an effort on the child's figure, standing so slight, so lonely, against the sea.

"No, Airlie—not that——"

"And you will be happy. Jack dear, my old playmate—I haven't told even Aunt

Eunice. I'm going to marry Stapleton. You know he is coming tomorrow, with the yacht, to pick us up. We left the party to—to look at—the old landmarks."

They had walked slowly and they turned back, and the child saw them stop and hold hands a moment.

Jack brought a smile to his lips. "You always wanted to be Lady Airlie."

She smiled back at him. "I always—I'll go on, Jack, and you and Airlie can overtake me. I want you to meet Aunt Eunice and Lady Stapleton."

And she walked on along the beach, alone, and she did not see the child as she looked into Jack's grave sweet face.

"Jack," the child whispered, clinging to him as he put his arms around her and kissed her gently, "my own Jack—I was—so—afraid——"

Marguerite Tracy.

#### THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

DICK SOLLITT was struggling with the proper adjustment of his cravat. His wife stood before her dressing table, where she had just laid down a bit of chamois skin tinged with red.

"Well, Dick, a few hours more and we shall know," she said



He turned away from the mirror as he replied:

"This is a queer dinner we are giving. My last tenner went for the wine. It's like a game of *rouge et noir*—all chance, and we have no system; only a bit of wit, and luck perhaps; but it's worth the try."

She still stood at her table, looking at herself critically with brows drawn together. Her agitation was not becoming. It would not do.

"Can you help me with this hook?"

income, the check, or the "flier"; he had had an idea, and he clung to it, but he had not waited for the idea to materialize to marry. They began with an establishment which only a brilliant realization of the idea would justify, if anything could justify such a beginning. And when, as soon happened, things began to go wrong with them, they did not know the way to stop, to haul in. Mrs. Sollitt's



"IT'S LIKE A GAME OF ROUGE ET NOIR—ALL CHANCE, AND WE HAVE NO SYSTEM."

Her voice was calm and steady. He came at her call and stood with his arm about her, but avoided looking at her—they both had something to conceal.

"There, is that right? Did I fix it?"

"Ah, thanks," she returned. "I must take a last peep at the diningroom, so I will hurry down."

Richard Sollitt and his wife belonged to that rapidly growing number of young people who cannot commence with a simple beginning. A meager income with perhaps a check from dad or a successful "flier" in wheat, and they are fairly launched on a high rolling sea. That more of these light craft are not dashed on the rocks proves that Providence still has a hand.

Sollitt had had more than the meager

gowns continued to be made at Mme. Therèse's. Sollitt still had his horse and cart, which Madge sometimes drove; and she spent an hour a day with a French teacher. Still, they were anxious. The idea was constantly with Sollitt now, he could not sleep for the thinking. So far his efforts to put the idea into tangible shape had been futile, and things were about as bad as could be. Tonight to win, or the morrow would bring—well, the inevitable.

There were but two guests, a man and his wife. The man held things "in the hollow of his hand," as the saying is, things that most of us struggle all our lives for and fail to obtain. The woman had always held things firmly in her own tight little fists, and she watched with sharp

impatience the man's occasional juggling. What if some of the baubles should fall and that other woman get them? What was the new game—why were they there—what was up?

The diningroom was pretty and quaint. Madge herself was distinctly modern, with a becoming dress of the latest mode, the latest coiffure, and now a charming smile on the slightly rouged lips; they had been too white.

She presided that night with unusual grace at her husband's table—the table where they played *rouge et noir* under the pink shaded candles, amid the odors of La France roses. She was alive to everything—the man, the woman, her husband. He was leaving the game in her hands. Could she play the cards? She glanced at the woman and drew a sharp breath. They were eating the deliciously prepared viands—their last meal, or was there to be plenty?

The other woman knew it was a game, but what? They had gotten as far as the dessert, and she had not yet found out.

What was it they wanted? A word, without which their puzzle was a failure—a miserable blank. The man could say it, and perhaps would, if the woman did not prevent. How can women be so nasty? Did they want everything? Was there not enough, at least, for Richard and for her? If the man had not been so attractive, his wife might not care.

Ah, how afraid the women are; how stupid, how dull! That was not the way to make a man care, to be greedy and hard. Madge smiled suddenly at this undercurrent of thought. The undercurrents were so strong; were they sweeping her away? What nonsense! This intensity would swamp them.

"Have you been to the flower show, Mrs. Marchand? It seems to me the chrysanthemums were never more beautiful, and the show is one of the prettiest settings New York gives society."

Mrs. Marchand relaxed. This sounded innocent enough.

"I prefer the horse show myself," she returned; "but the flowers are pretty, this year especially."

"Sometimes one sees queer people there," Madge went on. "One day an old man and his wife came in. They seemed just carried away. I heard him



MADGE SOMETIMES DROVE.

say to her, 'Them new fangled asters is mighty pretty, but Lor', these people must change everything, even the Lord's own flowers!'" They all laughed. "I suppose they will never have a flower trust, Mr. Marchand? A corner in chrysanthemums sounds well."

He turned his bright, quick eyes on her. He thought her very attractive, and he really liked that impracticable young dog, her husband. Now, this idea of his that he wanted him to look into— He sighed a little; they were all after him; it crept in everywhere; it gave things a bitter taste. The luxury he looked forward to was the companionship of people who cared for him, for himself only. It was his one idea, the one thing denied him. He saw that Madge was pale, and suddenly he realized that she was afraid of his wife. He was himself a little afraid of her. She was a good, wholly unimaginative woman, with a tendency towards closeness and jealousy which had more than once come between them.

Madge was afraid of that *mauvais quart d'heure* which she had to spend alone with her guest while the gentlemen were left to their cigars.

Later, in the drawingroom, Mrs. Marchand went up to a little table littered with photographs and books. She picked up



one of the photographs and asked, "Who is this, Mrs. Sollitt?"

"Ah, you have that absurd picture of me! Isn't it ridiculous?"

It was a photograph of Madge taken at the happiest moment. She had told her husband that she kept the picture there to test her friends; if they liked her, they said, "How lovely, how like!" If they did not, they failed to recognize it, as had Mrs. Marchand.

write stories for children, with illustrations on every page. Fortunately, these ambitions often change, but Richard has always clung to his."

Mrs. Marchand bent over the little picture again. The sturdy child in his little "roundabout," his look of confidence and pride in his precious toy—was *this* what he was after in there with her husband?

The men came in, and in an instant Madge divined that the word had been



"AH, YOU HAVE THAT ABSURD PICTURE OF ME! ISN'T IT RIDICULOUS?"

"Don't apologize, I beg; scarcely any one recognizes it. I am perfectly safe in leaving it there."

"What a quaint, pretty child!" said Mrs. Marchand, taking up a small, faded photograph in a quaint, old fashioned frame. "What is it the little boy has by his side?"

"It is a picture of Richard when he was a little chap, and that is his little train of cars. He would not have his picture taken without, his mother told me. At first she wouldn't give it me, but I coaxed, and finally she gave in. Railroading has always been a passion with Richard, and I tell him he looks there as if he expected to be president of a road some day." Mrs. Marchand smiled, and Madge continued: "The ambitions of childhood are strange. I wavered between a desire to ride a horse in a circus, or to

spoken and that it had been *no*. She also divined what it would mean to them. Richard's work all gone for nothing, a tumbling of great and long cherished hopes, a fresh start!

Mrs. Marchand eyed them keenly. The look of the young man was so different from that of the boy in the picture. She did not look at Madge, but, turning to her husband, "I want you to see these pictures," she said. "Isn't this a charming picture of Mrs. Sollitt? And this is a picture of Mr. Sollitt when he was a boy."

The railway magnate at once caught sight of the little train of cars, and he caught what many other railway magnates would not have caught—the expression of the boy. It held him—one couldn't be hard with a boy like that; and his wife—actually, he believed she wanted him to be easy. He merely glanced at

the picture of the beautiful woman; he laid down both the photographs, then took them up again, and he thought that if he had a son he would like to have him look like that. Sollitt laughed uneasily.

"I was always such a little fool, it's a wonder they ever taught me to read and write. I was forever playing with things, and my only wish was that Santa Claus should bring me a train of cars—innnumerable trains of cars. I had little tracks laid out—but how silly children are! I don't see where you got the picture, Madge."

"Well," laughed the railway magnate, "when I was a child I was passionately fond of flowers. I even stole them. We don't often stick to our first loves. I might have if I'd had Mrs. Sollitt's bright idea of a flower trust. But you *have* stuck to yours. We must look into that proposition of yours further."

They left not long after, and Madge and her husband were alone. For a moment she stood white and silent, and then, throwing out her arms, as if freed from a weight, she cried:

"Oh, you blessed, blessed boy, and that dear good woman saw it! I shall love her always; she can stick all the pins into me she likes, for she was good to you!"

Finally she got Richard to understand what had happened. "Do you remember what you said, Richard, about it's being like a game of *rouge et noir*? I believe it was that frightened me, and lo! it has been more like a game of 'ring around a rosy,' with a little old fashioned boy standing wondering in the center."

Rose Mueller Sprague.

#### HER EDITORIAL CAPACITY.

"I HAVE thought of marriage," she said pensively, turning her blue pencil between her fingers. "I've written about it—often."

His eyes fell on a long galley proof bearing her signature, and he smiled as the title looked up at him. "The Engaged Girl," it read; "Miss Alston Fern Gives Suggestions About the Engaged Girl in Society." He wondered if Dolly had written it from his engagement and hers.

"You may read it," she laughed. "It's entirely impersonal. Don't you see, Ned, we're different!"

They laughed together. It was all per-

fectly absurd—his coming into the office just when she was sending the magazine to press, with Chamberlin at the next desk dictating letters to Miss Mapleton, and Miss Hollowell entering manuscripts



A BOY FROM THE  
PRINTERS' CAME IN.

in the big book at the table in the corner.

Dolly had looked up with a preoccupied stare when he stood beside her, and then laid down her pen and held out her hand with a girlish exclamation. He had never come to the office before. "Nothing wrong?" she had cried, when she really saw his face.

"Everything's wrong," he said. "We are to sail for Manila at two this afternoon. I want you to drop this and come along. Three of the officers are taking their wives."

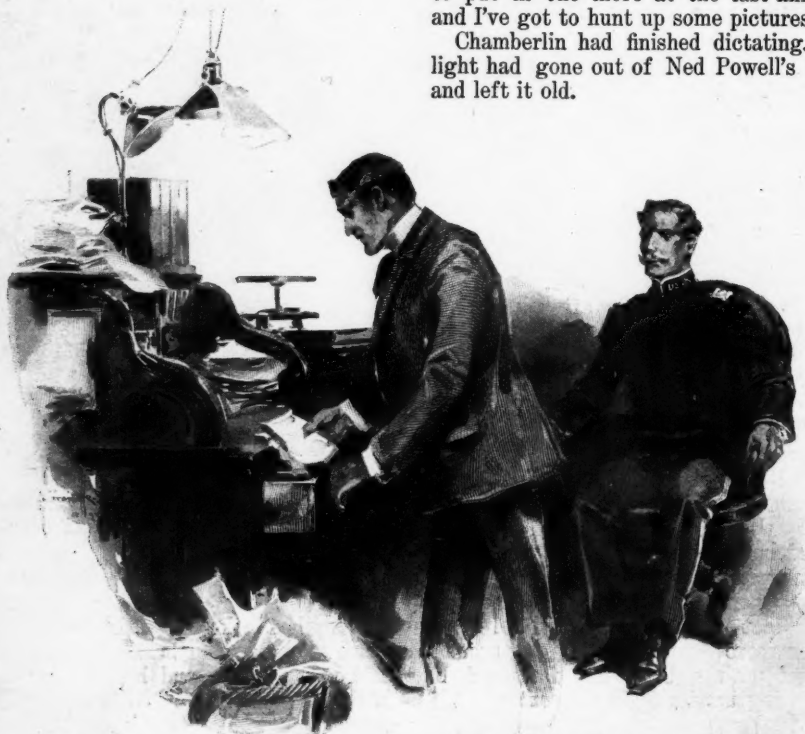
Chamberlin's voice rose and fell evenly, dictating letters to the stenographer. Dolly's desk was beside the window. The streets were unusually noiseless. Dolly looked out. It was a clear day. The end of the city lay far below to the south. She could see the white arch at Washington Square against the trees, the Brooklyn Bridge beyond ragged quarries of high buildings, the silver snowiness of the harbor, with the great

lonely Liberty on her island so small that she seemed to have risen out of the sea to lead the sailors home. The broad Hudson crawled out from its piers and factories as if ashamed of the sordidness of its ending at a market place of the world. Dolly often looked out of the window in this way when a writer came in to suggest a new idea.

her as his. He frowned as he heard her joking with the stranger.

"That was one of our regular contributors," Dolly said, coming back to her desk. "I was in a hurry to get rid of him or I should have introduced you. I don't see how I can talk to you, Ned. I have one whole form to send down that's not made up yet. Mr. Davidson decided to put in one more at the last minute, and I've got to hunt up some pictures."

Chamberlin had finished dictating. A light had gone out of Ned Powell's face and left it old.



CHAMBERLIN CAME OVER TO DOLLY'S DESK AND RUMMAGED IN A DRAWER.

"I have thought of marriage," she repeated, coming back to her blue pencil; "but *our* marriage——"

There was a step at the threshold. A man was asking for Miss Fern. Dolly rose and went to meet him. Her lover stood with one hand in his pocket, looking at her neat, crowded desk. It belonged to an individual who could keep many details intelligently filed amidst a crowd of things. Somehow he had never thought of her in her editorial capacity. He read her writings often, but without realizing how much of her time and interest they stood for. He had simply taken them for granted, and thought of

"I won't bother you," he said in a strained voice, conscious of the silence overbearing. "I'll just chase over to the club. I suppose I'll have to stay on board ship until we sail. I need a few things, too, so I think I'll just run along."

He turned towards the door. Dolly made a motion to detain him. "I'll suggest your plan to Mr. Davidson, our publisher, you know. I've thought how it might be arranged for three months, perhaps, and I could get some good material over there. Wait a moment."

He followed her into the hall. "For God's sake, Dolly!" he whispered, "it's *our* marriage, dear. Don't you see?

Your publisher's got nothing to do with it, and you're going to be with me—not for material—”

“But I can't leave the magazine like that, Ned. You goose, suppose I wanted you to desert the ship? Go back to my desk and wait for me. I—I'll only be a moment.”

The man in uniform went back and sat down at her desk, and studied its confusion with accusing eyes. Insidiously, without his suspecting danger, it had thrust itself between them, this work of hers, and when he suddenly wanted to claim her, she was not his. He looked bitterly enough at the littered desk. He had not realized what her writing had meant.

A boy from the printer's came in and laid a bundle of page proofs on her desk. Chamberlin leaned his chair back and gave the boy a message and a package of copy. Then he came over to Dolly's desk and rummaged in a drawer for an article, apologizing to Ned, who moved aside for him with a moody face. It seemed atrocious that this good looking, assured young fellow should feel free to rummage in Dolly's desk for any purpose, no matter how important. Then the printer's boy went away.

Chamberlin gave Ned a current number of the magazine. Ned's teeth shut together. He felt patronized. He wanted to clench his fist and tell the good looking young man that he, Ned, was Dolly's sweetheart, and needed none of his courtesies. He did not want to be treated like a stranger when he sat at Dolly's desk.

The stenographer had left the room. Miss Hollowell went out on an errand to another department. Ned suddenly thought that Dolly and this undesirable young man must be often left together so. He swung round in Dolly's chair.

“And I thought she was mine!” he groaned. “I might have known a woman with her intellect didn't sit all day alone, dreaming about me. I've been a precious fool, a precious fool! I thought she was the sweetest tempered little thing in the world. We never quarreled over nothings—of course not. A girl like this is too busy for petty things. Said she couldn't talk to me—and I'm going to sail today! A girl who will treat a fellow that way doesn't love him. My God!”

His hand sought the blue pencil and gripped it. “Oh, Dolly! Dolly!” Life stretched before him, the excitement of her editorial work for her—its diversions, its opportunities for coming in contact with the known and unknown talented of



“ALL RIGHT, NED. I'LL GO WITH YOU.”

letters. He knew how she loved books. This was her world—not the monotony of long cruises, not the life that he had taken for his own. The blue pencil traveled slowly over a sheet of office paper.

MY DEAR DOLLY:

I find I can't wait any longer. It's better for both of us that I should go. I may not be able to leave the ship now, as we sail so soon. I'll see you when we come back. Good by, dear.

He folded the note and laid it on the blue office blotter. Then he went out. It was so easily done. He wondered why the novelists always dwelt on heartbreaks and found “situations” for them.

Dolly came back to her desk. “Where did Lieutenant Powell go?” she asked.

Chamberlin leaned back. “Tired of waiting, I guess. The proofs came up.”

With one hand she took up the thumbed, dirty copy and the proofs, me-



chanically. With the other she opened the blue penciled note.

"Dear old Ned!" she said musingly. "How impatient he is! Mr. Chamberlin, would you mind telling Alfred to ring up Lieutenant Powell at the Army and Navy Club? And if they're busy, get the printer."

"All right, Ned. I'll go with you. I've arranged everything."

"Don't understand. Is that Miss Fern?"

"Says you didn't send down any article on 'Colonial Homes.' . . . Says there's a mistake up there, not down here——"

"All right," answered Dolly. "We'll look again. I'm sorry. Good by."



"I'VE LOST MY BEARINGS, DOLLY. YOU'LL HAVE TO DO THE MARRYING!"

"Pleasure," he said.

Dolly dropped into her chair and flew at the proofs with concentrated energy only softened by an occasional curve of the lip.

"Got the printer," said Chamberlin. "The lieutenant's not at the club. He'll ring you up."

Dolly was obliged to hold the wire a moment while the man at the printer's delivered a message for her. The operator at the central station let the Army and Navy Club use the interval.

"It's Lieutenant Powell," Ned's voice said clearly.

"Good by, Dolly." Ned had caught the "I'm sorry. Good by."

Dolly rang up central with a wild whirl. "Central, give me the Army and Navy. Army and Navy, please. Not the Navy Yard. I had them a moment ago. Army and Navy Club, *quick*. Lieutenant Powell. Left the club? Impossible! Central—hello!"

She put up the receiver with a groan. It was impossible. She went back to her room mechanically, and Chamberlin looked up with some trivial question.

"Yes—no; arrange it any way you think best," said Dolly wearily.

"But, Miss Fern, look here a moment."

The editor pushed away the sheets he was handing her with a brusque gesture. "I can't be interrupted!" she cried. "Don't you see that I—I'm *busy*?" The last word faltered strangely. Dolly was looking out of the window with eyes that saw nothing. Chamberlin retreated to his desk, bewildered and frowning. A half hour dragged by. He wondered if she knew there was a magazine in the world. He was quite sure she had forgotten there was one going to press.

"Mr. Chamberlin?" It was a very gentle voice at his elbow. He glanced up into a grave white face that was forcibly detaining a resolute little smile. "You were speaking to me a moment ago. Did you find those 'Colonial Homes'?"

The business manager entered briskly. "What's this I hear about your going to Manila for us?"

Dolly turned to him, still with the little resolute smile. "I am not going," she said, "for anybody."

A tall man in uniform who had come in behind the manager stepped forward with an exclamation. "Not going—for anybody? Why, Dolly, you telephoned—and here's—" He stopped short. "There was so little time," he added, coloring desperately. "The—this is the chaplain of—I beg pardon, sir. I've forgotten—I picked him up at the club."

The business manager coughed.

Ned drew Dolly aside. "Can't we get rid of some of these people, dear? Hang it! Haven't they anything to do? I thought this was your busy day. I've lost my bearings, Dolly. You'll have to do the marrying!"

"Why, you brought the chaplain to do that," said Dolly, the resolute little smile flashing into a bewildering radiance.

"I didn't know there were so many people on an editorial staff. There must have been a hundred," said the bridegroom on the way down to the ship.

"Fear multiplied them, Ned. If I ever see you so afraid again, I'll report you to the department for cowardice."

The carriage rolled on. Then Ned said pensively, "There were enough so that they can spare you, any way."

Chamberlin, in the midst of sending down the last form to the printers, rushed about distractedly.

"Does anybody know what picture of Washington's headquarters Miss Fern was going to put in those 'Colonial Homes'?"

*Marguerite Tracy.*

#### PAYMENT IN FULL.



LATE in an afternoon of October the warden of the county jail stood smoking in the doorway of his office. In the wide street of the little Southern town quiet reigned. Two dogs were wrangling happily over a bone; further along, a crowd of boys were playing with a ball.

A keeper came out and stood beside the warden, who paid no attention to him. The old man coughed slightly and touched his superior on the arm.

"Th' man in numbah 97 wants t' see you all."

"What's he want now?" asked the warden querulously. "He's always after sumthin'. Does he think I ain't got nuthin' ter do but run arrants fer him?" He still spoke with the accent of his New England birthplace.

"I dunno," said the old man.

"Whut's he here fer, annyhow?" went on the warden. "Lord knows, I can't keep track of all them fellers! You fellers down here gets arrested fer th' darnedest funny things I hev ever heard tell on. Up North we gits fellers in jail fer reel sure enough crimes. Down here th' criminals ain't no account. What's he in fer, I say?"

"He all got kitched fer runnin' a still," explained the keeper. "He's a right good feller, tew."

"Well, I ain't goin' up there," announced the warden. "You bring him down here to me. I reckon he won't git away."

The keeper slouched away and returned a few minutes later in company with the prisoner. He was tall, raw boned, uncouth. He stood awkwardly before the warden fumbling a torn cap in his hand.

"Well, whut's yure name?" asked the warden.

"Wilbur Rawlins," said the man, with a slow drawl. "I got kitched fer runnin' a still," he added. "Twan't mine," he went on, after a pause.

"Oh, I ain't th' jedge," said the warden cheerfully. "Whut you want with me?"

The man was silent. He rubbed one bare foot over the other slowly and then scratched his ear.

"Come, come, young feller," said the warden, not unkindly. "Ye sent word thet ye wanted ter see me. Wall, now, ye see me. Whut ye want with me?"

"I gotter go home fer a couple o' days."

"You gotter go home?" said the warden. "Young feller, this ain't no board-in' house. You gotter stay right here till you are tried."

"Kain't ye let me go?" pleaded the prisoner. "Tain't 's if I'd done much. I ain't killed nobody. I ain't even ben in a feud. I swar I'll come back heah."

"Can't do it," said the warden. "They's no use askin' me. I tell ye I can't do it."



"I GOT KOTCHED FER RUNNIN' A STILL."

"I ain't got nuthin' but er mewel," urged the prisoner. "Yo're welcome ter that ef you all 'll lemme go."

The warden smiled grimly. "I couldn't let ye go ef ye offered me a thousan' dollars," he said. "Whatje wanter go fer, any way?" he added.

"Mah little gal's all alone up on th' mountain," said the prisoner, "an' they ain't no neighbahs ter go ter her, an' they's a babby a comin', an' I gotter be thar. God, man, ye can't let her be thar alone at a time like that! Cain't ye see I jess natchelly gotter be thar?"

"Can't be did," said the warden briefly.

"Ef you all 'll let me go I'll name th' babby atter you all." He had the air of a man offering a bribe of stupendous value.

"Supposin' it wuz a gal?" suggested the warden.

"Ah doan' keer. We all 'll name her aftah you all. Whut's yure name?"

"Zebulon," said the warden shortly. It was a sore point with him, this name.

"But, can't ye see, man, I can't let ye go? Not but I'd be proud ter hev th' baby named atter me," he went on politely. "I dunno es I ever had a baby named atter me. But, honest, I can't let ye go."

"Jess fer one day," pleaded the prisoner.

"Not fer a minit," said the warden.

"Now, look here, man. Ye jess go back ter yer cell an' trust t' the Lord. Ye're wife 'll be all right. It'll be kinder lonesome mebber, but it'll be all right."

"I gotter go, an' I'm goin'," said the prisoner defiantly, as he turned away.

The warden slept late the next morning. He was still sleeping when his wife came and shook him roughly by the shoulder. She was crying and so was the child clinging to her skirts.

"Git up, Zeb!" cried the woman.

"Whut's th' matter?" yawned the warden sleepily.

"Thet moonshiner's killed Tom an' broke out," cried the woman.

The warden leaped from his bed and, clad only in his night shirt, ran hurriedly through the house and up into the jail.

On the floor in front of cell 97 he found the keeper lying dead. The old man's face was purple, and about his throat was the imprint of fingers. The door of the cell was open.

"God's mercy!" cried the warden.

"Who'd 'a' thought it? Thet feller wuz jess es peaceable es a lamb."

"I foun' the front door open when I got up this mornin'," said the woman, "an' I mistrusted all wa'n't right; so I come here an' foun' thet. It was turrible. I shan't git over it ter my dyin' day, Zebulon Waters, I shan't."

The man had been the only prisoner on the tier, and he had been so docile and quiet that in his case the usual discipline had been relaxed. The door of his cell was never locked when the keeper was in the corridor.

"That's whut comes o' bein' kind ter them prisoners," said the warden's wife.

"Shet up, can't ye?" cried the warden. "Ain't I got trouble ernough 'thout ye chimin' in? Like es not I'll lose th' job fer this."

"Whutje goin' ter do now?" asked the woman.

"Put on my pants," said the warden shortly.

"D'je think I thought ye wuz goin' ter hunt fer thet feller in yer night shirt?" retorted his wife angrily.

"Lucinda, shet up," said the man solemnly. "Don't fergit ye're in ther presence of death."

Within an hour the warden had organized a posse to hunt for the missing prisoner. Two of the men brought bloodhounds.

"I won't hev him torn up by them dogs," announced the warden—"not ef he killed th' hull town. 'Tain't Christian. I'm fer law an' order, an' we're goin' ter catch this feller right. We ain't goin' ter hev him et up by no dogs."

It was explained that neither of the dogs would be unmuzzled; that they would merely be used to trace the man.

"Ye don't need no dogs," said the warden's wife. "I talked 'ith thet feller yestedy an' I know. Ye don't need no dogs. Ef ye jest go ter whar he lives, ye'll git him easy enough. That's whar he's went."

In spite of this they took the dogs. The men were on horseback, and for the first five miles they had no difficulty in following the animals. The dogs ran straight, their noses close to the ground. The trail was easy for them to follow.

Then the road became rougher and rougher as the path led up the mountain-side. Ten miles from the town the party had to abandon their horses, leaving the animals in charge of one man. After that they slowly made their way up the mountain, the dogs, still in leash, tugging frantically at their chains.

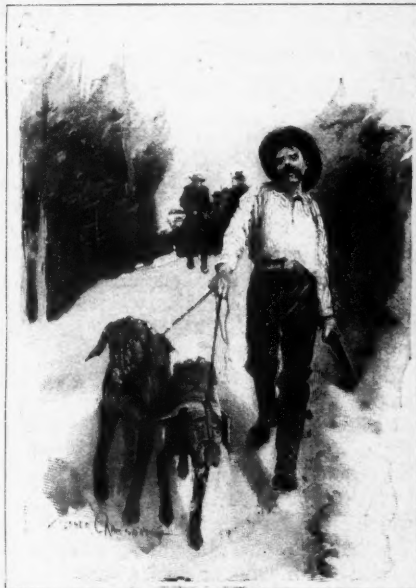
The cool brisk air of the October woods, fragrant with pine and balsam, made no impression on these men. They were hunting a human being, a murderer. Two or three suggested that it would be a good thing to hang him as soon as he was caught.

"No, ye won't," said the warden. "Me an' th' sheriff's runnin' this hunt, an' it's

goin' ter be lawful all through. I'm goin' ter take thet feller back ter jail, an' he's goin' ter be tried fer murder."

The others gave a sullen assent.

Suddenly the party stopped. Half a mile above them, standing out in the clear



THEY WERE HUNTING A HUMAN BEING.

fall air in sharp lines, stood a small log cabin.

"He all lives thar," said one of the party in a whisper.

The dogs tugged harder on their chains.

"We'd better go kinder quiet," suggested the warden. "Mebbe he's got a gun."

Slowly the men made their way toward the house. From the place there came no sound. The men came nearer and nearer. Two or three drew pistols and held them ready for instant use.

The warden, closely followed by his posse, finally stood in the doorway of the little cabin. The sunlight streaming through the open window fell on the figure of the fugitive, sitting with bowed head beside a tumbled bed on which lay the dead bodies of a mother and child. The man looked up dreamily.

"I wuz sho'ly sorry ter hev ter kill Torm," he said slowly, "but I wuz jess natchelly 'bleeged ter come."

*Bayard Veiller.*



# THE FASTEST TRAINS.

BY H. G. PROUT, M. AM. SOC. C. E., EDITOR OF "THE RAILROAD GAZETTE."

## In Two Parts—Part II.

FACTS AND FIGURES THAT SHOW THE BEST RECORDS FOR SPEED AND DISTANCE MADE BY TRAINS IN REGULAR DAILY SERVICE ON AMERICAN AND FOREIGN RAILWAYS.

IN last month's issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE we saw that locomotives now running have touched speeds of from 90 to 104 miles an hour. We found records of twelve instances in which such speeds had been reached. At least half of these records are open to criticism, for the timing was done in such a way that small errors might have come in, and probably did come in; but those errors are as likely to make the reckoned speed too low as to make it too high, and they are too small to vitiate the results by more than three or four miles an hour one way or the other. This is not scientific precision, but it is enough for our present purpose, which is to show that any man now living may hope at some glorious moment to be hauled for a mile or two at a speed of from 90 to 100 miles an hour by locomotives now in daily service.

In the same article we saw that trains have been run 25 or 30 miles at speeds well up to 85 miles an hour; 55 or 60 miles at about 75 miles an hour; 500 miles at 56 miles an hour, and 1,000 miles at 54 miles an hour.

In that article we dealt only with occasional special runs. We come now to a consideration of the work done in actual daily service. Let us try to find out how fast the plain citizen of the republic can travel any day in the week on the simple condition of buying an ordinary railroad ticket.

For the finest sustained fast running we must go to the Philadelphia-Atlantic City trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad and to the Empire State Express of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. These are the best of their kind not only here but in the world. The Pennsylvania Railroad runs two trains every week day which make the run from Camden to Atlantic City, a distance of

58.3 miles, in 55 minutes, or at 63.6 miles an hour. The Reading runs two trains week days which make the 55½ miles from Camden to Atlantic City in 50 minutes, or at 66.6 miles an hour. These are the scheduled speeds—the speeds advertised in the time table—and these are regular trains carrying anywhere from five to eight cars. Many of the cars are heavier than the ordinary day coach. This is true of the Pennsylvania trains as well as of the Reading trains.

In July and August of 1898, for 53 week days in succession, the Reading ran a regular train which for those 53 days did better than this schedule. The average speed during all of that time was 70.5 miles an hour sustained for 55½ miles. Nothing like this has ever been done elsewhere even in speed, let alone the weight of trains. It goes without saying that no stops were made.

For long distances we must take the Empire State Express as the best example. That train runs 440 miles, from New York to Buffalo. The schedule requires an average of 53.4 miles an hour. The train must run slowly into Buffalo, and it stops four times on the way; the engines are changed three times. This train has been run every week day for eight years, and with great punctuality. Practically, it is always on time at the end of the run. This often involves making up time lost on the way from causes outside of the train itself, and in doing this the grand engines in this service have made many amazing bursts of speed. Within the last few months a number of trains faster than this have been put on in France as well as in Great Britain, but nothing that runs one quarter of this distance or makes any stops on the way; that is, the fast runs are all made without changing engines. For reasons given in the article printed last month, every time that we

add 100 miles to the length of the run we add to the difficulty of keeping time.

These are crack trains and stand alone. Other crack trains are the New York and Chicago limited trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad and of the New York Central and Lake Shore. These give a fine service when we consider the distance, the weight of the trains, and their luxurious equipment; but the speed is really not great. In each case the time from New York to Chicago is 25 hours, making due allowance for longitude. The distance is 966 miles by the New York Central and the Lake Shore, and 912 miles by the Pennsylvania. The rate figures out  $36\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour on the Pennsylvania and  $38\frac{1}{2}$  by the New York Central. The two companies very sensibly agree to keep the time up to 25 hours. The Pennsylvania has the advantage of less distance, but the disadvantage of worse grades, having to lift its trains 2,162 feet above the sea, crossing the Alleghany Mountains, while the summit of the Batavia divide on the New York Central is only 919 feet.

In the summer of 1893 a regular train was run between New York and Chicago known as the "Exposition Flyer." This train made the run in 20 hours by the New York Central and the Lake Shore, or at the rate of 48.2 miles an hour (the distance was 964 miles, as the train did not run into the station at Buffalo). It made nine stops and did the run with eight locomotives. This train was discontinued at the close of the World's Fair, and therefore hardly comes within the field of this inquiry.

Naturally, we should expect to find very fine service in speed, frequency, and comfort between two cities as big as New York and Philadelphia, only ninety miles apart; and indeed we do find there the best service, taking all things together, to be found in the United States. Perhaps the nearest approach to it anywhere else is in the service between Liverpool and Manchester, only about half the distance. Between Jersey City and Philadelphia the Pennsylvania Railroad runs eleven trains every day south bound, and ten north bound, which are timed faster than 44 miles an hour; two of them are run at more than 50 miles an hour. These, of course, are in addition to a number of

somewhat slower trains. The line made up by the Central of New Jersey and the Philadelphia & Reading also runs a number of excellent trains, the best of which are timed just over 50 miles an hour.

From New York to Washington, 227 miles, the Pennsylvania Railroad runs three trains every day south bound at more than 46 miles an hour, and one at  $47\frac{3}{4}$  miles an hour. The service north bound is practically the same. Besides these, there are, of course, slower trains. The Baltimore & Ohio and the Reading also run trains between Jersey City and Washington at  $47\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour.

A very fast train is run from Jersey City to Buffalo by the Lehigh Valley, which makes 450 miles at a speed of 46.4 miles an hour, including stops.

We may go from Chicago to Milwaukee, 85 miles, by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad at a speed of 44.3 miles an hour, and from Chicago to St. Paul by the Chicago & Northwestern, 408 miles, at 40.2 miles an hour by one fast mail train.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy has some fast trains running considerable distances, as, for instance, between Chicago and Creston, 396 miles, at 44 miles an hour, and between Chicago and Council Bluffs, 499 miles, at 43.8 miles an hour. This train runs from Chicago to Galesburg, 162 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles, at 52 miles an hour. Still another one is scheduled to make the same run at 57.3 miles an hour, and to run from Chicago to Creston, 396 miles, at 48 miles an hour. This train makes the run to Council Bluffs at 47.8 miles an hour. The corresponding east bound trains are run at about the same rate.

All of these are journey speeds, and include all stops at stations, stops to change engines, to take water, or at block signals; in brief, all detentions, whether full stops or only reductions of speed. It follows that much of the running is at sixty miles an hour or more. These trains must stand as examples of the best that is done in the United States in regular service. It would be quite out of place to go on and tell of all of the best trains on all of the best roads in our 188,000 miles of railroad.

In Great Britain there is much very good running, but nothing better than

what we have instanced as taking place every day in the United States; in fact, when we consider the distances, nothing so good. The famous trains run from London to Edinburgh make 400 miles (in round numbers) at about 50 miles an hour journey speed. There are trains run out of London making a little over 100 miles without stopping, at an average rate of 54.3 miles an hour. There are trains in Scotland running over short distances at from 56 to 59 miles an hour, and others in England running anywhere up to 90 miles distance at between 55 and 56 miles an hour. Trains over 50 miles an hour for distances under 100 miles are pretty common.

But the finest regular running done to-day, except that between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, is, wonderful to say, in France, where ten years ago it was hard to find an express train making forty miles an hour. Indeed, the improvement in train speeds there has been made almost entirely within the last four years. We find there one train on the Northern Railroad, from Paris to Amiens, scheduled to make the distance of  $81\frac{1}{2}$  miles at  $60\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour—which, it will be observed, is about as good as the Atlantic City schedule, inasmuch as the distance is 40 per cent greater. Of course this can be run, and is run, without a stop. We find seven trains running distances varying from 69 miles to 104 miles at speeds of from 57 to 58 miles an hour. These are on the Orleans and the Northern railroads. We find five trains making over 56 miles an hour for distances of from 31 miles up to 70. We find three trains over 55 miles an hour for distances of  $62\frac{1}{2}$  to 79 miles. Considering the amount of this service, and the distances run, there is nothing like it in the world to-day.

We need not go to Germany for examples of fast running, or, for that matter, for frequent trains or any other of the elements of service to the public. The control and working of the railroads by the government has there produced a most beautiful organization, carried down to the last details, but it has killed enterprise. When we take the sum of all the elements—speed, frequency, comfort, cost, and amount of service relatively to population—we find that the United States and Great Britain are far and

away better off than any other nations, and in the United States and Great Britain the railroads have been left to private enterprise with the least effort at control by government.

We have now seen how fast people may travel by rail in the "present state of the art"; may they expect to travel much faster in the future? This is speculation, and one man's guess is about as good as another man's. Confining ourselves to the steam locomotive, I venture to guess that we are now pretty close to the maximum speeds; that the best steam locomotive of the future will be but little faster than the best of today; but I venture to guess also that the present average speeds will be worked slowly and steadily up towards the present maximum speeds. Year by year more short distance trains will run at sixty miles an hour; more middle distance trains will run at fifty five miles an hour; more long distance trains will run at fifty miles an hour. Then these figures will be advanced a peg or two, and the trains will be slowly worked up to the new standards. All of this is a matter not of locomotives alone, but of track and signals and car trucks and administration; but for the moment we will confine ourselves to the locomotives.

Some of my reasons for thinking that the present maximum speed of the steam locomotive will not be greatly exceeded may be briefly stated in words not too technical for the layman. Speed, so far as the engine is concerned, is finally a matter of power, but power is finally limited by space. To develop some given amount of power in a unit of time you must evaporate a certain amount of water; to do that, you must burn a certain amount of coal; and to do both these things, you must have space. But there are practical limits to the space which can be occupied by a locomotive firebox and boiler. It is not likely that the gage of railroads will be widened for some generations to come, nor is it likely that the stature and physical strength of the fireman will be much greater two hundred years from now than today. The fireman of today could not spread coal over a much larger grate, nor could a much larger boiler be used within the limits of gage. These facts suggest some of the physical limitations to greater

speed from the steam locomotive. We may, without increasing the size of the boiler and cylinders, increase the power by raising the steam pressure. That, in turn, means burning coal, and there is a limit of pressure not far away at which it would be impracticable to lubricate the valves and cylinders. Many locomotives running today carry 180 pounds pressure to the square inch; a few carry 200 pounds, and one is now building to carry 240 pounds. There are good mechanical engineers who look upon this last as a doubtful experiment, although I venture to predict its success.

There are certain reasons why an electric locomotive might be made to run faster than a steam locomotive. This is not because it is driven by electricity, for steam can turn wheels just as fast as electricity can.

No electric motor of commercial size has yet propelled itself, or itself and a car, at a speed nearly as great as the highest speeds recorded for steam locomotives. Under working conditions no electric motor now running reaches the ordinary speeds of steam locomotives; but this is not to say that an electric locomotive can never be made to run faster than a steam locomotive, for it can be. There is no reasonable limit to the amount of power that could be poured into an electric motor. The firebox and boiler, being on land, can be made of any necessary size. There is no physical limit to the size of conductors to carry the current. Consequently, the power delivered at the rim of the driving wheel of the electric locomotive might be much greater than that of the steam locomotive. Consequently, we may, by and by, see electric locomotives running at speeds now unheard of. All of this, however, is in the future. Whether or not electric locomotives are used to haul main line trains at great speeds will be rather a commercial than an engineering question. The engineers can supply the material; it

is for others to decide if it is worth while.

I said above that train speeds do not depend solely upon the locomotive. The faster we run, the better the track must be, for the greater is the danger of derailment at curves and at low places, and the greater is the disaster in case of derailment. The faster we run, the more perfect the signaling must be. Did the reader ever realize what it would mean to try to stop a train from 90 miles an hour in an emergency? It probably could not be done under 3,600 feet; that is to say, under seven tenths of a mile. Sixteen seconds after the warning to stop had been seen, and brakes had been put on and steam shut off (assuming these things to have been done without loss of time) the train would still be running at 61 miles an hour, it would have traversed a distance of 1,800 feet, and there would still remain the stored energy of 61 miles an hour to annihilate. This is what it means to try to stop from 90 miles an hour.

It is possible to signal railroads so thoroughly that an engineer will be sure to get a warning of danger seven tenths of a mile away, or a mile away or two miles away, if the danger is from a train ahead or a broken rail; but it is not possible to provide fixed signals to protect a train from a carriage at a highway crossing, or from a cow on the track, or from a wreck on an adjoining track, or from many other dangers. It follows that if we are to run trains at very high speeds we must have excellent track, complete signaling, separation of grades at highway crossings, and thorough patrol of the right of way; all of which means the investment of more money in the railroads, and again we come to the commercial aspect of the matter. There are not many railroads in the United States that can afford that complete protection which alone will justify speeds of more than sixty miles an hour.

#### THE SISTERS.

SWEET Faith tells her beads in the corner,  
And prays till her lips are numb,  
But Hope hath her face at the window  
And watches the morning come.

*Arthur Ketchum.*



# THE KING'S MIRROR.\*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

## XXVI.

PRINCESS HEINRICH held a reception of all sorts and conditions of those in Forstadt who were receivable. So comprehensive was the party that to be included conveyed no compliment; to be left out meant a slap in the face. But the scene was gorgeous, and the princess presided over it with fitting dignity. Elsa and I stood by her for a while, all in our buckram, living monuments of bliss and exaltedness. It was like a prolonged interview with the photographer. Then I slipped away and paid marked and honorific courtesy to Bederhof's wife and Bederhof's daughters—tall girls, not over quick to be married; somehow quite inevitable if one considered Bederhof himself.

Rising from my plunge, I looked round for Elsa. She had left my mother and taken a seat in a recess by the window. There she sat, looking, poor soul, rather weary, speaking now and then to those who, in passing by, paused to make their respects and compliments to her. She wore my diamonds; all eyes were for her; the streets were splendidly decorated. Was she content? With all my heart I hoped that she was.

People came and buzzed about me, and I buzzed back to them. I had learned to buzz, I believe, with some grace and facility, certainly with an almost entire detachment of my inner mind; it would be intolerable for the real man to be engrossed in such performances. Looking over the head of the President of the Court of Appeal (he was much shorter than his speeches), I saw Elsa suddenly lean forward and sign with her fan to a lady who passed by. The lady stopped; she sat down by Elsa; then entered into conversation. For a while I went on buzzing and being buzzed to, but presently curiosity conquered me.

"In the pleasure of your conversation I must not forget what is my first duty just now, gentlemen," I said, with a smile and a bow.

They dissolved from in front of me with discreet smiles. I sauntered toward the recess where Elsa sat. Glancing at Princess Heinrich, I saw her watching all that went forward, but she was hemmed in by eminent persons. And why should she interpose, if Elsa desired to talk to the Countess von Sempach?

I leaned over the arm of my betrothed's chair. They were talking of common affairs. From where I was I could not see Elsa's face, so I moved and stood leaning on a third chair between them. The countess was gay and brilliant; kind also, with a tenderness that seemed to throw out feelers for friendship. To me she spoke only when I addressed her directly; her attention was all for Elsa. In Elsa's eyes, not skilled to conceal her heart, there was, overpowering all other expression, a curiosity, a study of something that interested and puzzled her—a desire to understand the woman who talked to her.

For Elsa had heard something; not all, but something. She was not hostile or disturbed; she was gracious and eager to please, but she was inquiring and searching. At her heart's bidding her wits were on the move. I knew the maze that they explored. She was asking for the countess' secret. But which secret? For to her it might well seem that there were two. Rumor said that I had loved the countess. It would be in the way of the natural woman for Elsa to desire to find out why, the trick of the charm that a predecessor (let the word pass) had wielded. But rumor said also that the countess had loved me. Was this the deeper, harder secret that Elsa sought to probe, this the puzzle to which she asked an answer?

Perhaps, could she find an answer that satisfied, there would be new heaven and new earth for her. Here seemed to me the truth, the reason of the longing question in her eyes. Jealousy could not inspire that; certainly not a jealousy of what was long gone by, of a woman who

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to Elsa's fresh girlhood must be faded and almost sunk to middle age. "How did you contrive to love him?" That was Elsa's question, asked beneath my understanding gaze.

There was a little stir by the door, and a man came through the group that loitered round it, hastily shaking hands here, nodding there, as he steered his course toward Princess Heinrich. I knew that Varvilliers would come to the wedding, but had not been aware that he was already in Forstadt. My companions did not notice him, but I watched his interview with my mother. Even she unbent to him, disarmed by a courtesy that overcame the protest of her judgment; she detained him in conversation nearly ten minutes, and then pointed to where we were, directing him to join us.

"Ah, here comes Varvilliers!" said I. "I'm delighted to have him back. You've met him, countess?"

"Oh, yes, sire, in Paris," she answered.

For a few moments I kept my eyes from Elsa's face and looked toward Varvilliers, smiling and beckoning. When I turned toward her, she was bright and composed. He joined us, and she welcomed him with cordiality. He launched on an account of his doings; then came to our affairs, commiserating us on the trial of our ceremonies. For a while we talked all to all; then I began to tell the countess a little story. Varvilliers and Elsa fell into a conversation apart. She had made him sit by her. I bent down over my chair back, to converse more easily with my countess. All this was right enough, unless the talk were to continue general.

I do not know how long we went on thus; some time I know it was; at last it chanced that the countess made no answer to what I said, and leaned back in her chair with a thoughtful smile. I sighed, raised my head, and looked across the room. I heard the other two in animated talk and their gay laughter; for the moment my mind was not on them. Suddenly Wetter passed in front of me; he had once been president of the Chamber, and Princess Heinrich knew her duty. He was with William Adolphus, who seemed in extremely good spirits. Wetter paused opposite to me and bowed. I returned his salutation, but did not invite him to join us; I hoped to speak to him later.

Thus it was for a bare instant that he halted. But what matters time? Its only true measure lies in what a man does in it. Wetter's momentary halt was long enough for one of those glances of his to play over the group we made. From face to face it ran, a change of expression marking every stage. It rested at last on me. I turned my head sharply toward Elsa; her cheek was flushed; her eyes glistened; her body was bent forward in an eagerness of attention, as though she would not lose a word. Varvilliers was given over to the spirit of his talk, but he watched the sparks that he struck from her eyes. I glanced again at Wetter; William Adolphus had seized his arm and urged him forward. For a second still he stood; he tossed his hair back, laughed, and turned away. Why should he stay? He had said all that the situation suggested to him, and said it with his own merciless lucidity.

I echoed his laugh. Mine was an interruption to their talk. Elsa started and looked up; Varvilliers' face turned to me; he looked at me for a moment; then a strange and most unusual air of embarrassment spread over him. The countess did not speak, and her eyes were downcast. Varvilliers was himself again directly; he began to speak of indifferent matters; he was not so awkward as to let this incident be the occasion of his leave taking. A minute or two passed. I looked at him and held out my hand. At the same instant the countess asked a signal from Elsa, and it was given.

We all stood together for a moment, then they left us, she accepting his arm to cross the room. Elsa sat down again and did not speak. I found no words either, but leaned again over my chair regarding the scene in absent moodiness. I was thinking how odd a thing it was and how perfect, that absolute contentment of the one with the other, that mutual sufficiency, that fitting in of each to each, that ultimate oneness of soul which is the block from which is hewn love's image. And the block is there, though by fate's caprice it lie unshaped.

The thing had been between the countess and myself; its virtue had availed to abolish difference of years, to rout absurdity, to threaten the strongest resolution of my mind. It was between Elsa and Varvilliers. In none other had I found it

for myself; in none other would Elsa find it. It was not for her in me. Then in vain had been the questioning of her eyes, in vain the eager longing of her parted lips. She had not ears to hear the secret of the countess. At this moment I forgot again that my, or even her, happiness was not a relevant consideration in forming a judgment of the universe. It is, in fact, a difficult thing to remember. My pride was ablaze with hatred of being taken because I could not be refused. I was carried away by a sudden impulse. I threw myself into the chair by Elsa, saying:

"How it would surprise and scatter all these good people if you suddenly announced that you'd changed your mind, Elsa! What a rout! What a scurry! What a putting out of lights and a pulling down of poles and a furling up of flags and a countermanding of orders to the butcher and the baker! Good heavens! Think of my mother's face, or, indeed, of your mother's face! Think of Bederhof's face, of everybody's face!" And I fell to laughing.

Elsa also laughed, but with a nervous discomfort. Her glance at me was short; her eyes dropped again.

"What made you think of such a thing?" she asked in a hesitating tone.

"I don't know," said I. Then I turned and asked, "Have you never thought of it?"

"Never," she said. "Indeed, never! How could I?"

It was impossible to doubt the sincerity of her disclaimer. She seemed really shocked and amazed at the notion.

"And now—to do it now! When everything is ready!" She gave a pretty little gasp. "And go back with mother to Bartenstein!" she went on, shaking her head in horror. "How could you imagine it? Fancy Bartenstein again!"

Evidently I was preferable to Bartenstein again, to the narrow humdrum life there. No poles, no flags, no illuminations, no cheers, no dignity! Diamonds, even, scarce and rare! I tried to take heart. It was something to be better than Bartenstein again.

"And what would they think of me? Oh, it's too absurd! But, of course, you were joking?"

"Oh, not more than usual, Elsa! You might have found me even more tiresome than Bartenstein."

"Nonsense! It would always be better here than at Bartenstein."

Clearly there was no question in her mind on this point. Forstadt and I—let me share since I may not engross the credit—were much better than going back to Bartenstein.

She was looking at me with an uneasy, almost suspicious air.

"What made you ask that question?" she said abruptly.

I looked round the room. Among the many groups in talk there were faces turned towards us, regarding us with a discreet, good humored amusement. The king forgot his duties and talked with his lady love. Every moment buttressed the reputation of our love match. Let it be so; it was best. Yet the sham was curiously unpleasant to me.

"Why did you ask me that question, Augustin? You had a reason?"

"No, none; except that in forty eight hours it will be too late to ask it."

She leaned toward me in agitated pleading.

"I do love you, Augustin! I love nobody so much as you—you and father."

I and father! Poor girl, how she admitted while she thought to deny! But I was full of a pity and a tenderness for her, and forgot my own pride.

"You're so good to me; and there's no reason why you should like me."

"Like?" said I. "A gentleman must pretend sometimes——"

"Yes. What do you mean?" Pleased coquetry gleamed for a moment in her eyes. "Do you mean—love me?"

"It is impossible, is it?" I asked, and I looked into her eyes as though I desired her love. Well, I did, that she might have peace.

She blushed, and suddenly, as it were by an uncontrollable immediate impulse, glanced round. Whose face did she seek? Was it not his who last had looked at her in that fashion? He was not in sight. Her gaze fell downward. Ah, that you had been a better diplomatist, Elsa! For though a man may know the truth, he loves sometimes one who will deny it to him plausibly. He gains thereby a respite and an intermission—the convict's repose between his turns on the treadmill or the hour's flouting of hard life that good wit brings. But it was impossible to rear on stable foundations a pleasure house of

pretense; with every honest revelation of her heart Elsa shattered it. I cannot blame her. I myself was at my analytic undermining.

"You'll go on, then?" I asked, with a laugh.

She laughed for answer. The question seemed to her to need no answer. What! would she go back to Bartenstein—to insignificance, to dulness, and to tutelage? Surely not!

"But I'm not very like the grenadier," I said.

She understood me and flushed, relapsing into uneasiness. I saw that I had touched some chord in her, and I would willingly have had my words unsaid. Presently she turned to me, and, forgetting the gazers round, held out her hands to mine. Her eyes seemed dim.

"I'll try—I'll try to make you happy," she said.

And she said well. I also, letting all think what they would, rose to my feet and bowed low over the hand that I kissed. Then I gave her my arm and walked with her through the lane that they made for us.

Surely we pretended well; for somehow, from somewhere, a cheer arose, and they cheered us as we walked through. Elsa's face was in an instant bright again. She pressed my arm in a spasm of pleasure. We proceeded in triumph to where Princess Heinrich stood; away, behind her, in the foremost row of a group of men, stood Wetter—Wetter leading the cheers, waving his handkerchief, grinning in charmingly diabolical fashion. The suitability of Princess Heinrich's reception of us I must leave to be imagined; it was among her triumphs.

I fell at once into the clutches of Cousin Elizabeth, my regard for whom was tempered by a preference for more restraint in the display of emotion.

"My dearest boy," she said, pulling me into a seat by her, "I saw you. It made me so happy."

A thing, without being exactly good in itself, may of course have incidental advantages.

"It was sure to happen. You were made for each other. Dear Elsa is young and shy and—and she didn't quite understand." Cousin Elizabeth looked almost sly. "But now the weight is quite off my mind. Because Elsa doesn't change."

"Doesn't she?" I asked.

"No, she's constancy itself. Once she takes up a point of view, you know, or an impression of a person, nothing alters it. Dear me, we used to think her obstinate. Only, everybody gave way to her. That was her father's fault. He never would have her thwarted. But she's turned out very well, hasn't she? So I can't blame him. I know your mother thought us very lax."

"Ah, my mother was not lax!"

"It only shows there's room for both ways, doesn't it? What was I saying?"

I knew what she had been saying, but not which part of it she desired to repeat. However, she found it for herself in a moment.

"Oh, yes! No, she never changes. Just what she is to you now she'll be all her life. I never knew her to change. She just loves you or she doesn't, and there it rests. You may feel quite safe."

"How very satisfactory all this is, Cousin Elizabeth!"

"Satisfactory!" she exclaimed, with a momentary surprise at my epithet. But her theory came to the rescue. "Oh, I know you always talk like that. Well, I don't expect you to talk like a lover to me. It's quite enough if you do it to Elsa. Yes, it is—satisfactory, isn't it?" The good creature laughed heartily and squeezed my hand. "She'll never change," she repeated once again, in an ample, comfortable contentment. "And you don't mind showing what you feel, do you?"

Cousin Elizabeth was chaffing me.

"On my word, I forgot how public we were," said I. "My feelings ran away with me."

"Oh, why should you be ashamed? They might laugh, but I'm sure they envied you."

It was strange enough, but it is very likely that they did. For my own part I have learned not to envy people without knowing a good deal about them and their affairs.

"Because," pursued Cousin Elizabeth, "I have always in my heart hated merely arranged marriages. They're not right, you know, Augustin. They may be necessary, but they're not right."

"Very necessary, but quite wrong," I agreed.

"And at one time I was the least bit



afraid—however, I was a silly old woman. Do look at her talking to your mother. Oh, of course, you were looking at her already. You weren't listening to my chatter."

I had, however, listened to Cousin Elizabeth's chatter. She had told me something of interest. Elsa would never change; she took a view and a relation toward a person and maintained them. What she was to me now she would be always.

"My dear cousin, I have listened with keen interest to every word that you've said," I protested truthfully.

"That's your politeness. I know what lovers are," said Cousin Elizabeth.

I looked across to the duke's passive, tired face. The thought crossed my mind that Cousin Elizabeth must have depended on observation rather than on experience for the impressions to which she referred.

As I passed my mother, she beckoned to me. Elsa had left her, and she was alone for the moment. It seemed that she had a word to say to me, and on the subject concerning which I thought it likely enough that she would have something to say—the engagement of Coralie to sing at the gala performance.

"Was there not some unpleasant talk about this Mme. Mansoni?" she asked.

"Well, there was talk," said I, smiling, and allowing my eyes to rest on the figure of William Adolphus, visible in the distance. "It would have been better not to have her, perhaps. It can be altered, I suppose."

"Bederhof sanctioned it without referring to you or to me. It has become public now."

"Oh, I didn't know that."

"Yes; it's in the evening papers."

"Any—any remarks?"

"No, except that the *Vorwärts* calls it an extraordinarily suitable selection."

"The *Vorwärts*? Yes," said I thoughtfully. Wetter wrote for the *Vorwärts*. "Perhaps, then, to cancel it would make more talk than to let it stand. The whole story is very old."

Princess Heinrich permitted a smile to appear on her face as with a wave of her fan she relegated Coralie to a proper insignificance. She was smiling still as she added:

"There's another old acquaintance

coming to assist at the wedding, Augustin. I telegraphed to ask her, and she has answered accepting the invitation in the warmest terms."

"Indeed! Who is that, pray?"

"The baroness," said my mother.

I stared at her; then I cried with a laugh, "Krak? Not Krak?"

"Yes, Krak, as you naughty children used to call her."

"Good heavens! Does the world still hold Krak?"

"Of course. She's rather an old woman, though. You'll be kind to her, Augustin? She was always very fond of you."

"I will treat Krak," said I, "with all affection."

Surely I would, for Krak's coming put the crown of completeness on the occasion. But I was amazed; Krak was utterly stuff of the past.

My mother did not appear to desire my presence any longer; I had to take up my own position and receive farewells. A dreary half hour passed in this occupation; at last the throng grew thin. I broke away and sauntered off to a buffet for a sandwich and a glass of champagne. There I saw Wetter and Varvilliers standing together and refreshing their jaded bodies. I joined them at once, full of the news about Krak.

It fell rather flat, I regret to say; Krak had not significance for them, and Wetter was full of wild, brilliant talk. Varvilliers' manner, on the other hand, although displaying now no awkwardness or restraint, showed unusual gentleness and gravity, with an added friendliness very welcome to me. I stood between my friends, sipping my wine and detaining them, although the room was nearly empty. I felt a reluctance to part and an invincible repugnance to my bed.

"Come to my quarters," I said, "and we'll have cigars."

Varvilliers bowed ready assent. Wetter's face twisted into a smile.

"I must plead excuse to the command," he said.

"Then you're a rascal, Wetter; I want you, man, and you ought not to be expected anywhere this time of night."

"Not at home, sire?"

"Home least of all," said Varvilliers, smiling.

"But I have guests at home," cried

Wetter. "I've left them too long. But her royal highness didn't invite them; besides, it was necessary to practise the song."

"What? Are they with you?"

"Should I send them to a hotel, sire? My friends, the Struboffs? No, no!"

Sipping my wine, I looked doubtfully from one to the other.

"The king," observed Wetter to Varvilliers, "would be interested in hearing a rehearsal of the song."

"But," said I, "Krak comes tonight, and I daren't look as if I'd sat up beyond my hour."

Wetter laid his finger on my arm.

"One more night," he said. Varvilliers laughed. "I have the same old servant. He's very discreet!"

"But you'll put it in the *Vorwärts!*"

"No, no; not if the meeting place is my own house."

"I'll do it!" I cried. "Come, let's have a carriage."

"Mine waits," said Varvilliers, "at your disposal. I'll see about it," and off he ran. Wetter turned to me.

"An interesting quartet there in the recess," said he.

"And an insolent fellow looking on at it," said I.

"I'll write an article on your impulsive love making before all the world."

"Do; I can conceive nothing more politic."

"It shall teem with sincerity."

"Never a jest anywhere in it? Not one for me?"

"No. Jests are in place only when one tells the truth. A lie must be solemn, sire."

"True. Write it to your mood."

And to his mood he wrote it, eloquently, beautifully, charged with the passion of that joy which he realized in imagination, but could not find in his stormy life. I read it two or three days later at Artenberg.

"Hey for the wedding song and one night more!" he cried.

We rolled off, we three, in Varvilliers' carriage.

## XXVII.

THERE was no doubt that they practised the marriage song. Coralie's voice echoed through the house as we entered. For a moment we paused in the hall to listen.

Then Wetter dashed up the stairs, crying, "Good God! Wooden, wooden, wooden!" We followed him at a run; he flung the door open and rushed in.

Coralie broke off her singing, and came to greet me with a little cry of pleased surprise. Struboff sat at the piano, looking rather bewildered. Supper was spread on a table at the other end of the room. When Struboff tried to rise, Wetter thrust him back into his seat. "No, no, the king doesn't want to talk to you!" he said. "He wants to hear madame sing, to hear you play. Coralie, come and sing again, and, for God's sake, sing it as if it meant something, dear Coralie!"

"It's such nonsense," said Coralie, with a pouting smile.

"Nonsense? Then it needs all your effort. As if—as if, I say—it meant something!"

Varvilliers, laughing, flung himself on a sofa; I stood at the end of the piano, and Wetter was gesticulating and muttering on the hearth rug. Struboff put his fingers on the keys again and began to play; after a sigh of weariness, Coralie uplifted her voice. It came fresh and full; the weariness was of the spirit only. The piece was good, nay, very good; there were feeling and passion in the music. I looked at Struboff. His fingers moved tenderly, tears stood in his little eyes. Coralie shouted perfect notes in perfect heartlessness.

"My God!" muttered Wetter from the hearth rug, and bounded across to her. He caught her by the arm.

"Feel, feel, feel!" he cried angrily.

"Don't be so stupid," said Coralie.

"She can't feel it," said Struboff, taking his handkerchief and wiping brow and eyes.

"She's a fortunate lady," remarked Varvilliers from his sofa.

"You'd think she could," said Wetter, taking both her hands and surveying her from top to toe. "You'd think she could understand. Look at her eyes, her brows, her lips. You'd think she could understand. Look at her hands, her waist, her neck. It's a little strange, isn't it? See, she smiles at me! She has an adorably good temper. She doesn't mind me in the least. It's just that she happens not to be able to feel."

During all this outburst Struboff played softly and tenderly; a large tear formed

now in each of his eyes, and presently trickled over the swelling hillocks underneath his cheek bones. Coralie was smiling placidly at Wetter, thinking him mad enough, but in no way put out by his criticism.

"I can feel it," said Wetter, in a whimsically puzzled tone. "Why should I feel it? I'm not young or beautiful, and my voice is the worse for wear because I've had to denounce the king so much. Nevertheless, I can feel it."

"You can make a big fool of yourself," observed Coralie, breaking into a laugh, and snatching her hands away from him.

"Yes, yes, yes! I should hope so," he cried. "She catches the point! Is there hope? No, she won't make a fool of herself. There's no hope." He sank into a chair with every appearance of dejection.

"I think it's supper time," she said, moving toward the table. "What are you still playing for?" she called to Struboff.

"Let him play," said I. "Perhaps he would rather play than sup."

"It's very likely," Coralie admitted with a shrug. Struboff looked at me for a moment and nodded solemnly. He was playing low now, giving a plaintive turn to the music that had been joyful.

"No, you shall try it once again," cried Wetter, leaping up. "Once again! A verse of it! I'll stand opposite to you. See, like this; and I'll look at you. Now try!"

She was very good natured with him, and did as he bade her. He took his stand just by her, behind Struboff, and gazed into her face. I could see him; his lips twitched, and his eyes were set on her in an ardor of passion.

"Look in my eyes and sing!" he commanded.

"Ah, but you're silly!" she murmured in her pleasant, lazy drawl. She threw out her chest, and filled the room with healthy, tuneful sound.

"Stop!" he cried. "Stop! I can endure no more of it. Can you eat? Yes, you can eat. In God's name, come and eat, dear Coralie!"

Coralie appealed to me.

"Don't you think I sing it very well?" she asked. "I can fill the Grand Opera House quite easily."

"You sing it to perfection," said I. "There's nothing wrong, nothing at all. Wetter, here, is mad."

"Wetter is certainly mad," echoed Varvilliers, rising from the sofa.

"Wetter is damned mad!" said Wetter.

"Wetter is right—ah, so right!" came in a despairing grumble from poor Struboff, who still played away.

"To supper, to supper!" cried Wetter. "You're right, all of you. And I'm right. And I'm mad. To supper! No, let Struboff play. Struboff, you want to play. Play on!"

Struboff nodded again and played on. His notes, now plaintive, now triumphant, were the accompaniment to our meal, filling the pauses, enriching, as it seemed, the talk. But Coralie was deep in *foie gras*, and paid no heed to them. Wetter engaged in some vehement discussion with Varvilliers, who met him with good humored pertinacity. I had dropped out of the talk and sat listening dreamily enough to Struboff's music. Suddenly Coralie laid down her knife and turned to me.

"Wouldn't it be nice if I were going to be married to you?" she asked.

"Charming," said I; "but what of our dear M. Struboff? And what of my cousin Elsa?"

"We wouldn't trouble about them." She was looking at me with a shrewd gaze. "No," she said, "you wouldn't like it. Shall we try another arrangement?" She leaned toward me and laid her pretty hand on my arm. "Wetter and I—I am not very well placed, but let it pass—Wetter and I, Varvilliers and the princess, you and the countess."

I made no sign of appreciating this rather penetrating suggestion.

"You're more capricious than fortune, more arbitrary than fate, madame," said I. "Moreover, you have again forgotten to provide for M. Struboff."

She shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

"No," she said meditatively; "I don't like that, after all. It might do for M. de Varvilliers, but the countess is too old, and Wetter there would cut my throat. We can't sacrifice everything to give Varvilliers a princess." She appeared to reflect for a few seconds. "I don't know how to arrange it."

"Positively, I should be at a loss myself if I were called upon to govern the world at short notice."

"I think I must let it alone. I don't see how to make it better."

"Thank you. For my own part, I have the good luck to be in love with my cousin."

Coralie lifted her eyes to mine. "Oh, no!" she drawled quietly. Then she added with a laugh, "Do you remember when you fought Wetter?"

"Heavens, yes—fools that we were! Not a word of it! Nobody knows."

"Well, at that time you were in love with me."

"Madame, I will have the honor of mentioning a much more remarkable thing to you."

"If you please, sire," she said, taking a bunch of grapes and beginning to eat them.

"You were all but in love with me."

"That's not remarkable. You're too humble. I was; ah, yes, I was. I was very afraid for you. *Mon ami*, don't you wish that, instead of being king here, you were the sultan?"

I laughed at this abrupt and somewhat unceremonious question.

"In fact, Coralie," said I, "there are only two really satisfactory things to be in this life; all else is miserable compromise."

"Tell them to me."

"A sultan or a monk. And—pardon me—give me the latter."

"Well, I once knew a monk very well, and——" began Coralie in a tone of meditative reminiscence. But, rather to my vexation, Wetter spoiled the story by asking what we were talking about with our heads so close together.

"We were correcting fate and rearranging destiny," I explained.

"Pooh, pooh!" he cried. "You'd not get rid of the tragedy, and only spoil the comedy. Let it alone, my children."

We let it alone and began to chatter honest nonsense. This had been going on for a few minutes when I became aware suddenly that Struboff had ceased playing my wedding song. I looked round; he sat on the piano stool, his broad back like a tree trunk bent to a bow, and his head settled on his shoulders till a red bulge over his collar was all that survived of his neck.

I rose softly, signing to the others not to interrupt their conversation, and stole up to him. He did not move; his hands were clasped on his stomach. I peered round into his face; its lines were set in

a grotesque, heavy melancholy. At first I felt very sorry for him; but as I went on looking at him something of Coralie's feeling came over me, and I grew angry. That he was, doubtless, very miserable ceased to plead for him; nay, it aggravated his offense. What right had this fellow to make misery repulsive? And it was over my wedding song that he had tortured himself into this ludicrous condition!

Yet, again, it was a pleasant paradox of nature's to dower this carcass with the sensibility which might have given a crowning charm to the beauty of Coralie. In him it could attract no love, to him it could bring no happiness. Probably it caused him to play the piano better; if this justifies nature, she is welcome to the plea. For my part, I felt that it was monstrously bad taste in him to come and be miserable here and now in Forstadt. But he overshot his mark.

"Good God, my dear Struboff!" I cried in extreme annoyance, "think how little it matters, how little any of us care, even, if you like, how little you ought to care yourself! You've tumbled down on the gravel; very well! Stop crying, and don't, for Heaven's sake, keep showing me the graze on your knee. We all, I suppose, have grazes on our knees. Get your mother to put you into stockings, and nobody will see it. I've been in stockings for years." I burst into a laugh.

He did not understand what I would be at; that, perhaps, was hardly wonderful.

"The music has affected me," he mumbled.

"Then come and let some champagne affect you," I advised him irritably. "What! Are you to spoil a pleasant evening?"

He looked at me with ponderous, sorrowful reproach.

"A pleasant evening!" he groaned, as he blew his nose.

"Yes," I cried loudly; "a damnably pleasant evening, M. Struboff!" And I caught him by the arm, dragged him from his stool, and carried him off to the table with me. Here I set him down between Varvilliers and myself; Wetter and Coralie, deep in low voiced conversation, paid no heed to him. He began to eat and drink eagerly and with appetite.

"You perceive, Struboff," said I per-



suavely, "that while we have stomachs—and none, my friend, can deny that you have one—the world is not empty of delight. You and I may have our grazes—Varvilliers, have you a graze on the knee by chance?—but consider, I pray you, the case of the man who has no dinner."

"It would be very bad to have no dinner," said Struboff, in full mouthed meditation.

"Besides that," said I lightly—I grew better tempered every moment—"what are these fine spun miseries with which we afflict ourselves? To be empty, to be thirsty, to be cold—these are evils. Was ever any man well fed, well drunk, and well warmed, really miserable? Reflect before you answer, Struboff."

He drained a glass of champagne, and, I suppose, reflected.

"If he had his piano also——" he began.

"Great heavens!" I interrupted, with a laugh.

Coralie turned from Wetter and fixed her eyes on her husband. He perceived her glance directly; his appetite appeared to become enfeebled, and he drank his wine with apologetic slowness. She went on looking at him with a merciless amusement; his whole manner became expressive of a wish to be elsewhere. I saw Varvilliers smothering a smile; he sacrificed much to good manners. I myself laughed gently. Suddenly, to my surprise, Wetter caught Coralie by the wrist.

"You see that man?" he asked, smiling and fixing his eyes on her.

"Oh, yes, I see my husband," said she.

"Your husband, yes. Shall I tell you something? You remember what I've been saying to you?"

"Very well; you've repeated it often. Are you going to repeat it now, out loud?"

"Where's the use? Everybody here knows. I'll tell you another thing." He leaned forward, still holding her wrist tightly. "Look at Struboff!" he said. "Look well at him!"

"I am giving myself the pleasure of looking at M. Struboff," said Coralie.

"Very well. When you die—because you'll grow old, and you'll grow ugly, and at last, after you have become very ugly, you'll die——"

Coralie looked rather vexed, a little perturbed and protesting. Wetter had

touched the one point on which she had troubled herself to criticise the order of the universe.

"When, I say, you die," pursued Wetter, "when, after growing extremely ugly, you die, you will be sent to hell because you have not appreciated the virtues or repaid the devotion of my good friend, M. Struboff. And, sire"—he turned to me—"when one considers that, it appears unreasonable to imagine that eternity will be in any degree less peculiar than this present life of ours."

"That's all very well," said Coralie; "but after having grown ugly, I don't think I should mind anything else."

I clapped my hands.

"I think," said I, "if M. Struboff will pardon the supposition, that madame will be allowed to escape perdition. For, see, she will stand up and she will say quite calmly, with that adorable smile of hers——"

"They don't mind smiles there, sire," put in Varvilliers.

"She'll smile not to please them, but because she's amused," said I. "She'll say with her adorable smile: 'This and that I have done, this and that I have not done. Perhaps I did wrong; I have not studied your rules. But you can't send me to hell.'"

They all appeared to be listening with attentive ears.

"Here's a good advocate," said Wetter. "Let us hear the plea."

"You can't send me to hell, because I have not pretended. I have been myself, and I did not make myself. I can't go to hell with the pretenders."

"But to heaven with the kings?" asked Varvilliers.

"With the kings who have not also been pretenders," said I.

Coralie smiled and released her wrist from Wetter's grasp.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" said she. "I believe that I shall escape, after all. So you and I will be separated, Wetter."

"No, no!" he protested. "Unless you're there, the place won't be itself to me."

We all laughed—Struboff not in appreciation, but with a nervous desire to make himself agreeable—and I rose from my seat. It was three o'clock in the morning. Struboff yawned mightily as he drank a final glass and patted his stomach.

I think that we were all happier than when we sat down.

"And after the occasion, whither?" I asked them.

"I back to France," answered Varvilliers.

"We to Munich," said Coralie, with a shrug.

"I the deuce knows where," laughed Wetter.

"I also the deuce knows where. Come, then, to our next merry supper!" I poured out a glass of wine. They all followed my example and we drank.

"But we shall have no more," said Wetter.

A moment's silence fell on us all. Then Wetter spoke again. He turned to them and indicated me with a gesture.

"He's a good fellow, our Augustin."

"Yes, a good fellow," said Varvilliers.

"A very good fellow," muttered Strubhoff, who was more than a little gone in liquor.

"A good fellow," said Coralie. Then she stepped up to me, put her hands on my shoulders, and kissed me on both cheeks. "A good fellow, our little Augustin," said she.

There was nothing much in this; casual phrases of good will, spoken at a moment of conviviality, the outcome of genuine but perhaps not very deep feeling, but for that trifle of the kisses almost an ordinary accompaniment or conclusion of an evening's entertainment. I was a good fellow; the light praise had been lightly won. Yet even now as I write, looking back over the years, I cannot, when I accuse myself of mawkishness, be altogether convinced by the self denunciation.

For what it was worth, the thing came home to me; for a moment it overleaped the barriers that were round me, the differences that made a hedge between me and them; for a moment they had forgotten that I was not merely their good comrade. I would not have people forget often what I am; but now and then it is pleasant to be no more than what I myself am. And the two there, Wetter and Varvilliers, were the nearest to friends that I have known. One went back to his country, the other the deuce knew where. I should be alone.

Alone I made my way back from Wetter's house, alone and on foot. I had a fancy to walk thus through the decorated

streets; alone to pause an instant before the countess' door, recollecting many things; alone to tell myself that the stocking must be kept over the graze, and that the asking of sympathy was the betrayal of my soul's confidence to me; alone to be weak, alone to be strong; alone to determine to do my work with my own life, alone to hope that I must not render too wretched the life of another.

I had good from that walk of mine. For, you see, when a man is alone—above all, I think when he is alone in the truce of night; one day's fight done and the new morning's battle not yet joined—he can pause and stand and think. He can be still; then his worst and his best steal out, like mice from their holes (the cat of convention is asleep!) and play their gambols and antics before his eyes; he knows them and himself, and reaches forth to know the world and his work in it, his life and the end of it, the difference, if any, that he has made by spending so much pains on living.

It was four o'clock when a sleepy night porter let me in. My servants had orders never to wait beyond two, and in my rooms all was dark and quiet. But when I lit a candle from the little lamp by the door, I saw somebody lying on the sofa in my dressing room—a woman's figure stretched in the luxury of quiet sleep. Victoria this could be, and none else. I was glad to see her there, and to catch her drowsy smile as her eyes opened under the glare of my candle.

"What in the world are you doing here, my dear?" said I, setting down the candle and putting my hands in my pockets.

She sat up, whisking her skirts round with one hand and rubbing her eyes with the other.

"I came to tell you about Krak—Krak's come. But you weren't here. So I lay down, and I suppose I went to sleep."

"I suppose you did. And how's Krak?"

"Just the same as ever!"

"Brought a birch with her, in case I should rebel at the last?"

Victoria laughed.

"Oh, well, you'll see her tomorrow," she remarked. "She's just the same. I'm rather glad, you know, that Krak hasn't been softened by age. It would have been commonplace."

"Besides, one doesn't want to exaggerate the power of advancing years. You didn't come for anything except to tell me about Krak?"

Victoria got up, came to me, and kissed me.

"No, nothing else," she said. She stopped a moment and then remarked abruptly, "You're not a bit like William Adolphus."

"No?" said I, divining in a flash her thought and her purpose. "Still—have you been with Elsa tonight?"

"Yes; after Cousin Elizabeth and mother left her. You—you'll be kind to her? I told her that she was very silly, and that I wished I was going to marry you."

"Oh, you did! But she wishes to marry me?"

"She means to, of course."

"Exactly. My dear, you've waited a long while to tell me something I knew very well."

"I thought perhaps you'd be glad to see me," she said, with a little laugh. "Where have you been? Not to the countess'?"

"Indeed, no! To Wetter's."

"Ah! The singer?"

"The singer of my marriage song, Victoria."

Victoria looked at me in a rather despairing fashion.

"Her singing of it," I added, "will be the most perfect and appropriate thing in the world. You'll be delighted when you hear it. For the rest, my dear sister, Hammerfeldt looks down from heaven and is well pleased."

Victoria sat on the sofa again. I went to the window, unfastened the shutters, and pulled up the blinds. A single star shone yet in the gray sky. I stood looking at it for a few minutes, then lit a cigarette and turned round. Victoria was on the sofa still; she was crying in a quiet, matter of fact way, not passionately, but with a rather methodical air. She glanced at me for a moment, but said nothing. Neither did I speak. I leaned against the wall and smoked my cigarette. For five minutes, I should suppose, this state of things went on. Then I flung away the cigarette, Victoria stopped crying, wiped her eyes, and got up.

"I rather wish we'd been born in the gutter," said she. "Good night, dear."

She kissed me, and I bade her good night.

"I must get some sleep or I shall look frightful. I hope William Adolphus won't be snoring very loud, I hear him so plainly through the wall," she said, as she started for the door.

## XXVIII.

Of the next day I have three visions.

I see myself with Krak and Princess Heinrich. Pride illuminated their faces with a cold radiance, and their utterances were conceived in the spirit of a *Nunc Dimittis*. They congratulated the world on its ruler, the kingdom on its king, themselves on my account, me on theirs. To Krak I was her achievement; to my mother the vindication of the support she had given to Krak, and the refutation of my own grumblings and rebellion.

How could I not be reminded of my coronation day? How not smile when the princess, after observing regretfully that the baroness would not be able to educate my children, bade me inculcate her principles in the mind of their tutor or governess. She was afraid, she said, that dear Elsa might be a little lacking in firmness, a little prone to that indulgence which is no true kindness in the end. "The very reverse of it, madame," added Krak.

"It is quite time enough for them to begin to do as they like when they grow up," said the Princess Heinrich.

"By then, though," said Krak, "they will have learned, I hope, to do what they ought."

"I hope so with all my heart, baroness," said I.

"Victoria is absurdly weak with her child," Princess Heinrich complained.

Krak smiled significantly. She had never expected much of Victoria; the repression of exuberant wickedness had been the bounds of her hope.

Krak left us. There must have been some noticeable expression on my face as I watched her go, for my mother said with a smile:

"I know you think she was severe. I used to think so, too, now and then. But see how well you've turned out, Augustin."

"Madame," said I, "my present excellence and my impending happiness reconcile me to everything."

"You had a very happy childhood," my mother observed. I bowed. "And now you are going to marry the girl I should choose for you above all others." Again I bowed. "And public affairs are quite quiet and satisfactory." A third time I bowed. "Kiss me, Augustin," said my mother.

This summary of my highly successful life and reign was delivered in Princess Heinrich's most conclusive manner. I had no thought of disputing it; I was almost surprised that the facts themselves did not suffer an immediate transformation to match the views she expressed. What matter that things were not so? They were to be deemed so and called so, so held and so proclaimed. My mother's courage touched my heart, and I kissed her with much affection. It is no inconsiderable achievement to be consistently superior to reality. I who fought desperate doubtful battles, crippled by a secret traitorous love of the enemy, could not but pay homage to Princess Heinrich's victorious front.

Next I see myself with Elsa, alone for a little while with Elsa, exultant in her pomp, observed of all, the envy of all, the center of the spectacle, frocked and jeweled beyond heart's desire, narcotized by fuss and finery, laughing and trembling. I had found her alone with difficulty, for she kept some woman by her almost all the day. She did not desire to be alone with me. That was to come tomorrow at Artenberg. Now was her moment, and she strove to think it eternal.

It was not in her to face and conquer the great enemy after Princess Heinrich's heroic fashion; she could only turn and fly, hiding from herself how soon she must be overtaken. She chattered to me with nervous fluency, making haste always to choose the topic, leaving no gap for the entrance of what she feared.

I saw in her eyes the apprehension that filled her. Once it had bred in me the most odious humiliation, an intense longing to go from her, a passionate loathing for the necessity of forcing myself on her. I was chastened now; I should not be in so bad a case as Struboff; there would be no question of a fresh slice of bread. But I tried to harden myself against her, declaring that, desiring the prize, she must pay the price, and deserved no pity on the score of a

bargain that she herself had ratified. Alas, poor dear, she knew neither how small the prize was nor how great the price, and her eyes prayed me not to turn her fears to certainty. She would know soon enough.

Last comes the vision of the theater, of the gala performance, where Elsa and I sat side by side, ringed about with great folk, enveloped in splendor, making a spectacle for all the city, a sight that men now remember and recall. There through the piece we sat, and my mind was at work. It seemed to me that all my life was pictured there; I had but to look here or there, and dead things rose from the grave and were for me alive again.

There was Krak's hard face, there my mother's unconquerable smile; a glance at them brought childhood back with its rigors, its pleasures snatched in fearfulness, its strange ignorance and stranger passing gleams of insight. Victoria's hand, ringed and gloved and braceleted, held her fan; I remembered the little girl's bare red, rapped knuckles. Away in a box to the right, close by the stage, was the countess with her husband; my eyes turned often toward her, and always found hers on mine. Again as a child I ran to her, asking to be loved; again as a boy I loved her and wrung from her reluctant love; again in the first vigor and unsparing pride of my manhood I sacrificed her heart and my delight.

Below her, standing near the orchestra, was Wetter; through my glass I could see the smile that never left his face as he scanned the bedizened row in which I sat. There with him, looking on, jesting, scoffing at the parade, there was nature's place for me, not here playing chief part in the comedy. What talks and what nights had we together! How together had we fallen from heaven and ruefully prayed for that trick of falling soft! See, he smiles more broadly! What is it? Struboff has stolen in and dropped heavily into a seat. Wetter waved a hand to him and laughed. Laugh, laugh, Wetter! It is your only gospel, and therefore must be pardoned its inevitable defects. Laugh even at poor Struboff, whose stomach is so gross, whose feelings so fine, who may not give his wife a piece of bread, and would ask no greater joy than to kiss her feet. And laugh at Varvilliers, too, who,



although he sits where he has a good view of us, never turns his eyes toward the lady by my side, but is most courteously unobservant of her alone among all the throng. Did she look at him? Yes, for he will not look toward her.

Why, we are all here, all except Hammerfeldt, who looks down from heaven, and Coralie, who is coming presently to sing us the wedding song. Even Victoria's baron is here, and Victoria's sobs of terror are in my ears again. Bederhof and his fellows are behind me. The real and the unreal, the dummies and the men, they are all here, each in his place in the tableau. When Coralie comes we shall be complete.

The opera ended and the curtain fell. There was a buzz of talk.

"Our anthem comes now, Elsa," said I.

"Yes," she whispered, crushing the bizarre satin rag of a program that they had given her. "I have never heard Mme. Mansoni," she added. I glanced at her; there was a blush on her cheek. She had heard of Mme. Mansoni, although she had not heard her sing. I put up my glass again and looked at Wetter. He nodded slightly but unmistakably, then flung his head back and laughed again. Now we waited only for Coralie. With her coming we should be complete.

The music began. By arrangement or impulse, I knew not which, everybody rose to his feet. Only Elsa and I sat still. The curtain rose, and Coralie was revealed in her rare beauty and her matchless calm. A moment later the great, full, feelingless voice filled the theater; she had had no doubt that she could fill the theater. I saw Struboff leaning on the back of a chair, his shoulders eloquent of despair; I saw Wetter with straining eyes and curling lips; Varvilliers smiling in mischievous remembrance of our rehear-

sal. By my side Elsa was breathing quick and fast. I turned to her; her eyes were sparkling in triumph and excitement. It was a grand moment. She felt my glance; her cheek reddened, her eyes dropped, her lips quivered, the swiftest covert glance flew toward where Varvilliers was. I turned away with a sort of sickness on me.

Coralie's voice rose and fell, chanting out her words. The deadness of her singing seemed subtle mockery, as though she would not degrade true passion to the service of this sham, as though the words were enough for such a marriage, and the spirit scorned to sanction it. Elsa's eyes were on her now, and the countess leaned forward, gazing at her. The last verse came, and Coralie, with a little bow and a smile, sang it direct to me—to me across all the theater, so plainly that now all heads were turned from her, the people all facing round and looking at me and at Elsa by my side. Every eye was on us.

The song ended. A storm of cheers burst out. A short gasp or sob came from Elsa. The cheers swelled and swelled, handkerchiefs waved in the air. I rose to my feet, gave Elsa my hand, and helped her to rise. Then together we took a step forward and bowed to all. Silence fell. Coralie's voice rose again, repeating the last verse. Now all the chorus joined in. We stood till the song ended again, and through the tempest of cheers. There had been no such enthusiasm in Forstadt within the memory of man. The heart of the people went forth to us; it was a triumph, a triumph, a triumph!

The next day we were married, and in the evening my wife and I set out together for Artenberg. This was what Bederhof had arranged.

THE END.

#### AN AWAKENING.

"A NOISOME world of blind and crawling things,"

He said, his gaze upon a groping mole.

He sneered, "Life is a mean gift at the best,

And death the bitter antidote for birth."

An eagle's feather fluttered down to earth;

He, looking whence it came, descried the crest

Of a high, sunlit cliff; with wondering soul

He humbly, gladly, tried his new found wings.

Grace H. Boutelle.

# THE HOTELS OF NEW YORK.

BY ROBERT STEWART.

THE GREAT HOSTELRIES THAT ARE SO MARKED A FEATURE OF THE METROPOLIS, ARCHITECTURALLY AND SOCIALLY—VARIED PHASES OF HOTEL LIFE, FROM THE CORINTHIAN SPLENDOR OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA TO THE SPARTAN ECONOMY OF THE MILLS.

AT THE  
ENTRANCE  
OF THE  
HOLLAND  
HOUSE.



"A VISITOR from New Zealand," to paraphrase Lord Macaulay's celebrated phrase, who should take his stand upon the arch of the Brooklyn Bridge, and view the brick and mortar wilderness of New York, could hardly fail to discover most of the hostelries I am going to mention by their mere size and towering stories.

"You Americans," one can fancy the sarcastic foreigner remarking, with a supercilious twirl of his mustache, "are forever preaching your ridiculous doctrine of equality; and yet I am hardly



THE PARK AVENUE HOTEL, PARK AVENUE AND THIRTY FOURTH STREET.

*From a photograph by R. F. Turnbull.*

landed in your city before I see the palaces of your plutocrats looming gorgeously ahead of me."

"Ah, yes, my dear sir, those are palaces, indeed, I grant you," says his smirking cicerone, "but they are palaces for the people—for the people who can pay, that is—and are as free to you and me, who have the

Trinity Church steeple, to get a view of the town, they could look over the roofs of most of them, and, on a clear day, see the circus tent on the green hill top where the Fifth Avenue now stands. Fifty years ago that was, and now all the big new hotels, with bedrooms ever so much higher than the steeple window, have deserted Broad-



THE HOTEL IMPERIAL, BROADWAY AND THIRTY SECOND STREET.

price, as—what shall I say? As a most pleasing and invigorating native stimulant known as a 'Manhattan,' to which I hope to have the pleasure of introducing you the moment we get off this wearisome long bridge and arrive at the Astor House in Broadway."

Broadway used to be *the* street for hotels, and when our fathers climbed up

way, and planted their vast buildings in Fifth Avenue, and in our dear American Belgravia, the "upper west side."

There is a way, I believe, practised by certain visitors and young gentlemen about town, of doing the New York hotels, which is easily and joyously accomplished by hiring a hansom cab and stopping at each of them in turn. But as



THE MURRAY HILL HOTEL, PARK AVENUE AND FORTIETH STREET.

*From a photograph by R. F. Turnbull.*

we, I trust, are sedate and orderly persons, and moreover, as we expect, I hope, to see something of the ladies, we will avoid all masculine shrines, below Twenty Third Street, at least, and go at once to the staid old Fifth Avenue, because it is still good, and historic almost, and has entertained more distinguished people than any hotel standing. Look at that plain white marble façade facing Madison Square, and the long straight corridor within. It has been the headquarters of the Republican party for years, and hundreds of statesmen and warriors, General Sherman and Mr. Platt among the rest, have made history there, and smoked and chatted and toddled off to bed up the stairs, opposite the desk.

The Hoffman House, built a good many years afterwards on the block above, tops it, and has always been favored by politicians of the Democratic persuasion, because, I suppose, they could be near their friends and antagonists. This hotel, a dozen years ago, was noted for the expensiveness of its decorations and appointments, and contained a huge bar filled with the costliest objects of art. Bouguereau's noble painting of the "Satyr and the



IN THE HOTEL NETHERLAND.



Nymphs" hung there, and ladies used to be permitted to walk through and admire it. The great bar is turned into a billiard parlor now, and the house, I believe, has become more of a commercial one.

Do you like a table d'hôte, by the by,

operated on the plan of Mr. Mills' justly celebrated hotel in Bleecker Street.

Still, we can go in and sit about for the price of a cigarette, or for nothing at all, for that matter; and I hope my New Zealander will be brought here first, be-



THE SAVOY HOTEL, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY NINTH STREET.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

or just to order what you choose? They don't serve a table d'hôte at the Waldorf-Astoria, but if there is any other mortal thing a guest can ask for and not get it, may I be charged double for the next meal I pay for there; and that will be penalty enough. The Waldorf is not intended to be an inexpensive establishment, and makes no pretense of being

cause in its way the place is *sui generis*, in spite of the fact that most of the newer hotels are modeled after it.

The Waldorf-Astoria, as you doubtless know, occupies a whole block on the west side of Fifth Avenue, on the rise of Murray Hill, and extends for hundreds of feet into the side streets. Its vast kitchens, and wine cellars, and throbbing engine

rooms, are a world in themselves, and on the ground floor, the corridors and ladies' parlors, and smoking rooms, and cafés and diningrooms, with music, and crowds, and chatter, present to the student of contemporary manners an interesting and ever changing kaleidoscope. A too conscientious art may insist, indeed, that it is over florid in treatment and inharmonious in structure—that it is an ambiguous combination of a First Empire palace and a summer hotel. Its furniture and decorations are certainly reminiscent of that most pompous period of French supremacy; its corridors are suggestive of Saratoga. As you stand about the great crowded halls and parlors, you have a presentiment (which you are well aware is grotesquely impossible) that the clerks behind the office desks will presently march out and "introduce everybody all round."



A STAIRWAY IN THE SAVOY.



THE COURT OF THE PARK AVENUE.

THE PALM ROOM OF  
THE IMPERIAL.

Nevertheless, this air of hilarity, I hasten to remark, is tempered by the rarefied atmosphere of functions, and you are instinctively made aware that however hospitable the restaurant is, the parlors above may be the reverse of accessible. Gentlemen apparently respond to this

appeal by donning evening clothes, and most of the ladies appear as if they were going to a party. The young women arrayed along the Thirty Fourth Street corridor wear a more or less conscious attitude of expecting you to ask them to dance, and their attendant parents view the frivolous scene with that lenient worldliness with which they deposit a five franc piece on the roulette tables at Monte Carlo. At home it would be shocking, but in frivolous New York they are here for a good time and mean to have it.

This impression, I say, of subdued revelry, of champagne diluted with seltzer water, comes back to me, when I try to evoke a taste of New York hotel life, as

background, but rather to give as illuminating a notion as possible of the striking features of these great New York hosteleries.



THE HOTEL MARIE ANTOINETTE, BROADWAY AND SIXTY SIXTH STREET.

*From a photograph by Poch, New York.*

the most permeating flavor left upon a palate too often irritated, perhaps, to be responsive. But I am reminded that, however temptingly pictorial the subject may be, it is not within my province to sketch the effect of hotels on the human

Farther down Fifth Avenue, on the corner of Thirtieth Street, is the Holland House; above, surrounding the open space where this fashionable thoroughfare widens and dips into Central Park, are the Plaza, the Netherland, and the Savoy



THE ST. ANDREW'S HOTEL, BROADWAY AND SEVENTY SECOND STREET.



THE PLAZA HOTEL, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY NINTH STREET.



Hotels; on the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty Second Street is the Manhattan; and at Park Avenue and Fortieth Street the Murray Hill. These are all very big little brothers to the Waldorf,

Upper Fifth Avenue has not as yet been invaded by the builders of great hotels, but on the west side of Central Park there are several new and immense hostleries which in every way rival, I am



THE HOLLAND HOUSE, FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET.

and done "regardless of expense," as the advertisements say, though they lack the peculiar social, show dining feature which makes the Waldorf so fascinating and beautiful. They are simply very fine and huge and lofty and decidedly expensive places in which to eat and sleep and lounge.

told, their down town neighbors. The Majestic, at Seventy Second Street and the Park, is certainly big enough to quarter a regiment, and on the Boulevard are the St. Andrews, the Marie Antoinette, and several others. The Majestic was the first hotel to inaugurate a roof garden, which has been so delightful a feature of

the Waldorf for the past two years, and where they have music and light refreshments and a wondrous, strange view of the city's myriad lights twinkling below in the darkness.

The most recent departure in hotels is the big combination hotel and apartment house. There are a number of these scattered about the town, and they are arranged for both bachelors and families. You have your suite of rooms by the year, furnish it yourself, and either take your meals, at so much a week, in the hotel diningroom, which is exclusively for the guests, or live out, as you choose.

For a small family, it is much less expensive



THE HOTEL NETHERLAND, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY NINTH STREET.



IN THE FIFTH AVENUE.

than hiring the same number of rooms at an ordinary hotel, and you enjoy the felicity of having your own Lares and Penates about you. Light, heat, and attendance are included in the rent of the apartment.

Speaking of the apartment hotels leads me to refer to a peculiar characteristic of American hotel life—its substitu-



THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY FOURTH STREET.

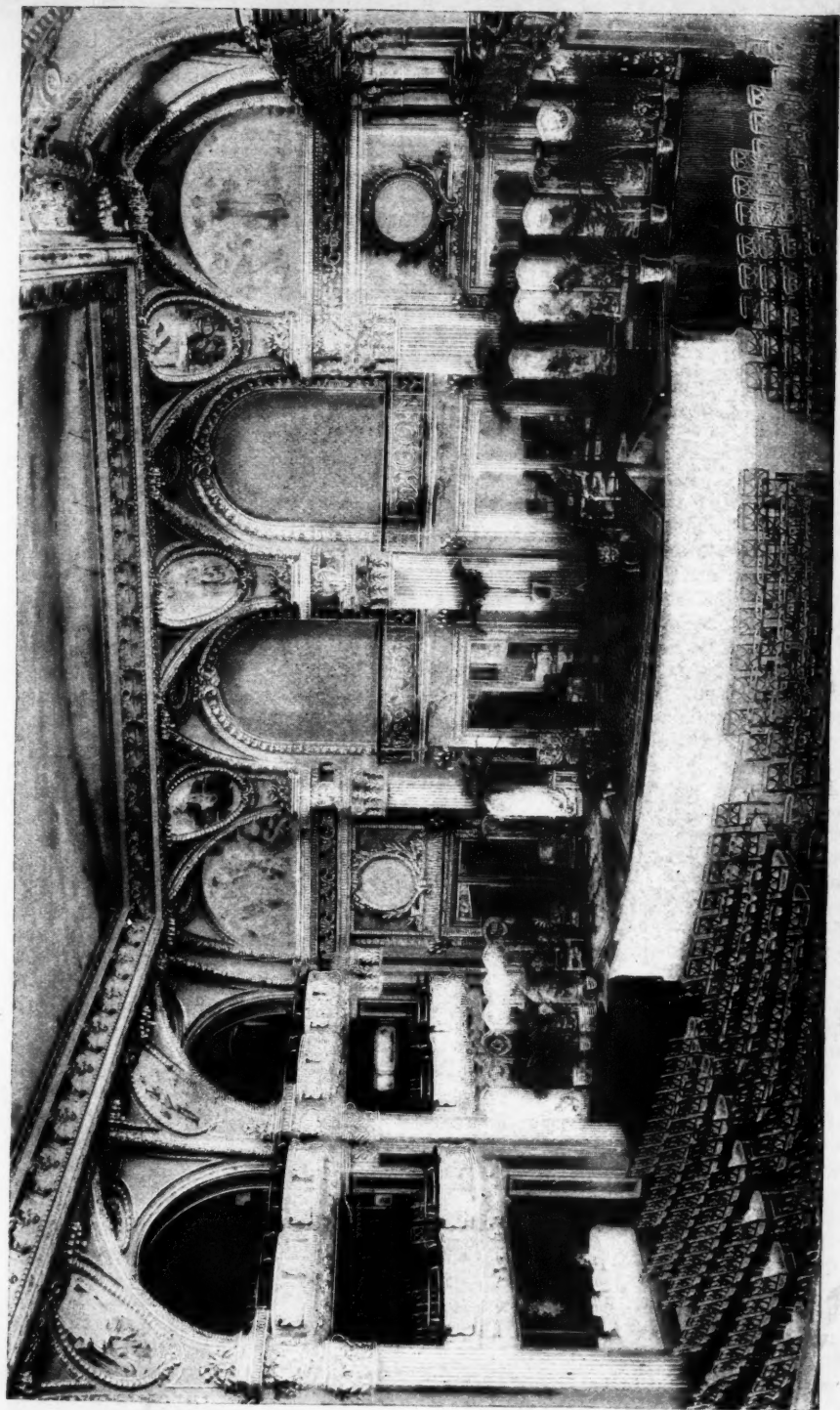
tion for home life. This is the one social lesson London has learned of New York, and for the past few seasons it has become quite a fad for families there to spend a few weeks between seasons at the Cecil or the Savoy. With us the custom, after a period of decadence, is undoubtedly again on the increase, and when one reflects on the cares of big country houses, and the strain of entertaining, one doesn't wonder people prefer wintering in establishments where the only worry in existence consists in ordering one's meals.

Think of it! You arrive tired, dusty, irritable. Your bag is whisked out of your hand, and you are conducted through a brilliant hall, with a dazzling glimpse of the diningroom, sparkling with glass and china, suggestive of all the good things imaginable, to the lift. You enter. The boy with your bag enters, too. Presto! You find yourself in a bijou of a suite, with your trunks awaiting you, with a bed which simply beseeches you to repose on it, and with a porcelain tiled bathroom all your own. You press one button in the wall; electric lights flash up. You press another; a maid or valet, as the case is, knocks to un-

pack your luggage and help you to dress. You press a third; a hall-

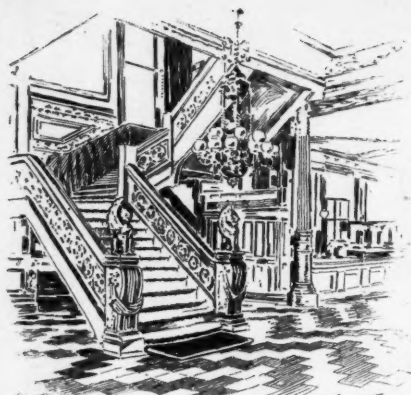


IN THE TURKISH ROOM OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA.



THE BALLROOM OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, ARRANGED FOR AN ENTERTAINMENT.  
*From a photograph—Copyrighted by "The American Architect," Boston.*





STAIRWAY IN THE MURRAY HILL.

boy appears, like the slave of Aladdin's lamp, to execute any possible command monsieur may issue, from fetching a glass of iced water to ordering a banquet served up to you. In the little hall outside your parlor is a telephone connecting you with the office, and I suppose one day's list of the requests transmitted over these instruments, in any of our large hotels, would make a marvelous catalogue of the multiplied wants this luxurious life has generated.

Do you wonder, I say, that people like to live in such places, or that the women refuse to accept the vexations of house-keeping? It may be a pampered, false, artificial way of life; but this is not a moral treatise, but a statement of facts, and I humbly admit that if I were very rich, and didn't know how to manage a great establishment, or were tired of maintaining one, I should go straight to such a hotel, where I could live just as I chose, where I could stay as long as I liked or be off at a moment's notice, and where the key in my pocket was the open sesame to every material pleasure.



OAK ROOM IN THE MARIE ANTOINETTE.

But one of the most interesting hotels in New York is the establishment owned by Mr. Mills, which I have casually mentioned already. It is situated in Bleecker Street, and just west of South Fifth Avenue, where De Pauw Row, so dear to old New Yorkers, used to present its drab front to the sad, dreary old mansions opposite; so that, aside from being big, it has a morganatic claim, so to speak, to be introduced along with its aristocratic relations. It is a man's hotel, and I have forgotten how many the great building will accommodate or the number of poor wretches who daily meal there for a pittance. My recollection is, however, that gentlemen can dine, sleep, and breakfast for fifty cents a day, and that they serve

a sufficiently sustaining dinner for fifteen cents. Rooms, except the corner ones, are only divided by partitions, like a lodging house, and the floors are cement, but the place, when I inspected it, was scrupulously neat, and light and well ventilated, and the beds looked comfortable. Each guest is provided, on registering, with a locker and key, in which to deposit his "valuables," and it is a droll sight to see forty or fifty of them making their artless toilets, performing



STAIRWAY IN THE MANHATTAN.



THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, BROADWAY AND TWENTY THIRD STREET.



THE HOFFMAN HOUSE, BROADWAY AND TWENTY FIFTH STREET.



THE ROOF GARDEN ABOVE THE HOTEL MAJESTIC.

their ablutions and arranging their hair, before these lockers in the wash room.

Nevertheless, it was a noble deed in him who erected it. It saves many a homeless, broken man from the horrors of the Bowery lodging pens, and, singularly enough, it is one of the best paying hotels in town.

Personally, I shouldn't care to stop there, and a diet of corned beef and cabbage would give me dyspepsia confoundedly, but really I don't know of a better way to give a stranger an adequate idea of New York life than to take him first to the Waldorf and afterwards to the Mills.

As I write, the clock is chiming midnight, and out of my window, in one of the apartments I have referred to, I can see across the dark, shining city street, blazing with lights and showy with flags in welcome of the great admiral whose triumphant warship is even now in home harbor, the enormous hive of fashion of which we were recently talking. Hark how the cabs and carriages rattle up to it,



THE HOTEL MAJESTIC, CENTRAL PARK WEST AND SEVENTY SECOND STREET.

now they are laughing and feasting luxuriously within. Society is gathering about it to see the parade, which will have marched into history ere these words

rush past, and vice hovers, and hunger begs, and laborers reel to squalid garrets, and the night seems low and dark, hundreds of poor weary fellows are turning



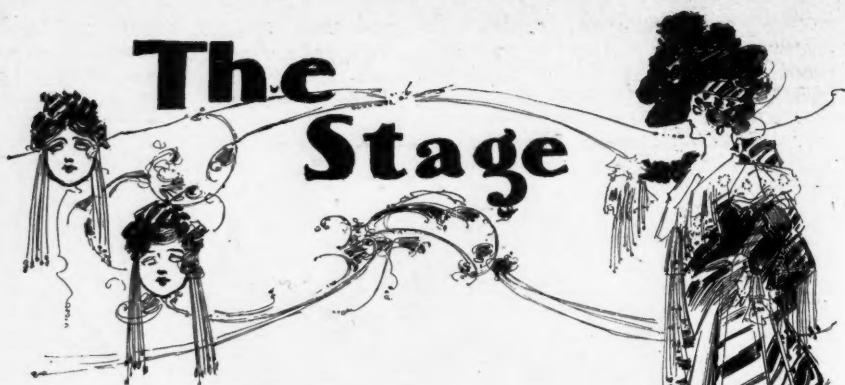
THE MANHATTAN HOTEL, MADISON AVENUE AND FORTY SECOND STREET.

From a photograph—Copyrighted by "The American Architect," Boston.

are printed, and the rest of the world has followed it there, too. And on the other side, away down below me, underneath all that light and bright gaiety, where Italians hive, and hucksters shout, and trains

into those other bare, clean, lonely cells, and thanking God, perhaps, for the luxury of them. *Vae victis!* Let us say our prayers tonight, friends, humbly, thankfully, penitently.





#### THE CAREER OF IRVING.

Transatlantic voyagers, bound for Southampton or London, hear much of the Lizard Light as they approach the English coast. Those among them theatrically inclined may like to be reminded that it was at Helston, near the Lizard Point, that a good portion of the boyhood of Henry Irving was spent. This was the home of his mother's sister, Sarah Behenna, who had married a Cornish miner, one Captain Isaac Penberthy. Irving himself—or, to give him his true name, John Henry Brodribb—was born in Somerset, in the little town of Keinton, in 1838. The Brodribb family were not particularly well to do, and when Henry was fourteen, and had spent three years at Dr. Pinch's school in London, he was obliged to take a clerkship with a publishing concern.



This was the house of Thacker, with a branch in Bombay, India, the firm that brought out Kipling's early work. Young Brodribb, who was of a studious turn of mind, enjoyed the literary atmosphere of the place; but he loved the theater even more than books, and a residence in London meant to him, more than anything else, a chance to see a play now and again. Thus it came about that when, at seventeen, his employers offered him promotion in the shape of a position in their India house, he declined to be tempted from the project that had already shaped itself in his mind—to become, by hook or crook, an actor himself. It was to enter a provincial theater, in Sunderland, two years later, that he gave up business for the stage, and up hill work he found it for a good long time after the start.

During one of these engagements he was hissed regularly every night, not on his own account, but because he had taken the place of an actor who was more popular with the public than with the management, and the public made young Brodribb the scapegoat on which to vent their displeasure at his predecessor's dismissal.

For nine years Irving—which he had chosen as a stage name, and has since legally made his own—played in the provinces with varying success. In 1866 he first realized his ambition of an appearance in London. It was while he was acting there the next year in Henry J. Byron's "Dearer Than Life," as *Bob Gassit*, a crook, that Charles Dickens saw him and remarked, "If that young man does not some day come out as a great actor, I am no judge of art." Unhappily Dickens did not live to see his prophecy realized, for it was not until November 25, 1871—a year after the novelist's death—that Irving's name was

blazoned from one end of London to the other as the new histrionic phenomenon.

As almost every one will recall, the play was "The Bells," and the theater the one of which he is still the tenant, the Lyceum; but not so many, perhaps, know that its manager at the time, Colonel Bateman, was an American. He had heard Irving recite "The Dream of Eugene Aram" and conceived a profound belief in his genius. In fact, it was owing to this belief that he saddled himself with the responsibility of engaging the Lyceum. It looked at first as though he had a white elephant on his hands, for the first play, an adaptation of Georges Sand's "La Petite Fadette," was a distinct failure, in spite of having Irving and Isabel Bateman for its hero and heroine. It is small wonder that Irving had a hard time of it in inducing Colonel

Bateman to stage another failure, "Paul Zegers," in which an actor named Harcourt

had made a miserable botch of *Mathias*. The colonel at last consented, the play was rechristened "The Bells," and a new trend given to the English drama as a consequence. In due course Irving succeeded the Batemans in the management of the Lyceum, opening in 1879 with "Hamlet." It was on this occasion that Ellen Terry was added to the company, and in the cast were Kyrle Bellew and A. W. Pinero, now England's leading playwright. Ever since, Irving has gone on in his career of prosperity, paying particular attention to the production of Shakspeare, and winning for his manner of staging a

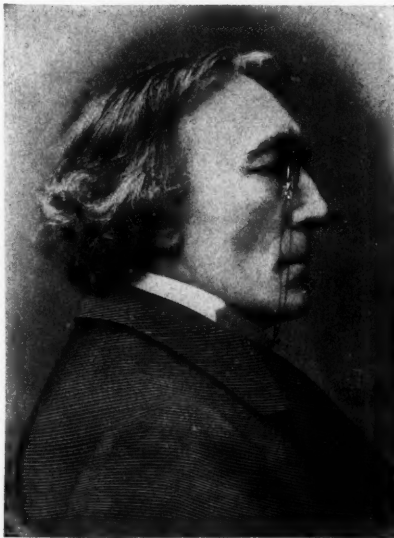
piece admiration only second to that accorded to his own acting.

Of course there were spots on the sun of



STUART ROBSON AS "THE GADFLY" IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME.

*From a photograph by Dupont, New York.*



HENRY IRVING, APPEARING IN AMERICA AS "ROBESPIERRE" IN SARDOU'S NEW PLAY OF THAT NAME.

*From his latest photograph by Window & Grove, London.*



MARTIN HARVEY, WHO HAS MADE A HIT AS "SYDNEY CARTON" IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF "THE ONLY WAY."

*From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.*

his prosperity. His *Macbeth* did not add to his reputation, and after the failure of "Peter the Great" in the early part of last year, the actor fell ill, and all sorts of vague and frightening rumors were set afloat. But the production of "Robespierre" last April, and the triumph it scored, set all fears at rest, and he comes to America in the very plenitude of his

April, "The Only Way" moved to the Prince of Wales, where it ran to even bigger audiences than "Robespierre" attracted, until the close of the season at the end of July. And it is not difficult to understand the reason for this. The story is much more clearly told than is "Robespierre," and embodies a romantic interest in which the Sardou play is



MARY MANNERING,  
LEADING WOMAN OF  
DANIEL FROHMAN'S  
STOCK COMPANY,  
AT DALY'S THEATER.

From her  
latest photograph  
by  
Morrison,  
Chicago.

powers, with Ellen Terry still by his side, and in a play that promises to go down in theatrical history as one of the sensations of the decade.

#### A RIVAL TO "ROBESPIERRE."

During Henry Irving's illness, last winter, the London Lyceum was hired by a former member of his company, Martin Harvey, for the production of "The Only Way," a new adaptation of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." Mr. Harvey impersonated *Sydney Carton*, and surrounded himself with a capable company. A great popular hit was scored, and when Irving came back to his own again in

wholly lacking, and which doubtless influenced Charles Frohman in securing it for Henry Miller.

Mr. Miller has been swimming against the stream since he launched out for himself some four seasons ago. The plays in which he has been the central figure have been fragile, backboneless affairs in themselves, and in their chief character have served to accentuate, rather than conceal, any unfortunate mannerisms of which their exploiter stood possessed. In "The Only Way" Mr. Miller may be said to get his first chance without a handicap. There is little to choose between his *Sydney Carton* and that of Martin Harvey, and this is high praise when it is added that



JOSEPH HAWORTH.

*Copyright by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.*

WILLIE COLLIER.

*Photograph by Baker, Columbus.*

WILLIAM HAZELTINE.

*Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*

Mr. Miller's impersonation cannot be adjudged a slavish imitation, as he did not see the London performance. If anything, Miller's is the more attractive figure, owing to the absence of a certain gauntness noticeable in Harvey's appearance.

The play has been said to follow Dickens' story closely, though one may read the book half through without chancing on a single scene from the drama. But this is an advantage rather than a drawback; it implies that "The Only Way" is fully capable of standing on its own legs, to employ a homely figure, and that to understand it one need not first renew his acquaintance with "A Tale of Two Cities." The prologue shows us the criminal pursuit of pleasure by the aristocrats of France, and lays a foundation, broad and deep, on which is built the superstructure of the play proper, which moves quietly but inevi-



GRACE PALOTTA IN "A RUNAWAY GIRL."

tably to its tragic termination, culminating in an act of self sacrifice than which there is none more noble, more complete, in the catalogue of virtues.

Somber as is the general tone of the piece, it is so absorbingly interesting as to story, and the plot is developed on such logical lines, that the spectator's eagerness to follow events to the end gives him no opportunity to wish for a brighter background. And then there are flashes of wit all along poor Carton's pathway, from the first act, where the curtain rises to discover him lying with his head upon the table, "wrecked in port," with a bottle at his side, to the jokes he cracks in the witness box of the Revolutionary Tribunal while pleading for the life of his friend. The management of this light and shade in the impersonation is the actor's test of fitness, and in nothing was Miller more adroit than in this particular. At some



points there must be a tremendous temptation to overact, and at others an equally strong one to show repressed emotion by mere lethargy; but Miller goes to neither extreme.

Charles Frohman has lived up to his repu-

Stoddart plays brusque, snappish, but good hearted *Mr. Lorry*, and shows himself the true artist he is by keeping every instant within the picture. In the scene at the tribunal, for instance, when all interest is cen-



HENRY MILLER, WHO HAS MADE A HIT AS "SYDNEY CARTON" IN "THE ONLY WAY."

*From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1899, by Ainslie Dupont, New York.*

tation for lavishness in casting the piece, for the support included two men capable of starring for themselves—Edward J. Morgan and J. H. Stoddart. Morgan, by the way, appears fated to do his best work when somebody else has his name in big type on the house bill. This was the case last year in "The Christian," and again this season in "The Only Way," in which he plays two rôles, *Jean* and *Edouard Defarge*. He is without doubt a favorite with the people, who will be ready with a welcome for him when he is ready to tread the starry pathway.

tered on another part of the stage, a careful observer may note how *Mr. Lorry* cranes his neck to look at each new person mentioned in the proceedings, and softly strokes *Lucie's* hair when allusion to her engagement to the prisoner *Darnay* is made. This scene of *Darnay's* trial before the fanatical French citizens' court, mad with thirst for the blood of the aristocrats, is throbbing with excitement from beginning to end. The mob is realistically handled, and the course of events is more clearly set forth than in the similar episode in "Robespierre." Miller has his great-





MLLE. CASSIVE IN "LA DAME DE CHEZ MAXIM,"  
AT THE NOUVEAUTÉS, PARIS.

*From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.*



JANE HADING AS "JOSEPHINE" TO COQUELIN'S  
"NAPOLEON" IN "PLUS QUE REINE."

*From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.*



COQUELIN, THE FAMOUS FRENCH ACTOR, AS "NAPO-  
LEON" IN THE NEW PLAY "PLUS QUE  
REINE."

*From a photograph by Boyer, Paris.*



KYRLE BELLEW AS THE SON OF "ROBESPIERRE"  
IN HENRY IRVING'S LONDON PRODUCTION  
OF THE PLAY.

*From a photograph by Garret-Charles, London.*

est opportunity in this act, and there are few more thrilling examples of cumulative interest than his efforts to clear *Darnay* by making the volatile Frenchmen laugh, cloak-

ing a gnawing anxiety which would rob most men of the ability to think clearly, let alone devise cleverly.

The female parts in the play are but little

GEORGIA WELLES,  
PLAYING INGÉNUÉ  
RÔLES AT THE  
MURRAY HILL THEATER,  
NEW YORK.

From her  
latest photograph  
by  
Schloss,  
New York.



CLARA DICKEY, APPEARING IN  
THE COMEDY "BECAUSE SHE  
LOVED HIM SO."

*From a photograph by Chickering,  
Boston.*



MAY BUCKLEY, AN AMERICAN GIRL,  
APPEARING IN "SAN TOY" AT  
DALY'S THEATER, LONDON.

*From her latest photograph by Chickering,  
Boston.*

more than shadows. *Lucie Manette* is in the hands of Margaret Dale, a newcomer to the stage, who did good work with Miller last season. *Mimi*, an elaboration of the waif of Paris, whose heart goes out to *Carton* at the foot of the guillotine, has for its interpreter Margaret Anglin, who was Mansfield's first and greatest *Roxane*.

#### THE THEATERS OF PARIS.

"See Paris and die" runs the old saying, which may be changed in the present instance to "Admire the exterior of the Grand Opéra and prepare to be disappointed in all else pertaining to French playhouses." The interior of the Opéra is smaller than that of the Metropolitan in New York or of Covent Garden in London, and while everything pertaining to the ballet is put on with elaborate care, the American visitor finds more extensive electric effects and realistic general mounting at home. In France they have deep respect for the traditions of the stage, and if a certain way of doing things was good enough to suit the author when the piece was produced, it is considered good enough for today. No bells are used to ring up the curtain, but the old fashioned method of pounding on the stage three times with a heavy club prevails everywhere. In the event of the curtain falling to admit of a change of scene during an act, a quick succession of raps at the moment means that there is to be no long wait. And the ordinary waits in a French theater are of no mean dimensions; the whole house empties out on the sidewalk or into the neighboring cafés, so the absence



JULIA ARTHUR AS "JULIET" IN HER ELABORATE PRODUCTION OF THE SHAKSPEARE TRAGEDY.

*From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.*





GLADYS WALLIS, SO LONG A FAVORITE PLAYER IN WILLIAM H. CRANE'S COMPANY, AND WHO RECENTLY, ON BECOMING MRS. SAMUEL INSULL, ANNOUNCED HER RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE.

*From a photograph by Falk, New York.*

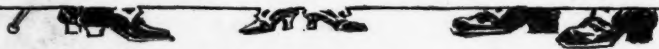
of the band to supply music between the acts is explained. There would be nobody in the house to listen.

As to prices, at the Opéra they are considerably less than in London and New York, and one may obtain a good seat in the first row of the balcony at the Comédie Française for two dollars. But there is enough red tape connected with a man's getting into the theater to run a government, for he finds himself confronted at the doors of the auditorium by three grave looking gentlemen seated aloft in a contrivance bearing a close resemblance to the judgment bar in a court of law.

These men take his ticket, scan it closely,

scan him, whisper together as they pass the ticket from one to another, and finally mark off his place on a diagram of the house which one of them holds. After this the visitor is permitted to proceed on his way, only to fall into the clutches of a woman with pink strings to her cap, who demands a gratuity of from four to six cents for showing him to his seat. Generally the program must be paid for, too, although at the Opéra and the Française a tiny leaflet containing the cast is supplied free by a well known Parisian weekly as a means of advertising itself.

The French are very much in earnest in their theater going; they pay close attention



to the stage, and are enthusiastic in their applause when it is merited. The claque is degenerating into a mere relic, and the genuine sentiments of the audience are easily distinguished from it. During the summer the heat in Paris is so great that almost all the theaters, with the exception of the Opéra and the Française, close their doors, as the playhouses do in New York, and the *cafés chantants* on the Champs Elysées flourish, thanks mainly to the patronage of American and English tourists, who are also responsible for keeping the Opéra open.

#### THACKERAY ON THE STAGE.

It was an intellectual treat to obtain the glimpses of dear old Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" provided for us by Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp." The auditor who cared nothing for literature surely got the worth of his money in spectacle, for the play contains no fewer than forty nine characters, and a ballroom scene of unusual attractiveness. And yet, it would not be a particularly hazardous statement to predict that more people will go to see John Drew in "The Tyranny of Tears," with its six characters and one change of scene, than will be drawn by the expensive outfitting of "Becky Sharp" and Mrs. Fiske's realistic presentation of its heroine. And the explanation is simple: the one play sets forth a connected story; the other does not.

To be sure, the dramatization of "Vanity Fair" was a herculean task for any one to attempt, and it is known that Mrs. Fiske had more than one man try it for her. Langdon Mitchell's version is an excellent one so far as it goes; he has certainly laid only reverent hands on Thackeray's masterpiece. But one cannot hold the attention of an audience by simply refraining from taking liberties with a famous novel. What a play needs is backbone, motive, accumulating interest; and "Becky Sharp" is lacking in all three ingredients. It resembles a series of shadow pictures, selected with a view to showing the cool, calculating nature of *Becky's* disposition and her desperate efforts to live on nothing a year. The action all goes on between the acts, with the exception of the great scene where *Rawdon Crawley* comes home unexpectedly and discovers *Lord Steyne* supping with his wife.

As has been intimated, Mrs. Fiske's conception of *Becky* is one of genuine worth, and the memory of it deserves to be hung on the line in the gallery of parts created by American actresses. Her natural rapidity of utterance, so useful in slurring over poor *Becky's* frequent moments of embarrassment, came into service with capital effect, and her true artist sense of proportion—an attribute with which one could wish she might inoculate all

her fellow players—kept her from even the suspicion of overacting. There was one of these who needed it not, however—Maurice Barrymore, whose *Rawdon Crawley* was of the sort to make Thackeray believe, had he seen it, that one of the figures in his puppet show had actually come to life.

Record should be made of the uniquely dramatic interruption of the ball at Brussels by the guns of the French advancing to Waterloo, unique because the playwright suppressed his own natural desire to write in dialogue, and told the story in simple stage directions which apparently gave all the applause to the faithfulness of the supers in carrying them out.

#### "THE TYRANNY OF TEARS" IN NEW YORK.

To one who has seen Haddon Chambers' charming comedy acted in London by the Wyndham company, the performance given by John Drew and his associates is accentuated first and foremost by a scaling down of ages all around. Without any disrespect to the British players, one cannot but feel that the play gains in verisimilitude thereby. By their own confession, the parties to the tiff are but five years married, and *Miss Woodward*, the secretary, on more than one occasion alludes to herself as a foolish girl. This term, in the mouth of Maude Millett, the London impersonator of the part, lent a burlesque tinge to the rôle that was surely not within the author's intention.

Mr. Drew's conception of *Mr. Parbury*, as was to be expected from a younger man, is in an entirely different key from Mr. Wyndham's. He is quicker of speech and movement, and if this deprives some of the pathetic moments of their full value, it adds to the effectiveness of the humorous ones. As *Mrs. Parbury*, the tyrannizer with tears, Isabel Irving, to our mind, is far more convincing than was Mary Moore. She succeeds better in making the audience believe that she is really serious in her assumption of innocence. Again, few better things of the sort are done on the stage than her transfer of hysteria to a fit of laughter in the last act, when *Miss Woodward* tells her that she has only given *Mr. Parbury's* portrait a motherly kiss.

This rôle of *Hyacinth Woodward*, as was remarked in this place last month, is a very important one, and among all the array of his players from among whom he had to choose, Charles Frohman could not have picked a better impersonator of it than Ida Conquest. She brings to the characterization a fund of dry humor, combined with a distinctness of utterance, that puts her on good terms with the part—and the audience—from the first. And her partner in making blunt speeches, Arthur Byron, as *George Gunning*, has done

nothing better, which is strong praise well deserved. The play here has duplicated its success in London.

#### A WEAK KNEED IMPORTATION FROM HOLLAND.

There are ghettos and ghettos in stageland this season. In the first place, there is a dramatization of Israel Zangwill's novel, "The Children of the Ghetto," which New York did not see until after it had been introduced to "The Ghetto," plain and simple, an adaptation of a Dutch drama, with a record of three hundred performances in Amsterdam. Holland has some queer notions, and a liking for a puerile, ill-balanced play must be set down as one of them.

In this remarkable piece, which failed dismally in London, a young Jew, *Rafael*, endowed with fatal beauty and an ear for music, takes advantage of his father's blindness to fall in love with the Christian servant girl, whose chief value to her master appears to be the fact that she has no scruples against opening letters for him on the Sabbath. There is another girl concerned in the plot, one *Rebecca*, a forward minx, who has been taken captive by *Rafael's* charms and throws herself at his head. He remains true to his servant girl, however, and she spurs him on to finish the symphony which shall bring him fame and money. But *Rebecca*, stung to jealousy, makes it known that a Jew has engaged himself to a Christian, and the second act closes with the spectacle of the Adonis-like *Rafael* fleeing for his life from a mob of stone throwing neighbors. One hears their cries in the next act, as the youth comes out in front of the synagogue, panting for breath, but as there is a long scene due here before their cue to come on, they conveniently lose the scent for ten or fifteen minutes, and when they do appear, they actually permit the fellow to walk off before their eyes with the Christian damsel against whom they have recently been so bitterly enraged.

In the last act *Rosa*, the serving maid, comes back to her master's house apparently for no reason but to put on the ragged clothes in which she had been attired when first taken in there. *Rafael*, her newly made husband, is not with her; why, we are not told. It may have been a Dutch custom in the early part of the century for bridegrooms to leave their brides at the altar while they went off to say good by to their chums at the club. At any rate, her solitude gives the playwright a capital chance for some eloquent slandering of *Rafael* on the part of *Rebecca's* father and the old blind merchant, who shamelessly forgets her services to him in the way of Sabbath breaking. Between them they make the girl believe that *Rafael* has changed his mind and gone back to *Rebecca*, whereupon she throws

herself into the canal. *Sachel*, the blind father, hears the splash and has a very bad attack of conscience. Then *Rafael* comes back, finds out about the neat little wedding day surprise his father has prepared for him, and curses him roundly. By this time, their cue having arrived, the neighbors fish *Rosa* out of the canal, and in deference to the prejudices of American audiences against unhappy endings, she comes to life again, and she and *Rafael* do what they should have done on leaving the notary's—shake the dust of the Ghetto from their feet. But that, of course, would have robbed the play of its last act.

The acting is for the most part better than the piece deserves. Sidney Herbert, as the blind *Sachel*, is fine, and Joseph Haworth, in the part of *Rafael*, who sits down to write a symphony as one would dash off a note for a messenger boy, threw into the rôle perhaps rather more vigor than it was worth.

#### "MISS HOBBS" FOR THE PEOPLE.

Strange sights were seen on the stage of the Lyceum Theater in the early days of September. For thirteen years the public had been wont to assemble in this little Fourth Avenue playhouse at the tail end of the heated term to watch Ned Sothern "swashbuckle" and make love with his hand ever upon his sword hilt. What a shock, then, for the playgoer who, taking no note of passing events, hid himself to the Lyceum in the way of habit and beheld, first of all, "dear old Mrs Gilbert" walk forth upon the scene! What could it mean? A glance at the program to reassure himself only resulted in fresh mystification, for beneath her name stood the words "of the Empire Theater Company." And these astounding facts were scarcely digested when Charles Richman came on at his cue. Why, what could Mr. Daly be thinking of to loan his prominent people in this manner, and—where was Sothern, with the clink of swords and the woodland scenery?

And then a neighbor in the orchestra chairs leans over and explains—how Augustin Daly died suddenly in June, a calamity bringing all sorts of wondrous events in its train. The executors decided that ready money was preferable to the risk involved in carrying out plans for the new season, so the theater was disposed of to Daniel Frohman, who forthwith arranged to open it with Sothern and Virginia Harned in a revival of "The King's Musketeer," to be followed by the appearance there of his Lyceum stock, the Lyceum meanwhile being handed over to Miss Annie Russell, including in her support two of the people scattered to the four winds by the Daly stock disruption.

After becoming accustomed to the strange new order of things, and realizing that Miss

Russell must have exercised a woman's privilege and changed her mind after declaring she would never play in America again, one could settle down to a calm contemplation of the comedy that Charles Frohman selected for her new season. Contrary to his usual custom, he was obliged to take a slight risk in this instance, as "Miss Hobbs" had never been set forth anywhere before except between book covers. But Jerome K. Jerome is a pretty reliable fellow, and at this writing it would seem as if Mr. Frohman had made no mistake, if box office returns are what he is after—and it is generally admitted that he is not in the business for his health merely.

One might well borrow the sub title of "The Masqueraders" in describing "Miss Hobbs" and call it fantastic, for certain of its episodes are surely wide of the range of every day happenings; but owing to Mr. Jerome's skill in making one forget to criticise his story through eagerness in following it, and to the happy way in which the players enact it, only the professional reviewers will quarrel with "Miss Hobbs." The environment is that of the sort of people of whom the Lyceum clientage is made up, the dialogue is almost constantly clever without being cloyingly "smart," and the scene where Annie Russell bids Richman make love to her under the impression that he is the husband of another woman to whom she is doing a good turn—this episode is enough in itself to make a popular hit of a piece that had nothing else to commend it to favor. Mrs. Gilbert plays an old spinster aunt with consummate humor and unflagging zeal, and it is no disparagement to the others to say that she gained the major applause of the evening. Miss Russell herself has a far happier rôle than was *Catherine*, and Richman, looking taller and handsomer than ever on a smaller stage, gives a clear cut performance with his whole heart thrown into it. Joe Wheelock, Jr., as the shy lover prone to say the wrong thing, adds another to his series of well nigh classic impersonations in this line, and Clara Bloodgood, after serving a faithful two years' apprenticeship in "thinking" rôles at the Empire, enacts an important part with discretion and tact.

#### A BLOT UPON THE FRANK AND HONEST SYSTEM.

In "The Girl from Maxim's," which Mr. Charles Frohman has imported direct from Paris for his new Criterion Theater, we have a delightful example of that exciting pastime known as taking the bull by the horns. To be sure, there was no other possible way of capturing this particular animal for Anglo Saxon audiences, and as these have been limited only by the capacity of the house, we may expect that all Mr. Frohman's "trailers"

will at once adopt the same frank and honest policy. Indeed, the day may speedily arrive when we will look back upon the expurgated editions of Gallic farces as distortions of the truth belonging to the barbarous age in art.

A pioneer naturally works under difficulties, and while Mr. Frohman's bravery is entitled to the recognition and applause that is hereby extended to it, honesty equal to his own demands that a few inconsistencies, perhaps inseparable from an initial attempt, be pointed out. In the first place, our American manager has retained the bed, which forms the leading feature of the first act, but he has shied at the explanation of how it came to be occupied by the young lady from the Moulin Rouge whom *Dr. Petypont* met at Maxim's restaurant. Where so much else is open and aboveboard, this strikes an incongruous note which can but be offensive to sticklers for the truth in art as it exists in nature.

But this offense is dwarfed into insignificance beside the cowardice—we regret the term, but it is Mr. Frohman himself who has set the pace in calling a spade a spade—the cowardice, we say, which transforms a characteristic but untranslatable French word into the weak and watery "Rats!" In Paris the utterance of the original exclamation throws the entire audience into a fervor of excitement; in New York the scene falls flat. Mr. Frohman may contend, on the one hand, that this is his own loss, and, on the other, that the use of the exact English equivalent might bring in the police; but, we submit, this would be begging the question. Should Mr. Frohman employ a man to shovel pitch, and find him carrying only half a spadeful at a time for fear of spilling some on his boots, would not the manager consider that he had justifiable cause of complaint? Half a loaf may be better than no bread, but to find counterfeit cloves in what is claimed to be a highly spiced bun may well arouse the purchaser's ire.

#### A BOON TO PLAYWRIGHTS.

We advise all discouraged playwrights to see "A Little Ray of Sunshine." It cannot fail to cheer them on in their hitherto unappreciated efforts to win a hearing from managers. With a record of an entire season's run in London, it fills large houses here and draws from its auditors such spontaneous tribute of admiration as "Wasn't it beautiful?" And apparently it does all this by carefully steering clear of anything approaching a situation, by avoiding all suspicion of cleverness in dialogue, and by the use of witticisms that provoke laughter because of their long service.

"Go to," says the discouraged playwright, after sitting through this masterpiece, "I



have it now. The public dislikes smartness in the men who furnish it with plays; that would argue an 'I know a little more than you do' state of mind. Nobody could charge this up to the makers of 'A Little Ray of Sunshine'; all they needed was a good memory and a faithful clinging to traditions. Let me see," notching the necessary ingredients off on his finger tips, "there's Christmas Eve, with its infinite opportunities for step ladder flirtations while tacking up mistletoe; the hero who gets into money difficulties by reason of helping his bosom friend, whose sister he is, of course, engaged to marry; the money lender who is the blight of two happy households; and last but not least, the rich uncle who has been in foreign parts and returns in disguise for no earthly reason except to keep the play from ending in the middle of the first act. He's simply great as a labor saving device for the dramatist. Was it ten or fifteen times he repeated what one of the other personages had said to him, thereby absolving the author from the necessity of inventing something fresh for him to say? At any rate, the audience howled with glee each time, so I suppose the oftener he does it the better. And then, if I don't forget to have my old man kicked out of the house every few minutes, my hit is assured."

But there is one thing our ambitious friend has overlooked in his enumeration of the ingredients making for success in what the house bill terms "an original play"; he must take care that the title has nothing whatever to do with the piece. In the one under consideration, the much put upon and put out uncle from foreign parts is supposed to be the little ray of sunshine, but as he brings nothing but trouble to his companions from the time of his advent until the clock strikes twelve at the final curtain, he cannot be accused of living up to his own description of himself. And so the authors cleverly contrive to send the spectators home still thinking about the play while they turn over and over in their minds the query why it was called "A Little Ray of Sunshine."

#### THE FUTURE OF DALY'S THEATER AND PEOPLE.

It is a happy circumstance that made Daniel Frohman Augustin Daly's successor in the management of the house around which so many cherished associations cluster. His manner of conducting the Lyceum for thirteen years is assurance that no sort of violence will be done to the traditions of the theater that had come to be the tarrying place of Shakspeare in New York. And the fact that in three separate places the word "Daly's" has been painted up anew, is evidence that the crime of changing the name has never for a moment been contemplated.

On the other hand, Mr. Frohman has added the words "founded by Augustin Daly" to the top of the house bill.

Reopened on the 13th of September by E. H. Sothorn and Virginia Harned in "The King's Musketeer," the house becomes in the latter part of November the new home of the Daniel Frohman Stock Company, from the Lyceum, with Mary Mannering and Edward J. Morgan still at its head. In the first play, however, "The Maneuvers of Jane," there is no part for Mr. Morgan, who will continue to enact *Defarge* in "The Only Way," with Henry Miller, while *Lord Bapchild*, a character rôle, will fall to Ferdinand Gottschalk.

As to the Daly people, they are scattered up and down the profession, all the way from the Bostonians to May Irwin, Marcia Van Dresser having become prima donna with the first named organization, vice Jessie Bartlett Davis, resigned, and Herbert Gresham a comedian with the latter exponent of merriment. Ada Rehan contemplates starring in a round of Shaksperian parts under Richard Dorney, and Mrs. Gilbert is playing with Annie Russell in "Miss Hobbs," as is also Charles Richmond, in a rôle written for John Drew, for whom the piece was originally intended. Sidney Herbert is doing some of the best work of his life as the blind father in "The Ghetto"; Virginia Earl is to appear as a star in a new piece at the Casino; while James Powers goes out as *Flipper* in "A Runaway Girl" with new associates, and Cyril Scott was secured for a prominent part in Brady's "A Stranger in a Strange Land." George Clarke goes to Chicago for the present, to direct the stage in Jacob Litt's production of "The Great Ruby," which is given with many members from the original cast, including William Hazeltine as *Andrew Longman*, villain.

#### A TRIUMPH OF THE IMAGINATION.

When some philanthropic individual starts a school for the training of playwrights, it is to be hoped that due importance will be attached to the Chair of Apologies. The up to date dramatist is so busy putting into his work the "snap" and "ginger" which he fancies are necessary to make it salable, that his invention flags when it comes to accounting for conditions he has himself created. There is no manner of doubt that the presence of a bed on the stage in the second act of "In Paradise" draws at the very lowest reckoning twenty seats a night, and equally certain that the sort of people who occupy them care not a jot whether the explanation why *Clair Taupin*, soubrette, artist's model, and modiste, should receive visitors in her bedroom, is plausible or not. Still, there may be others in the audience whose attention will be so distracted by the anomaly of *Clair* hav-

ing her drawingroom done over when she is already in debt to the landlord for the rent, that they may not be able properly to appreciate the subsequent scene of love making with the lion tamer.

This is a triumph of the imagination; no wonder it took the united efforts of three Palais Royal farce writers to put the piece together. It is a simple matter to turn out a realistic play; one has but to observe and transfer observation to paper. But to set forth things as they do not exist in life, and never could exist—this is what calls for brains. Think of a lion tamer coming to call on his sweetheart with his whip in his hand; think of that ladylove entertaining him with a description of how he does his work; then think of the lion tamer jumping about the apartment cracking his whip and finally rolling on the floor in an ecstasy of excitement—think of a scene like this, and marvel at the ingenuity of the Frenchmen who were able so delightfully to conjure the ideal out of the commonplace. To have advanced so far in the domain of fancy that one is no longer hampered by facts or probabilities, surely this is Art with a capital A. To be sure, lion tamers are not particularly plentiful in society, so there are few to dispute with the dramatist as to what they might or might not do under given circumstances.

#### GRAND OPERA IN LONDON.

The English home of Maurice Grau's expensive song birds is neither so roomy, so well placed, nor so handsome as that provided for them in the Metropolitan on Broadway. Covent Garden Opera House is situated on a rather narrow street, in an unsavory neighborhood, with a market immediately adjoining. It is taken for granted that everybody will come in a carriage, as a *porte cochère* extends across the entire front of the building, and patrons on foot must run the gauntlet of cabs in order to gain admission. Inside the lobby there is a somewhat imposing stairway, but the narrow corridors leading to the stalls, and lighted by gas lamps of antiquated pattern, recall the sordid environment without.

The *salle* itself produces an agreeable impression, with its rich red drapings of the boxes and the great crystal chandelier. To an American the mingling of gas and electric lights seems odd; it is as if the English were not yet quite prepared to trust themselves wholly to the newer illuminant. There is no charge for programs, and the list of box holders is not given along with the cast as in New York; but one may walk around the corridors and read the names on the box doors, an American millionaire, as likely as not, adjoining that of an English duchess.

The price for orchestra seats is about the same as at the Metropolitan, but a notice printed on the ticket makes evening dress compulsory.

While the season is not as long as in New York, performances are given every night in the week. The novelty of the past summer was "Messaline" by an English composer, Isidore de Jara, which was performed two or three times with a fair degree of success. The book is almost brutally repulsive, but the score received so much attention from the critics that the work will no doubt be added to the repertoire for the United States.

#### THE LONDON MUSIC HALLS.

These "Theaters of Variety" in England's capital are by far the most sumptuous houses of entertainment to be found there. They are conducted, so far as the offerings on the stage are concerned, with all regard to the proprieties. The four largest are the Alhambra, the Empire, the Palace, and the Pavilion, all within a short distance of one another; the last two are housed in elaborate structures that serve as landmarks in the British metropolis. The Alhambra and the Empire are noted for their ballets, which resemble the extravaganzas at home in thinness of story, but differ from them in subordinating plot to clever dancing, excellent specialties, superb scenery, and artistically arranged stage groupings.

Take "Round the Town Again," produced by George Edwardes at the Empire, for example. There is not a word spoken nor a song sung in all its five tableaux. Such story as it possesses is told in pantomime, to the accompaniment of music that is not some orchestra leader's feeble effort to be original, but mainly consists of adapted and credited selections from popular musical comedies, such as "A Runaway Girl" and "The Belle of New York."

The bands at these halls are very large (that at the Alhambra contains forty two men) and of splendid quality. Practically no drinking is done in the stalls, this being confined to the bars at the rear of the promenades. The price for the best seat is seven shillings and sixpence, but a good one in the first balcony may be obtained for five shillings, (\$1.25).

Whatever else a play written by an actor may lack, be certain it will contain plenty of action. A man who passes every evening in the glare of the footlights has learned that the public want to watch as well as to listen. This rule has been observed so carefully by Willie Collier in his new comedy, "Mr. Smooth," that at one period the spectator is as bewildered by the embarrassment of riches set before his eyes as he was wont to be by

Barnum's three ring show. Collier himself is admirable in his conception of the name part, quick as a flash and grave as a judge in the display of nerve required to usurp another man's name and station. But this quality must come easy to this particular author-actor, who is said to have lost his place as call boy at Daly's because of his deftness in making the company laugh through his imitations of Mr. Daly himself.

Cyril Scott, as the leading man in "A Stranger in a Strange Land," is the center of the wildest, most far fetched collection of incidents which playwright ever grasped and had the hardihood to piece together. He is an admirable center, too. His easy carriage, gracious manners, glib tongue, and presentable appearance all contribute their share toward making one wish to believe the lies he is called upon to pour forth, but when we are asked to believe him when he tells the truth, credulity fails to carry us past the episode of his passing the night in the room with a real Indian whom he mistakes for the chum he has dressed up as a fake one. Misfortune makes strange bedfellows at times, but one scarcely thought that Mr. Daly's death would thrust Mr. Scott into a purlieu of stageland that is stranger far than perhaps the writers realized when they named their play.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing that Mr. Scott went begging when it was known that he was in the market. On the contrary, there was a smart competition for him among the managers, and it is a safe assumption that his bank account benefits largely from his acceptance of a post allying him with a farce that may live on the laughter of the thoughtless.

Henry Miller has been so long in this country that no doubt it will be a matter of surprise to learn that he is an Englishman, born in London itself. His boyhood, however, was passed in Toronto, Canada, and it was there, when he was nineteen, that he made his first appearance on the stage, impersonating a minor character in "Macbeth." After an experience in New York with Daly's company, he connected himself with the Madison Square, playing the boy *Herbert* in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and he was a charter member of the Lyceum stock, appearing as *Robert Grey* in "The Wife," with which that house opened under Daniel Frohman, November 1, 1887. Later he was *Colonel Kerchival West* in the first New York production of "Shenandoah," which laid the foundation of Charles Frohman's fortune. He succeeded William Morris as leading man at the Empire Theater, where perhaps his most notable part, in a

long series of them, was *Mr. Owen* in "Liberty Hall." He began to star in "Heartsease," which was followed by "The Master."

Georgia Welles succeeds Sandol Milliken, gone with Crane, at the Murray Hill Theater. She is well fitted for the varied work she will be called upon to perform, having played forty different parts in a Philadelphia stock last season, ranging all the way from *Carey* in "Alabama" to *The Kangaroo Girl* in "Dr. Bill." Her personal preference is for a combination of comedy and pathos. She is a Western girl, and has been on the stage since she was seventeen.

The Murray Hill's new season opened September 25 with "In Mizzoura," and the performance was in almost every respect worthy of a house where four times the price for seats obtains. With a change of bill each week, a first class company, and a handsome theater, New York lovers of standard comedy should account themselves fortunate in being able to obtain so much for so little.

The Castle Square Opera Company is still reaching out. On the 6th of November its proprietor, Henry W. Savage, a real estate man of Boston, opens an indefinite season at the Exposition Music Hall, St. Louis, which, taken in connection with the home organization at the American Theater and another at the Studebaker in Chicago, will put him in control of the largest English singing organization in the world. And the repertoire is keeping pace with the pushing tendencies of the business department. The New York house opened the new season with "Die Meistersinger," with "Romeo and Juliet," "Aida," "Tannhäuser," and "Carmen" booked to follow. This appears to be an over ambitious program for a company that charges only one dollar for the best seat in the house; and critics who judge by five dollar grand opera standards, and do not remain to the end of the performance to form their judgment, have written in plain language what they think of "monkeying with Wagner" in this fashion. But the people who compose the audiences, and are willing to stand in line all day to secure seats; the people whose dollars, half dollars, and quarters are making Mr. Savage's great fortune greater still—they rejoice in the ability to hear famous works rendered with a reverent spirit and in a tongue they can understand.

If this continues, American managers who wish to assure their audiences of the worth of their offerings in the fun line, may be constrained to print in their announcements, "Not a success at the Royalty Theater; London." First we had the moth eaten "Little

Ray of Sunshine" and then the superannuated "My Innocent Boy," each with a tag attached proclaiming a big run at this little West End playhouse, and one could ask for no more typical examples of leaden British wit than these same self styled comedies. The American playgoer perhaps did not realize how deeply he was indebted to Charles H. Hoyt for giving him a new farce yearly until this autumn when, in the absence of one, he beheld Otis Harlan floundering through the inanities of "My Innocent Boy."

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For all his boast and bluster, *Peter Stuyvesant* is really only in the passive voice after all in the new play of that name with which Brander Matthews and Bronson Howard have provided William H. Crane. He simply stumps about on his peg leg, lays down the law, and then carefully looks the other way that he may not see how people disobey him. The first two acts are taken up entirely with talk and local color; what action there is, is all crowded into the end of the piece, a dangerous proceeding if the manager expects good notices in the next morning's papers, for by that time the critics are outside writing down their poor opinion of the whole thing.

Crane is—well, he is Crane, with the same chuckle, the same drawing down of the corners of his mouth, that have served him as the typical stage American of middle age in his Martha Morton repertoire. Percy Haswell is once more the woman with a grievance, and Sandol Milliken, succeeding Gladys Wallis, as a pert little Dutch maiden who puts Cayenne pepper in the punch, is a grateful variant to the proceedings. William Courtleigh, late of the Lyceum, rises nobly above the lace ruffles that adorn his knickerbockers, and William Sampson, who was the Chinaman in "The Geisha," makes an entertaining figure of the French doctor.

The play may take with the metropolitan public. It is aimed straight at the heads of New Yorkers, with *Peter's* persistent allusions to the visions he has of the mighty people who will some day dwell in the territory over which he rules.

\* \* \* \*

Why must managers needs go to Paris for farces and put up with the doubtful hue of what they find there, when a "What Happened to Jones" and a "Why Smith Left Home" can be produced in our own country? The reader may suppose we are going to add that it is the managers' own blindness or obstinacy. Nothing of the sort. Directors of theaters are not fools where their pockets are concerned, and if they could obtain American work of the caliber just mentioned, warranted to bring them big returns in London as well as in the United States, they stand

ready to snap at the chance. The trouble lies elsewhere—in the scarcity of the article itself. Here is Mr. Broadhurst, for instance, the author of these two farce hits, falling a victim to the same longings for gravity that have recently been afflicting Stuart Robson and Francis Wilson. Made rich by his "Jones" and "Smith" outputs, he turns his back on potboilers and amuses himself by fathering a slow and stupid "Last Chapter," just as another man of wealth might set up a racing stud or a yacht. And as he has become his own manager, the only ones who really suffer are the theater goers, who clamor vainly for more laughs from him.

But they may buoy themselves up with one hope; the earnings from "Smith" and "Jones" can't last indefinitely, and when Mr. Broadhurst feels the need of another fortune to enable him to float his next "straight" comedy he may feel constrained to write a "plenitude" around Annie Yeamans, as a "cook lady" who sweeps everything before her.

\* \* \* \*

"Don't you think all this is very funny?" is a speech Stuart Robson as *Arthur Burton* was called upon to make toward the close of the first act of "The Gadfly." And the phrase exactly voices the sentiments of the average spectator on beholding the creator of *Bertie*, in "The Henrietta," posing as a youth given to such phrases as "Bless me, *padre*." Nature cut out Robson for comedy, or she would never have supplied him with a voice which appears to be engaged in a constant struggle to escape a marble in the man's throat. But even the gentleman who dominates the lower regions—and to whom, by the way, *Arthur Burton* declares he has sold himself—is entitled to his due, and hence it is to be admitted that there are periods in the drama, after the hero has become halting in speech and generally debilitated, when Robson succeeded in giving a more or less truthful picture of him.

As to the play itself, Mrs. Voynich, the author of the novel from which it was adapted, cannot be in the least mercenary, or she would not have quarreled with the stage version; for it was so utterly incomprehensible that the sale of the book might have been increased, if anybody in the audience wished to find out what it was all about. Beyond slapping the man she loves in the face in one act, and groveling on the floor at his feet in another, Marie Burroughs had a rôle that was simply a feeder.

A happy device to mitigate the horror of an execution in full view of the house was employed at the finale. The order is given to aim, guns are leveled at the victim, and then the curtain begins to descend. The word is given to "Fire!" and the report is heard just as the curtain touches the stage.



# BILL OF BILOXI.

BY MARY A. KING.

THE STORY OF A WAR TIME INCIDENT—"THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE IS IMMORTAL; THE MEMORY OF THE GOOD IS ETERNAL."

ONE rainy morning in July, a boy in a tattered Confederate uniform came out on the doorstep of an abandoned home on the Staunton Road, stood there a moment white faced and wavering, then sprang down the broad front steps and ran stumbling through the deep Virginia mud towards the sound of guns.

It had rained sharply all night, and a soldier who had fallen in a shallow ravine among dry leaves the day before lay in a rippling current of muddy water now, with blades of long grass matting like hair across his face. At a turn in the road, a tangle of harness and sutler's stores, dead camp fires and trodden grass, bore witness of hasty abandonment.

"Hey, you jack rabbit, what you hoppin' along so fast for?" called a voice at his feet.

The boy halted and peered among the underbrush, but saw no one. "Where are you?" he shouted. "And what do you want?"

"Stop splittin' my ears, you triffin' little cotton face, an' help me out, or I'll jerk you bald headed," returned the voice. It seemed to come from the earth itself, as from somebody buried alive, and the boy shivered as if the man lying dead in the ravine had suddenly spoken to him. "I'm adjutant general of the Army of Northern Virginia," the voice went on, "and tired of meditatin'. Now rustle roun' an' get an' axe an' chop me outen this here squirrel's nest; you hear? Why, if it isn't Bill! Billy Biloxi! Don't you remember No. 7, Bill?"

The boy had now gotten down on his hands and knees and was peering into a hollow log which lay alongside the road, concealing the entire anatomy of a smoke grimed artilleryman, so that the whites of two large eyes were all that he could summon out of the blackness.

"I just stepped inside while some Yanks were a passin'," the artilleryman went on sadly, "and what with a rippet with Toppin's Mississippians—them's your fellers—an' carryin' their web foot cavalry outen the swamp, they was so long winded that I got tired o' waitin' an' took a nap. When I woke up it had done set in to rain right smart, an' this blame ole log had pulled itself in an' shrunk on me so 'at I couldn't get out. So quit your laughin', which sin't respectful to

a commandin' officer, nohow, and chop me outen this straitjacket what I haven't no-wise deserved, an' which don't favor my complexion."

"No axe here," said the boy, hunting among the debris of old cans, boxes, and crownless hats in the beaten grass. Everything that was useless, nothing that could answer to a mortal need, was there. "Can't find nothing but a bayonet," he said, coming back. "I'm mighty sorry. I suppose I couldn't build a fire under you and dry you out?"

"Well, thankee, son—I don't reckon," No. 7 answered. "I'm right snug as matters be, but I'm no little ole ham in the smokehouse. Sh—h—h! Duck your cabbage an' listen, will you? I hear cavalry."

Bill bent his head as he was told, and crouched close to the wet earth behind the log which held his comrade in such painful security. He could hear a faint, sloughing sound of hoofs approaching through the mud. "Do you reckon we're fallin' back?" he whispered.

"Don't know," said No. 7. "Hope so, for mebbey that'll be the teamsters, an' the smith'll have an axe."

"Pears like you've got an axe to grind," put in the boy. "They're comin' up quite lively, whoever they are. If it's we all you'll be pruned, an' if it's the Yanks mebbey they'll find that fellow in the house down yonder and carry him to hospital somewhere. Hope so."

"A Yank?" said No. 7. "What's the matter with him?"

"Smallpox. He's an awful sight. All broke out and everything."

"You saw him?"

"Yep. I was pressed back an' ran in to shoot from behind the door, an' when the scrimmage was over I found the house was inhabited by Mr. Yank. Then I stepped out here to get help, an' here I am."

"Say, kid?"

"Well? They're comin' up lively. Hear 'em? Clippety clap, clippety clap!"

"Been vaccinated?" asked No. 7.

"Guess so. Do you s'pose these fellows 'll look after a sick Yankee?"

"Not much. You don't catch veterans a disturbin' smallpox. They'll give it room for

recoil, an' that's just what you want to do. Take my advice, an' don't you hinder smallpox till smallpox hinders you. It's bad for sodgers—specially Confeds. My bones, but this here coffin ain't satin lined! The upholstery pinches. See any one comin'?"

"Not yet. But, Jimmie, wouldn't it be cowardly to leave a sick man when one could just as easy carry him to hospital somewhere?"

No. 7 drew a sharp breath of pain. The pressure of the log was becoming unbearable. "There's cowardly and foolhardy," he retorted. "Them's two things. Hark!"

The approaching soldiers were singing a gay little cavalry ballad.

"There's only one man that goes pipin' round in broad daylight," cried No. 7 eagerly. "That's General Stuart a comin' to reinforce old Stonewall's wing." His voice dropped suddenly. "He won't have nary axe to chop me out."

Before Bill could think of a comforting rejoinder, a little group of cavalry came trotting up, headed by General Stuart, as No. 7 had foretold. The general drew rein, returning Billy's salute. "What have you in this tree?" he asked. "Possum?"

"No, sir," stammered Billy, who had never been addressed by a general before. "N—no, sir," he repeated, growing red with embarrassment, "leastways, not exactly what you might call a possum, sir. It's—it's an artilleryman—No. 7, sir, of Pelham's battery, sir. He stepped inside while some Yanks were passing and was caught in the rain. Leastways, the log swelled in the rain and No. 7 couldn't get out of it—an'—an' we hoped you might be bringin' up an axe." He felt himself growing utterly confused and stopped abruptly. The general was rocking in his saddle with mirth.

"An artilleryman possum," he cried, riding close to the log and addressing it between peals of laughter. "Hey, Mr. Artilleryman, let me see you drill."

His aides had arranged themselves in an appreciative circle round the tree. "Attention!" commanded the general gaily; then turning to the aides: "Observe how admirably he drills. Straight as a ramrod. Present arms! I should adapt that. Present branches! Hey, Captain Carter, don't you want to test the effectiveness of this armor for service on the field?"

"Transportation," laughed the captain, shaking his head. "A squad of these would be as lumberesome as one of Pelham's Napoleon guns."

"Lumberesome's the word," cried the general, clapping his comrade on the shoulder. "Good word, Carter." He leaned forward a little to address the log in which No. 7 lay unresponsive, although he had been

blithe enough at his own expense a while before. "This jack oak," continued the general, "in which—pardon me—the jackass has incarcerated himself, should take a fresh start and flourish into a jack aspen."

A roar of laughter greeted this sally, and the horses champed on their bits and floundered noisily in the muddy road. Billy stood by the log in a defensive attitude. It did not seem quite fair that No. 7 should be made game of in addition to his misery. He began to doubt the greatness of the great general. But the cavalry leader only slapped his knee like a boy and laughed the more.

"Imagine," he cried, "the bewilderment of the scientists in years to come, when, knowing nothing of the grafted artilleryman, they discover this strange hybrid bearing a crop of man-darins! My friend," he added, saluting Billy, "I shall report your comrade to his battery as *hors de combat*. Don't understand? It means, 'Don't let the Yankees, who will be along here in an hour or two, use this gentleman for lightwood.' *Au revoir*." And the little group spurred merrily away toward the booming artillery, and as they passed out of sight down the road a snatch of the air they had been singing came back with these new words:

When No. 7 drafted

In Pelham's artillery,

Who thought he would be grafted

Into a jack oak tree?

And then in some fashion the measure returned to the old refrain; "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry."

Billy sat down disconsolately on the log. "You don't feel my weight, do you?" he asked. "Because if you do I'll sit on the ground, though it's mighty damp. I've got to think what to do about you and that Yankee. I think old Stuart was a brute to joke like that. Say, No. 7?"

He heard no answer. "Mebby he's fainted," Billy thought, as he bent and peered into the dark hollow. But the bright white spots of the artilleryman's eyes flashed reassuringly back at him. "Don't—fret," No. 7 whispered. "Ole Jeb's—all—right. He'll—send back—for me."

The voice was scarcely more than the sigh of the leaves overhead, and the tears came into the listener's eyes. It is not easy to look unmoved at the supreme courage of some one else, and whatever motive had prompted No. 7 to take shelter, he was meeting the consequences without a murmur. And his absolute faith in the general touched Billy and made him flush with shame at his own distrust.

The rain dropped softly from the leaves above. The sound of guns came like thunder through the woods. The artilleryman whispered again:

"Say—they—they—wasn't singin' 'bout me, Billy?"

"Yes, Jim."

"Could—you—hit—that there tune?"

"I guess so," and Billy sang the doggerel over as he had heard it.

"To think!" murmured No. 7, "to think! An' you done it, kid—makin' the old man laugh. I was too far gone to speak when they come up. I'd 'a' died, but for you, like a rat in a hole. He'll be a sendin' for me."

Billy said nothing. It seemed to him that a commander greater than the general of armies would be sending for No. 7 before mortal help could come, and the artilleryman's simple courage and faith were more than he could bear. He had been such a coward. He had run from the sight and the smell and the whole sickening menace of the smallpox sufferer. "A man can only die once," he muttered to himself, "whether it's smallpox or a log or a piece of shell. I don't like to leave Jim, though I can't help him any. Then, there's the Yankee. But I'll look like a deserter if I'm met up with goin' back. An' there's the artillery a talkin' out yonder where I'd ought to be."

The guns sent their deep toned message through the woods, but still he wavered. He saw a bare room with falling plaster which the vibration of the cannonading had cracked from floor to ceiling, broken windows, and a sick man raving in delirium with a disease that Billy loathed and dreaded far more than the whiz of a musket ball.

"Jim," he said, clearing his throat at last—"Jim, would you be lonesome if I just stepped back to that feller in the house? The general said the Yanks 'd be a comin' up in an hour or two, and mebbly I could tote the feller back into their lines, so to speak—an'—an' it might be just the pinch that'd save him." He waited anxiously.

The artilleryman's voice came in sharp gasps of pain. "Hope—he—won't have such—a—pinch—as mine," he answered.

The tears blurred Billy's eyes, and he brushed his sleeve across them as he leaned down a moment more. "I—I guess I'll be going," he said. "Good luck, Jim."

"Good—luck, Bill."

Among the Blue Ridge hills in Virginia, many and many a shaft has been raised to the memory of the soldier dead. One is a simple monument upon which stands the figure, in bronze, of a young Confederate private. The boyish face is sad and resolute. The clear, unfaltering gaze seems to command the great, brave memories of all the past.

Two men, strangers to each other, were wandering through the little cemetery, reading on the simple headstones names that are

living still in literature, science, or history. The graves were covered with flowers. One of the men was dressed in an old gray uniform and looked like a workman; the other wore civilian's clothes, and might have been a physician, teacher, or almost anything that requires headwork rather than handiwork. They drew nearer together, and finally met at the soldiers' monument, standing side by side to read the long tablet of names on the pedestal. Their hats were in their hands, and the light and shadow fell on their gray hair and slightly stooping shoulders. The trees stirred softly and the scent of the flowers drifted in faint waves about them. Then one of the men started suddenly, and laid his finger against a name as if he could scarcely believe that it was there. "Bill," he murmured—"Bill—of Biloxi!"

The man in gray looked up. "Why, sir," he said, "did you know Bill, too? He was with Toppin's Mississippians. We never learned his other name, so when this monument was erected we put down what we knew—just Bill of Biloxi."

"Did I know him?" echoed the stranger. "My regiment met those Mississippians, but I was lying sick with smallpox in an empty house on the Staunton Road. It was—"

The man in gray nodded. "I was there," he said; "in fact, I was very heavily engaged that day."

The Northern man looked at him searchingly a moment and then a smile lit his face. "Are you—" he began. "No, it can't be that I am speaking to No. 7? Bill told me about you when he was carrying me to the hospital."

They grasped hands, while the man in gray added: "And you're the Yank! Well, this is strange! To think of our meeting here!" he continued. "Poor Bill! He set General Stuart himself to rescuing me, but it seems there was no one to look after him."

There was a short pause. The birds sang overhead and the sunshine drifted down between the trees. Then the Northerner spoke again. "He left me," he said, "with our rear guard, in hospital. He said he was going to join his company, and hoped to find you'd been taken out."

"He found the bird flown," said the old artilleryman. "Stuart's men had been there with axes in his absence, singin' of a little song they made up about me. You may have heard Billy sing it, sir?"

But the stranger's eyes were gazing up into the young face above them; a young face so much as he remembered Billy's own. "Would you mind," he said softly, "telling me how he died?"

"Like a soldier," returned the artilleryman.

"I know. But of what? A bullet or—"

"He died," said No. 7 reluctantly, "of smallpox."

The stranger bowed his head. The birds sang and the sunshine sifted down between the leaves. When he looked up again, the man in gray had gone, and he stood alone beside the tribute to Bill's sacrifice. Unknown, save by the name his comrades gave him,

Bill of Biloxi had come from a little town on the Gulf of Mexico to die for a stranger—a foeman, who wore the hated blue—in Virginia, and whether he had left a mother, a father, or a brother to mourn him, no one would ever learn.

But "the memory of the brave is immortal; the memory of the good is eternal."

## LITERARY CHAT

### A NEW NOVEL BY MERRIMAN.

One of the few writers who have achieved equal fame in the fields of drawingroom epigram and of fierce adventure is Henry Seton Merriman, whose real name is Hugh S. Scott. The wonderful success which has attended Mr. Merriman's efforts since his first great triumph in 1896, in "The Sowers," shows how popular a combination is that of the epigrammatic and the adventurous.

"The Sowers" had a sale reaching a hundred thousand. "With Edged Tools," though written before "The Sowers" had made its author's reputation, eventually attained as great a popularity as the more immediately successful book. "In Kedar's Tents," the scene of which is laid in Spain, was published serially in the London *Cornhill Magazine* and in the *Bookman* in New York. It is still in constant demand, and has already attained a sale of fifty thousand copies, while its successor, "Roden's Corner," bids fair to rival the author's former works, although it is of an entirely different class and the struggles portrayed in it are those of the world of gigantic business schemes.

Mr. Merriman has shown modern versatility, portraying the foibles of his own age with searching though light satire, scoring its superficiality with easy irony, and at the same time supplying those fine and thrilling situations which are the bone and sinew of fiction that aims to be more than merely ephemeral.

In "The Isle of Unrest," which begins in the December *MUNSEY*, Mr. Merriman leaves the business world of "Roden's Corner" and returns to the realm of the picturesque and adventurous. The peasantry and the old nobility of Corsica and the south of France give admirable material for striking situation and picturesque adventure. The handling of the material is a new proof, if one were needed, that Mr. Merriman does not permit his popularity to make him careless of literary technique. It is a novel which will add

in every way to the author's reputation as one of the leaders of contemporary fiction.

### TO THE RESCUE OF PURE LITERATURE.

Every now and then—or perhaps all the time, though with only occasional spasms of publicity—there is much anxiety over the cause of pure literature. This does not mean literature especially sterilized and made anti-septic for the use of the Young Person; it does not mean moral literature, but literature which is nothing but literature.

Bookish gentlemen shake their heads and cry woe upon a heedless generation that is content with stories which are merely interesting, articles which contain information, articles written by specialists, illustrated articles, and the like.

"Where," they cry, "is there room for pure literature in all this? Reports are reports, no matter how well written; specialists know their subjects and will impart facts instead of giving us pure literature. Oh, for a champion to break the chains which bind literature to those dragons—present interest and special knowledge!"

The gentlemen may take hope. The champions have arisen. Like all proper champions, they have the ardor of youth. They are sworn to rescue the art of letters from its degrading alliance with the aforesaid evils. They come into the ring bowing most politely to their adversaries, after the habit of well trained pugilists. They compliment them thus: "Although the modern magazine, with its wealth of illustrations and variety of articles, has an important place of its own, yet it is believed"—and so on. "Pure literature," they say sadly, "is receiving less and less space and attention because of the journalistic and pictorial tendencies now so conspicuous;" and theirs is the proud task of restoring it to honor! They undertake to do this by means of "a monthly periodical of letters" called *East and West*.

It has been said that these champions have



the ardor of youth. It may even be believed that they have the unparalleled ardor and the unrivaled confidence of that period of youth which follows immediately upon the receiving of an academic degree. Two grounds for this reassuring opinion are to be found in the little prospectus they issue. In the first place, they gravely refer us, for guarantee of their literary standing, to those masters of style who are of the English instruction corps at Columbia College; and in the second place, they gravely assure the prospective reader that a special effort will be made "to bring before the public the work of those who as undergraduates have done the most to raise college literature to the grade of excellence it has attained of late years."

Sad indeed would it have been had pure literature remained confined to the college papers. Joyous news is it that from the study halls and recitation rooms a band of capped and gowned students will pour to give the world a periodical supply of it, untainted by any suspicion of base present interest or special knowledge. Perhaps, after all, there is, as the young editors say, room for such a magazine. But there are times when their friends must fear that pure literature may prove to be like the "general horse" of the logicians, an airy abstraction about which much discussion may be had, but on whose back no one can ever ride.

#### NEW WRITERS AND OLD ONES.

"The sudden success that so many new writers have gained in recent years is really appalling," remarked a prominent literary man not long ago. "Though my books have for years had a fairly good sale, I find it more and more difficult to place them serially. In other words, the younger writers are crowding me out. If this were my experience alone, I should not complain; but it is the experience of others. During a recent visit in England, I discovered that the long established English writers were suffering in the same way. One of them remarked to me: 'The capitalists in the publishing trade are watching for new writers whose work they are able to secure at very low prices. Consequently, when they make a success with these new names, the profits are enormous. This has led, just now, to a reduction of prices throughout the whole body of writers, except, of course, those who happen to have a great vogue at the moment.'"

The author did not realize that he was presenting the reverse side of a very pleasing picture, and complaining of a fact in which all ambitious young writers must rejoice—the fact that fresh literary talent never found a warmer welcome with both the publisher and the public than at the present time. Think of the successful authors

who have come up in this country alone during the past few years! They include Richard Harding Davis, Robert W. Chambers, and Stephen Crane, all of whom are very highly paid for their work. In England, too, several of the younger men have lately forged ahead in a really remarkable way. It is not surprising that the old favorites should have to look to their laurels.

The complaints of the old favorites, by the way, make one realize that in literature, as in every other kind of effort, success may be only the forerunner of failure. One American writer, who has for years basked in the sunshine of public favor, is so afraid that his popularity may wane that he is turning out as many books as he possibly can. He does not seem to realize that he is choosing a most effective means of wearying the public. When expostulated with by his friends, he always replies: "But I must make hay while the sun shines." At present he is earning about fifteen thousand dollars a year, but he says that he is prepared at any time to hear that his sales are suddenly dropping off.

Another writer, who is much shrewder, says: "I find I can't do really good work if I write more than one novel a year. Into that I put the very best that is in me. If I did work that I considered second rate, I should feel that I had degraded myself to the level of a hack. By pursuing my present plan, I am able to maintain a healthy interest in my work, and to keep the public from saying, 'Oh, he writes too much,' or from turning away from me in disgust."

#### THE MARTYRDOM OF MARKHAM.

The "Man with the Hoe" has a hard row before him. He did something worth while; and straightway the eager, lumbering world leaped upon him and he was Trilbied. Man may be shanghaied, buncoed, marooned, boycotted, garroted, and yet not be so badly off. But for him who is Trilbied there is no solace and little hope.

Had Edwin Markham been content to stay in his corner, he would have been respected as an able and sincere Western writer, against whose work no one—who had heard of it—had a word to say. But he chose to come out and strike a universal note, one that men the world over must respond to; and his punishment was not twenty four hours behind him. The public had hardly caught its breath before the wild whoop of the faddist was heard, the clamor of the admirer who says in his heart, "It's the thing to admire that poem, and just watch me do it!" and the Man With the Hoe began to rival the brownies for watch guard and stick pin. That brought on the second stage of Trilbying—the minute and resentful criticism of all the work that has appeared since under the name of the man

who did a real poem. Mr. Markham has done a number of real poems, and will do many more; but even the gods sometimes nod, and he has his lesser moments. When he writes of the "high Benignant Power" moving "wool shod," the mental picture of the Deity in felt slippers is not inspiring. But he would be forgiven his slips like other men if he had not been made first into a fad idol and then into a fad target.

#### A YOUNG NOVELIST'S IDEA.

A few years ago, a foreigner of some distinction in literature, while paying a visit in this country, asked who some of our younger literary men were. The question caused the gentleman to whom it was put considerable embarrassment, for, though he had followed literary matters very closely, he could think of only the names of Richard Harding Davis and a few others. As a matter of fact, there was at the time a singular dearth of young American authors. Several have since become known, among them Stephen Crane, Robert W. Chambers, Winston Churchill, and Frank Norris. Of these, Mr. Norris has thus far given as much real promise as any. Moreover, he has shown remarkable versatility, his talent ranging from light, adventurous fiction, shown in "Moran of the Lady Letty" and "Blix," to realistic tragedy, exemplified by "McTeague."

Now that Mr. Norris has won his public, he is projecting an unusually ambitious plan—to write a series of three novels on "Wheat." It sounds like an uninteresting theme, but if you will think about it a moment, you will see that it covers some of the most vital and dramatic phases of American and of European life. The first of the three novels will deal with the Producer, the scene being laid in the remote West, probably in California, where Mr. Norris has passed a large part of his life. The second will have for subject the Distributor, and will be located in Chicago, the great wheat market. The third, which will be written around the Consumer, will take the author to Europe, and keep him for a large part of the time, at any rate, in Liverpool.

Can this series have been suggested by the Napoleonic exploits of young Mr. Joseph Leiter last year? It would not be surprising if such were the case. In any event, we may hope for some striking studies of the wheat speculators. Last summer Mr. Norris devoted himself to studying the conditions of life on a California ranch for use in the first novel. He is now living in New York, where he expects to make his headquarters for several years to come.

#### NOVELS IN MINIATURE.

A contributor who has been reading some recent works of well known writers sends us

the following transcription of the impressions these have left on his mind:

#### WILD ANIMALS I HAVEN'T KNOWN.

BY E-N- -T S-T-N Th-M-S-N.

A bangtail grizzly had been seen swinging on a gate away to the north, and the rumor roused all the hunter in me and set my hair quivering in its sockets. With my gun across my shoulder I set out across the snow.

On every side were indications of wild life: the low dam of the beaver sounded from the stream, and the leaves of the chortleberry were bent two ways, sure sign that a muskrat had lost his mother. A rabbit bounded across the path with ears laid flat, and by that I knew that the moon was rising somewhere.

When I had jogged along some forty miles, I began to feel hungry and looked about for something to eat, but the mournful note of a yellow beaked billstinger hidden in the bushes—"Got left, Got left!"—proved that there was no food in the region. A few miles further on I forgot my hunger, everything, for there in the snow at my feet, thrilling, unmistakable, were the tracks of the bangtail grizzly!

The marks of the fore paws were deeper than those of the hind paws, and by that I knew that he had eaten nothing for several days. It was evident by the shape of the toes that he had yellow eyes and a fierce growl. With joy in my heart, I followed the tracks up hill and down for fifty miles, till at length I saw before me a dark form towering through the bushes. I crept nearer. A massive brown beast sat upon a snow hillock, looking sadly at the desolate landscape. It was the bangtail grizzly!

His face had the proud, sad look of one who has been often misunderstood. By the rings on his tail, I knew that he had killed four men and a boy. I raised my gun; but at that instant he turned and saw me.

Silently we gazed into each other's eyes, until all at once the hunter died within me. A sense of kinship sprang up between us. We understood. Throwing aside my gun, I buried my face against his shoulder, while he went through my pockets as only an intimate can.

The shrill pipe of a lame frog told me that there were pancakes for breakfast back in the camp, so, emptying my gun into the air, I went home without the skin I had come for, but with something greater—a bond of everlasting brotherhood with the bangtail grizzly.

#### THE TRAIL OF THE GOLD SEEKERS;

Or, How I Took a Horse to the Klondike.

BY H-ML-N G-RL- -D.

On the ninety first day we camped in the bed of an icy stream in a pouring rain. There was a sheltered spot on the left bank, but that we yielded to our faithful horses. Lagroan suffered in the night from bad dreams and whinnied distressfully, but I took him my blanket and air pillow, and held his hock till he fell asleep again. He seemed glad to have me sit by him.

The next day we pushed on, keeping to the center of a slough. Lagroan seemed tired, so I walked beside him and carried the saddle. Food began to grow very scarce. By night we had nothing left but a few baked beans and a bottle of paregoric,

and these we gave to our faithful horses, our own pangs allayed by the sight of their satisfaction. I attempted to write a poem, beginning

Across the throbbing desert sand  
The horned toad's cry is borne;

but it seemed to irritate Lagroan, so I gave it up.

The next day's march was delayed by a heavy sleet that fell incessantly all the morning. I suffered seriously from lumbago, as I had spread my mackintosh over my faithful horse, who came through the experience better than I had dared hope. We had intended to reach the village that night, but we came across a patch of Lagroan's favorite grass, so we made ourselves as comfortable as we could on a glacier, that he might enjoy it at his leisure. The faithful fellow rubbed his head against me while I was taking off his bridle.

We reached the village at noon the next day, and I was for pushing on at once to the gold fields, but Lagroan showed unmistakably that he was tired of the trail, so I decided to abandon my project and accompany him back to civilization. Though his experiences had been hard, the noble fellow did not condemn the Klondike, so I am glad to say the gold fields are still open and doing business.

#### A DRAWINGROOM CONVERSATION.

BY E-T-LLE TH--N-CR-FT F-WL-R.

Lord Steeplecrown thoughtfully stirred his tea.

"So Winnie Flyter has succeeded in marrying her duke," he said.

"All's well that ends well," commented Lady Sliverington.

"A marriage without love is better than love without a carriage," added Pamela bitterly. "It's the accessories that make it possible to drag on through our days."

"Every drag on has his St. George," said Lord Steeplecrown gallantly. "Yours, my dear young lady, may be at this moment—ringing the doorbell."

"Well, if he is a complete blockhead, like my husband, let him in," advised Lady Sliverington. "When I don't like Sliverington's ways, I merely have to hit him with a chair. He thinks it inadvantageous and is too polite to call my attention to it. But it mends his ways, if not the chairs."

"Chairity begins at home," murmured Lord Steeplecrown.

"So does divorce," commented Pamela. "'Tis love that makes the world go wrong."

"Pamela is our cynic *qua non*," and Lady Sliverington smiled affectionately.

"Contention is better than riches," answered the girl. "There are moments when I hate the emptiness of luxury. Better a stale loaf and a knuckle of ham—"

"But many a nickel makes a knuckle," interposed Lord Steeplecrown. "Poverty is generally the emptiest state of all."

"Better M. P. than empty," said Lady Sliverington. "That's why I've put up with Sliverington all these years."

"Well, as the man said who stole a ride on a tram car, none but the brave reserve their fare," said Pamela, rising to go. "My carriage is waiting."

"Hansom is as automobile does," said Lord Steeplecrown, rising also.

"Good by, my dear," said Lady Sliverington. "I'd keep you to dinner, but it's a wise child that knows

its own larder." And she sank back among the cushions to refresh herself for the next callers by reviewing the tables, ten words make one epigram, ten epigrams make one wit, ten wits make one tired.

#### LITERARY LIFE IN FICTION.

Do novels of literary life pay? Some publishers think that they do not; and yet, in recent years, several novels of this kind have found favor. Mr. Howells, for example, is so fond of writing about literary life that he has introduced it either as the chief or as a subordinate interest in several of his books.

The latest novelist to use this subject is Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, who ought to know all about the literary career, as he has for many years been in the thick of the struggle for its honors. With his picture of New York literary life he has combined an attempt to depict phases of fashionable New York society. As might have been expected, he has been less fortunate with his society people than with his author hero. This brings up the question, how much do our authors know about fashionable society in New York? Probably very little, as they are seldom seen in it. To be perfectly frank, Mr. Warner's society characters are gross caricatures. *Mrs. Mavick*, the wife of a multimillionaire, who addresses her daughter's governess, *Miss Anne McDonald*, simply as "*McDonald*," and allows her daughter to do likewise, could not possibly have an existence in New York. It is doubtful if she could exist anywhere. And as for Mr. Warner's noble lord from England, he is almost libelous. No wonder the English do not care for American fiction, if they are likely to find themselves so misrepresented. "That Fortune" is not likely to add to Mr. Warner's reputation either as a story teller or as a student of contemporary manners.

#### FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW

One of the oldest and most respected of New York's publishers sat beside one of the youngest and most irreverent at a dinner given in honor of a literary visitor a few weeks ago. The old gentleman seemed a little annoyed on discovering who his right hand neighbor was, but the younger man betrayed not the least embarrassment, and proceeded at once to start a conversation.

"Well, you must have seen a good many changes in our business since you began," he remarked flippantly.

"Yes, a great many," was the slow response.

"And most of them improvements, I suppose?"

The old gentleman looked up from the napkin that he was holding a little tremulously at his lips.

"Hardly!" he replied.

The youth smiled. "At any rate," he said, "we have broadened the field. There are more books today, and more people are reading them."

"Novels, yes. Twenty five years ago our house used to have a list each autumn that we could be proud of. There were books on it that appealed to intelligent, thinking people. Now, like the rest of the trade, we're obliged to publish such books as you youngsters publish—most of them light fiction that sells for one season and then is forgotten."

"But novels have their place, sir." 1

"Yes, they have their place, but they've got beyond their place. They are crowding everything else out. Readers of the present day are drugged with novels. They read so much fiction that they have no taste for anything else. They're like a weak boy brought up on pap. They have no intellectual digestion. It's the fashion, the craze, of the present generation to read fiction; to be a great reader of fiction passes for a mark of superiority. When I consider some of the books we are obliged to bring out to meet the demands of the public and to keep our business going, it makes me ashamed of being a publisher. In the old days I was proud of my business."

"But you don't blame us for that, do you?"

"You youngsters are partly to blame. You do a good deal to encourage writers who ought either to be suppressed or to be taught better manners."

"Taught better manners? What do you mean?" The young man's volatile manner had changed to seriousness.

"I mean simply that you've let in a good many smart young writers who think that indecency will pass for originality, and that the best way of making a success is by shocking the public. In my early days publishers not only took a pride in their books, but felt a moral responsibility about them. In other words, they wouldn't bring out books they would be ashamed of. Now it seems as if most of them had lost the sense of shame, and you youngsters don't give any sign of ever having had any."

"But you can't deny that the average of intelligence has risen in this country since—well, since the Civil War."

"Can't deny it? I do deny it." The old gentleman, as he glowed in the excitement of argument, seemed to become stronger and younger. "This talk about 'the growth of intelligence,' and all that, is the merest poppycock, and only shows the conceit and superficiality of the day. Because people nowadays read novels and newspapers, they think they are 'educated' and 'cultured.' As a matter of fact, they only have a general debility of the mind that unfits them for any serious thinking. They have no taste for history, for essays, or for serious works of

travel. Talk to me about 'the growth of intelligence!' Why, there was more average intelligence in a country village of forty years ago, than there is in the city of New York today!"

"But the conditions of publishing have certainly improved."

"Improved! Book publishing has become a mere trade, like any other. All the spirit is going out of it. In the old days a publisher regarded his authors as, in a sense, his children. He trusted them and they trusted him. Now there is mutual mistrust and throat cutting. The author is suspicious of the publisher, and the publisher has no confidence in the loyalty of the author. Once we were glad to take an author and encourage him, develop his talent, with the expectation that he'd stand with us through his career. Nowadays, when we try that experiment it is sure to end disastrously, as far as we are concerned. As soon as one of his books makes a success, the author thinks we aren't generous enough with him, aren't doing the right thing by him, and his next book he gives to the highest bidder, exactly as he would do if he were dealing in real estate or in soap. Loyalty! He'd laugh at the very word. He's after the money, and he won't hesitate to tell you so."

"An author must live like everybody else," the young man replied, his flippancy suddenly returning.

"His best way of living is by standing by those who have helped him to the first rung of the ladder. I've observed, by the way," the old gentleman added drily, "that he isn't any more loyal to you than he is to any of us. Sometimes," he added, with a smile, "he's mighty glad to come back to us."

"Oh, well, literary ideas change like everything else. You can't expect the literary men of the present generation to be like the literary men of forty years ago."

"I should think not. What are the literary men of the present generation doing? They first study the writers who are the top wave of popularity, and then they deliberately try to swim in their wake. That is why, just at present, we are deluged with cheap romance, chiefly with imitations of men like Weyman and Hope. The average young literary man of today, it seems to me, doesn't care a fig for originality. He is bent on turning out as much salable copy as he can; and as fast as he writes it, he turns it over to his literary agent, who hawks it among the publishers."

"But the literary agent is a very useful institution."

"For the commercialized author, yes. He saves the author's time, no doubt, and he can do his bargaining without the least personal embarrassment. He is the latest and the most



typical expression of the state of literature today. How can the relations between publisher and author ever be what they once were?"

"Oh, the halcyon days are over," the young publisher replied flippantly. "We're utilitarian now."

The old gentleman looked scornful, but he did not reply. Perhaps he felt that his case had been adequately stated:

#### WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BLUE?

Authors seem to have a decided tendency to tinted titles, and a look backward over the literary palette shows it set with every color except blue.

Red has been a favorite since the days of "The Scarlet Letter," and we have recently had "The Red Badge of Courage," "Under the Red Robe," "The Red Republic," "The Red Cockade," "Red Rock," and "Red Rowans." Yellow is equally popular, and we may remember "The Yellow Aster," "The Dancer in Yellow," "The Yellow Danger," and "The Yellow Wallpaper." Green gives us "The Green Carnation," "The Green Graves of Balgowrie," "Green Gates," "Green Fires," and "Green Arras." Other colored contemporaries are "The Black Douglas," "The Black Riders," and "Black Beauty"; "White Wings," "White Aprons," and "For the White Rose of Arno"; "The Lilac Sunbonnet," and "Sketches in Lavender." But blue seems to be neglected, and but for one of Mr. Lang's prismatic "Fairy Books" would have no representative in the temple of titular fame.

#### THE JAMES ADVERBS.

"When I make a word do a lot of work like that," said *Humpty Dumpty*, "I always pay it extra." If Mr. Henry James is as scrupulous a paymaster as *Humpty Dumpty* was, he must give a great deal of extra pay to his adverbs. And lest he should inadvertently omit one poor overworked laborer, we would like to call his attention to "perfectly." Now, "perfectly" never objects to doing its regular tasks, but when it is jammed into such queer places as Mr. James sees fit to jam it into, it surely deserves a bonus.

For instance, in "The Awkward Age" we find the poor word in such positions as these:

"He will! That is, you know, he perfectly may."

"I can, at any rate, perfectly try it."

"Ah," said *Vanderbank*, "I'm a mass of corruption."

"You may perfectly be, but you shall not," *Mr. Longdon* returned with decision.

"I perfectly admit that I'm capable of sacrifices."

And so on, as all readers of Mr. James' books will remember. And doubtless these are all legitimate uses of his pet adverb; we are not

criticising the author's diction, we are only suggesting that in his next book he might give "perfectly" a well earned rest.

#### UNFORTUNATE ACHROMATOPSIA.

Away up in East Aurora, New York (where presumably the sun never sets), is a shop which turns out some very beautiful books. They are in truth the perfection of book-making so far as paper, type work, and binding are concerned; but in coloring they are painfully mistaken.

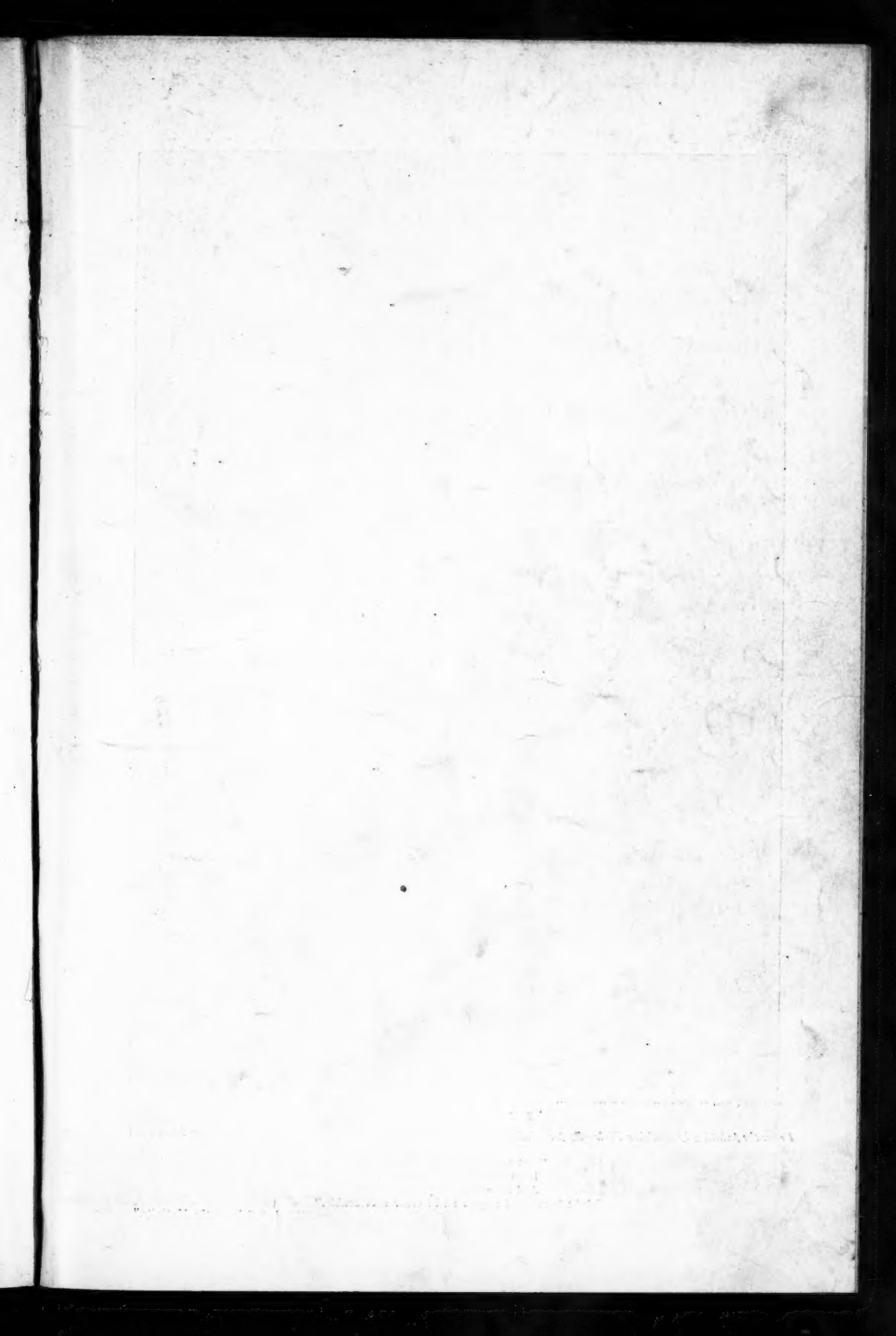
A delightful volume from this Arcadian press lies before us; the limp cover of soft olive green chamois is totally spoiled by its lining of cherry red satin, and the illuminated initials and head and tail pieces, which are guaranteed "hand work," are evidently done with dyes that should have been kept exclusively for Easter eggs. Altogether, the color schemes of these books are enough to make William Morris (whom the East Aurora printers claim as their patron saint) turn in his grave.

But when a buyer of the books wrote to Mr. Elbert Hubbard, who makes them, and stated all these sad facts, the reply was that the objections were only too well founded, but that the young woman who does their decorative designing is color blind!

#### AFFECTATION AS AN ADVERTISEMENT.

"It seems to me," remarked a critic not long ago, "that literary affectation has more chance of winning success today than any time that I have known. Think of all the writers who have made hits of late largely because their books are 'queer,' or because they themselves are eccentric, or pretend to be eccentric. There's Stephen Crane's last book of verse, for example. If that book had appeared a dozen years ago, it would have been hooted out of existence. But it couldn't have appeared then; no publisher would have accepted it. Of course, affectation thrives largely because of the immense amount of gratuitous advertising that authors receive nowadays, the worthy as well as the unworthy. If we turned the cold shoulder to affected and silly books, their authors would soon become sensible.

"As for Crane, he has altogether too much real ability to have recourse to literary posing. His recent book of verse, however, is nothing but a long series of foolish posturings, which deserve only contempt. I hope the time will come when our young writers will learn the lesson that old Sarcy used to preach all the time, the lesson of simplicity and honesty. 'I never could understand,' he used to say, 'why there was anything to be ashamed of in writing out your thoughts in a way that would make it possible for readers to understand them.'"





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"THE BIRTH OF CHRIST."

*From the painting by Walter Firls—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.*

"But see, the Virgin Blessed  
Hath laid her Babe to rest,  
And all about the courtly stable  
Eight harness'd angels sit in order serviceable."

—Milton's "Ode on the Nativity."